

NOVA

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PREFACE

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NOVA
ANTHOLOGIA OXONIENSIS

I

Come down, O Maid, from yonder mountain height:
What pleasure lives in height? (the shepherd sang)
In height and cold, the splendour of the hills?
  But cease to move so near the heavens, and cease
To glide a sunbeam by the blasted pine,
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire:
  And come, for Love is of the valley, come,
For Love is of the valley, come thou down
And find him; by the happy threshold he,
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,
Or red with spirted purple of the vats,
Or foxlike in the vine; nor cares to walk
With Death and Morning on the silver horns:
  Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,
Nor find him dropped upon the firths of ice,
That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls
To roll the torrent out of dusky doors:
  But follow: let the torrent dance thee down
To find him in the valley: let the wild
Lean-headed eagles yelp alone, and leave
The monstrous ledges there to slope and spill
Their thousand wreathes of dangling water-smoke,
That like a broken purpose waste in air:
  So waste not thou: but come; for all the vale
Awaits thee: azure pillars of the hearth
Arise to thee: and children call, and I
Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound:

I

Ἔρχεό μοι τρίλλιστε κατ' ὤρεος, ἔρχεο, κώρα·
ποῖον ἄρ' ὕψεος ἆδος ;—ὁ βωκόλος ὧδε μέλισδεν·—
ὕψεος ἢ πάχνας, ταί τ' ὤρεσι κόσμος ἕπονται ;
λῆγε δρόμων τῶν ὕψι παρ' αἰθέρι, λῆγε δὲ πεύκαις
στίλβουσ' ἐν σκελεταῖσι νέον φάος· οὐδέ τι σὲ χρὴ
δὴν οὕτω νιφόεντος ἐφιζέμεν ἀστέρ' ἐπ' ἄκρω.
ἀλλὰ κατ' ὤρεος ὦκα—μέγας θεὸς ἐν πεδίοισιν·
ἔν τοι Ἔρως πεδίοισι—κατέρχεο, δίζεο δ' αὐτὸν
ἠέ που ἀφνειοῖο ποθήμενον ἀνέρος οὐδῷ,
ἠὲ μετ' εὐκάρπω Δαμάτερος ἐν κριθαῖσιν,
εἴτε νέῳ περὶ λανὸς ἐρεύθεται οἴνου ἀώτῳ,
εἴθ' ἁπαλὰς ὅ γε φοιτῇ ἀν' ἄμπελος, οἷον ἀλώπηξ.
οὔ τι γὰρ ἀργάεντα καρήατα πλάζεται Αἴτνας
τῆνος, ὅπα Θάνατός γε φέρει πόδα πότνιά τ' Ἀώς·
οὔτε νιν ἂν νιφόεσσας ἀγρευέμεν ἐστὶ φάραγγας
οὔτ' ἄρα κρυστάλλῳ κατακείμενον εἶν ἀπελέθρῳ
ᾇ στυφέλοις προπέτεσσιν ἐπειγομένα σπιλάδεσσιν
κὰδ δνοφεροὺς πυλεῶνας ἀγάστονος ἦνθε χαράδρα.
ἀλλὰ τύ περ πεδίονδ' ἐποχευμένα ἐνθὲ χαράδραις
καὶ ζάτει τὸν Ἔρωτα· τὸ δ' ἄγριον ἀγκυλόχειλες
αἰετῶ ἐν σκοπέλοισιν ἔα γένος οἷον ἰαχεῖν.
χαιρόντων δ' ὄρεος πτύχες ἄσπετοι· ἐρρέτω ἀτμοῦ
μυρία δινάεντος ἄνω στέφε', ἀέρος ἄχνα,
τακόμεν', ὡς σοφά περ κατατάκεται ὅρκια θνατῶν.
ἀλλὰ τὺ μηκέτ' ἴσον κατατάκεο· καὶ γὰρ ἅπαν τοι
ἐκ πεδίον τ' ἐγέλασσε καὶ ἀμφί τοι ὤρορε καπνοῦ
κυάνε' ἐκ μελάθρων στηρίγματα· τέκνα τε φωνεῖ,
καί τοι ἐγὼν συρίσδω ὁ βώκολος· ἁδέα τ' ἀχεῖ

Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;
Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn.
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

TENNYSON.

II

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?
Mont. The Constable of France.
K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back:
Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work;
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven.
. . . .
Let me speak proudly: tell the constable,
We are but warriors for the working-day;
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field:
There's not a piece of feather in our host—
Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—
And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim.

SHAKESPEARE.

πάντα—τὺ γῶν ἅδιον, ἀτὰρ πέλει ἁδέα πάντα.
παδῇ μὲν κατὰ κλιτὺν ὕδωρ ἅλις, ἀμφὶ δὲ πολλαὶ
ὠγυγίαις τρύζοντι πελειάδες ἐν πτελέαισιν,
ταὶ δ' ἀθρόον βομβεῦντι ποτὶ σμάνεσσι μέλισσαι.

G. G. A. M.

II

B. Πρὸς τοῦ δ' ἐπέμφθης ;
M. τοῦ στρατηγοῦντος πόλει.
B. τοῖς πρόσθεν οὖν σ' αἰτοῦμεν ἀγγέλλειν ἴσα,
μάχῃ μ' ἑλόντας εἶτα πωλῆσαι δέμας.
ὦ θεοί.
τί δὴ παθών τις ἐγγελᾷ τοῖς τλήμοσιν ;
ὁ δ' οὖν λέοντος οὐδέπω τεθνηκότος
δέρμ' ἐμπολήσας ὤλετ' ἐν θήρᾳ δαμείς.
πολλοὺς δ' ἂν ἡμῶν, οἶδα. πατρῴας χθονὸς
τάφος κατάσχοι· τοὺς δ', ὁποῖα σήμερον
δράσουσι, χαλκῆ δέλτος ἐγγραφεῖσ' ἐρεῖ.
οἱ δ' ἂν καλῶς θανόντες ἐν Γάλλων πέδῳ
κρυφθῶσι, καίπερ ἐν κόπροις τεθαμμένοι,
ἀλλ' εὐκλεεῖς γένοιντ' ἄν, ὡς ἐς οὐρανὸν
σήπων ἀνέλξει Φοῖβος ἐντίμους νεκρούς.
κομπεῖν δ' ἔασόν μ'· εἰπὲ τῷ στρατηλάτῃ,
οὐ σχῆμ' ἑορτῆς ἀλλὰ τἄργ' ἡμῖν πρέπειν·
πάλαι γὰρ ὄμβροις δυσχερεῖ θ' ὁδῶν πλάνῳ
τῆς πρόσθε χρυσῆς πάντας ἐλλείπειν χλιδῆς.
οὐδ' οὖν πτέρωμ' εὕροις ἂν οὐδαμοῦ στρατοῦ,—
ἦ δὴ πέποιθα μηδέν' ἅψεσθαι φυγῆς·
τί δ', εἰ τὸν ἔξω κόσμον ἤμβλυνεν χρόνος ;
Ζεὺς γὰρ ξυνίστωρ ὡς θράσει γ' ἠσκήμεθα.

A. S.

III

Heaven lies about us in our infancy.
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
  Upon the growing Boy:
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
  He sees it in his joy:
The Youth who daily further from the East
  Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
  And by the vision splendid
  Is on his way attended:
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

WORDSWORTH.

IV

The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

TENNYSON.

III

Vivimus infantes haud parvo lumine divum:
paullatim urgeri tenebris et carcere caeco
incipiunt pueri: tamen illi luminis oras
dispiciunt, fontemque ipsum, gaudentque tuendo.
continuo ut iuvenis iam templa orientia linquens
carpit iter, tamen interpres sanctusque sacerdos
naturae est: adfulget eunti magna deum lux.
iamque viro, quoniam plenae stant robore vires,
aurorae proprius periit rubor, omnia deinde
albentis media mutantur luce diei.

D. B. M.

IV

Iam tremulae in saxis instaurant lumina taedae,
vergit longa dies, successit tarda vicissim
luna polo, planctuque et multa voce morantis
unda vocat; neque enim sero nova quaeritur ora.
ergo agite, o socii, remis incumbere tempus
ordine quemque suo pariterque infindere sulcos.
hoc sedet, hoc certum est, solem superare caducum
quaeque salo Hesperii tinguntur sidera ponti
deficiat dum vita sequi; seu gurgite mersos
hauriri seu fata iubent sedesque beatas
aspicere et notum dum vita manebat Achillen.
multa dies rapuit, superant et multa. fuerunt
quae terras vires, quae numina magna movebant:
usque adeo nihil est quod nunc sumus? usque adeo nil
una tot heroum virtus parque omnibus ardor?
dextras fata hebetant annosaque tempora: perstat
mente vigor solida, nitique et quaerere semper
et reperire potens nec coepto absistere victus.

F. DE P.

V

Let your shows be new as strange,
  Let them oft and sweetly vary:
Let them haste so to their change
  As the seers may not tarry.
Too long t' expect the pleasing'st sight
Doth take away from the delight.
All sour and sullen looks away,
That are the servants of the day:
Our sports are of the humorous Night,
Who feeds the stars that give her light,
And useth than her wont more bright,
To help the Vision of Delight.
See, see, her sceptre and her crown
Are all of flame, and from her gown
A train of light comes waving down.
This night in dew she will not steep
The brain, nor lock the sense in sleep:
But all awake with phantoms keep,
And those to make Delight more deep.

JONSON.

V

Cultu ludicra iam novo
  procedant, solitas nec peragant vices,
sed gratum variantibus
  mutentur thiasis saepius, et cito
alternata minus morae
  sint desideriis adspicientium.
exspectare nimis diu
  quidquid non tenui lumina decipit
fastu, mollibus eximit
  partem deliciis. migret amarior
vultus, si quid et horridi
  lucis iussa manet. nostra licens iocis
nox sollemnia commovet,
  altrix siderei, quo radiat, poli
ac tum plus solito nitens
  dulcis delicias cum iuvat addita.
sceptrum cernitis ut vomat
  ignis flammifero cum diademate?
ut de veste tremens deae
  decurrat liquidi fascia luminis?
illam non hodie iuvat
  inmersisse suis pectora roribus,
non somno premere obrutos
  sensus: te vigili, quisquis ades sacris,
turba pascit imaginum,
  plenae crescat uti summa licentiae.

R. E.

VI

I will not leave the smouldering pyre:
  Enough remains to light again:
But who am I to dare desire
  A place beside the king of men?

So burnt my dear Oechalian town;
  And I an outcast gazed and groaned.
But, when my father's roof fell down,
  For all that wrong sweet love atoned.

He led me trembling to the ship,
  He seemed at last to love me then;
He soothed, he clasped me lip to lip:
  How strange, to wed the king of men!

I linger, orphan, widow, slave;
  I lived when sire and brethren died.
Oh, had I shared my mother's grave,
  Or clomb unto the hero's side!

That comrade old hath made his moan;
  The centaur cowers within his den:
And I abide to guard alone
  The ashes of the king of men.

Alone, beneath the night divine—
  Alone, another weeps elsewhere:
Her love for him is unlike mine,
  Her wail she will not let me share.

W. JOHNSON.

VI

Non ego, dum semiustus adhuc rogus ardet, abibo;
  inde satis, flammae quo renoventur, erit:
nec tamen hoc ausim: neque enim me funere tali
  dignor: in Herculea pars mihi nulla pyra.
haud secus Oechalios memini flagrasse penatis
  et patrias, multum me lacrimante, domos;
tot tamen amissis, tanta superante ruina,
  quod compensarem sat fuit unus amor.
ipse iter ad navem dextra mihi fulsit amica,
  (aut amor, aut species illud amoris erat,)
addidit et voces, et iunctis oscula labris;
  mira loquor, nato me placuisse Iovis.
nunc mihi vir periit, fratres periere, paterque,
  et genetrix: resto serva superstes ero:
debueram iam tunc sepeliri matre sepulta,
  vel latus hic domino conseruisse meo.
iamque satur fletu cessit vetus ille sodalis;
  centaurum latebrae lustraque caeca tenent:
sola ego dilectos cineres vigil ossaque servo,
  Herculeae custos una relicta pyrae.
est tamen, est quae sola sacrae sub tegmine noctis,
  sola procul madidis maeret et ipsa genis:
sed mihi nec similem curam fovet illa, nec unquam
  participem luctus me sinet esse sui.

J. A. G.

VII

These bad traditions of comedy affect us not only on the stage, but in our literature, and may be tracked into our social life. They are the ground of the heavy moralizings by which we are outwearied, about Life as a Comedy, and Comedy as a jade, when popular writers, conscious of fatigue in creativeness, desire to be cogent in a modish cynicism : perversions of the idea of life, and of the proper esteem for the society we have wrested from brutishness, and would carry higher. Stock images of this description are accepted by the timid and sensitive, as well as by the saturnine, quite seriously; for not many look abroad with their own eyes, fewer still have the habit of thinking for themselves. Life, we know too well, is not a Comedy, but something strangely mixed : nor is Comedy a vile mask. The corrupted importation from France was noxious ; a noble entertainment spoilt to suit the wretched taste of a villainous age ; and the later imitations of it, partly drained of its poison and made decorous, became tiresome, notwithstanding their fun, in the perpetual recurring of the same situations, owing to the absence of original study and vigour of conception.

MEREDITH.

VII

Nec scaenae nocuit prava haec comoedia tantum;
scriptorum ingenio nocuit: quin noxia mores
infecit nostros. patruae hinc mala taedia linguae:
'fabula vita hominum est,' aiunt, 'comoedia lena est':
sic sapiunt patruos, lauti salsique videntur
esse sibi populoque placent, quos ad nova vires
deficiunt fingenda. parum, qua vivere vitam
aequum sit ratione, vident: semota ferarum
a vita et longo nondum perculta labore
vita hominum hos homines quam sit pretiosa fefellit.
haec non morosi tantum: molli timidoque
quicumque est animo, credit, mox seria ducit:
nam quotus est, oculis qui circum adstantia rectis
aspiciat, quotus et suevit perpendere quaeque
lance sua? nec enim, scimus, comoedia vita est,
sed lacrimas habet et risus, nec turpe Thalia
exodium tantum fingit. sed vecta per aequor
pulpita pestifero lustravit non sua gressu
fabula Graecorum, flexit quam insulsa propago
in peius similemque sibi lasciva poposcit.
mox faece exhausta, motus edocta decoros,
plurima ridendis coniunxit taedia, nodos
idem cum semper vindex laxaret eosdem.
non etenim aut operam scriptor dedit aut sua fortis
pectora concussit rebus fecunda novandis.

W. R. H.

VIII

When the man wants weight the woman takes it up,
And topples down the scales; but this is fixed
As are the roots of earth and base of all:
Man for the field and woman for the hearth:
Man for the sword and for the needle she:
Man with the head, and woman with the heart:
Man to command and woman to obey:
All else confusion. Look you! the gray mare
Is ill to live with, when her whinny shrills
From tile to scullery, and her small goodman
Shrinks in his arm-chair while the fires of Hell
Mix with his hearth: but you—she's yet a colt—
Take, break her: strongly groom'd and straitly curb'd
She might not rank with those detestable
That let the bantling scald at home, and brawl
Their rights or wrongs like pot-herbs in the street.

TENNYSON.

VIII

Ἀντιρρόπως ἔχοντα τὰν γάμοις ὁρῶ,
ῥοπῇ γὰρ ἣν ποτ' ἐλλιπὴς ἀνὴρ κυρῇ
σταθμὸν τότ' ἤδη μείζον' ᾐρμένη γυνὴ
ἕλκει τάλαντον. ἀλλ' ὅδ' ἔμπεδος μένει,
ὥστ' οὐδὲ μᾶλλον αἱ χθονὸς ῥίζαι, νόμος,
γυναικὶ τἄνδον, ἀνδρὶ τἄξωθεν πρέπει·
καὶ τῷ μὲν Ἄρεως, τῇ δ' Ἀθηναίας πόνοι·
γυνὴ μὲν οἶκτον, νοῦν δ' ἀνὴρ διδάσκαλον
ἔχειν πέφυκε· θῆλυ πείθεσθαι γένος,
τὸ δ' ἄρρεν ἄρχειν· εἰ δὲ μὴ τάδ' ὧδ' ἔχοι
πάντων ἴδοις ἂν σύγχυσιν τῶν ἐν βίῳ.
κακὴ σύνευνος, ἴσθι, κοὐκ ἐπῄνεσα,
ἥτις κομώσης μαίνεται πώλου δίκην
ἱεῖσα φωνὴν διάτορον διὰ στεγῶν,
πτήσσει δ' ἀκούων ἐν μυχῷ καθήμενος
ἀνὴρ ἄνανδρος, πῦρ ἐφ' ἑστίᾳ τρέφων
ἀτηρόν. ἀλλά, παρθένος γάρ ἐστ' ἔτι,
χρὴ πωλοδαμνεῖν, καὶ γὰρ ἐγκρατεῖ χερὶ
ἐπιστομισθεῖσ' οὐκ ἂν εἰς ὁμιλίαν
ἔλθοι γ' ἐκείνων τῶν καταπτύστων, ὅσαι
ἀτημέλητα τὰν δόμῳ νεοσσία
ἐῶσιν ἔρρειν εἰς τὸ πῦρ, ἐὰν τύχῃ,
ἐν ᾧ θύραθεν, ὥσπερ αἱ καπηλίδες,
βοῶσι λήρους καὶ δίκαια κἄδικα.

J. Y. S.

IX

Then I'll look up;
My fault is past. But, O! what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? 'Forgive me my foul murder?'
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we ourselves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence. What then? What rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limed soul, that struggling to be free
Art more engaged! Help, angels! make assay;
Bow, stubborn knees, and heart with strings of steel
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe;
All may be well.

SHAKESPEARE.

IX

Πάρεστιν οὖν, πάρεστι πρὸς τὸ φῶς βλέπειν,
ἤδη βαρείας αἰτίας ἐλευθέρῳ.
ἐμοὶ δὲ τίς γένοιτ' ἂν ἐξ εὐχῶν λύσις;
τίς ἐλπίς; ἆρα καὶ παραιτεῖσθαί με χρὴ
κάσεως ἐρινῦς; ταῦτα δ' οὐκ ἔξεστί μοι
θρόνους, γυναῖκα, πάντα δ' ὧν ἐφιέμην
ἔχοντι· πῶς γὰρ ἔστι συγγνώμης τυχεῖν,
εἰ πάντ' ἔχει τις, ὧνπερ ἠδίκησ' ἐρῶν;
σκολιοὶ μέν εἰσι κἄδικοι βροτῶν τρόποι,
πάντων δ' ἐναλλὰξ καὶ μάτην φορουμένων,
νόμων κρατεῖ τὰ χρήμαθ', ὥστε πολλάκις
κρείσσων δικαστοῦ χρυσός, ἁρπαγῆς μέρος.
τοιαῦτα δ' οὐκ ἔξεστιν ἐν θεῶν κρίσει·
ἔνθ' οὔτε τρίβειν οὔτ' ἀπαρνεῖσθαι πάρα,
ἡμᾶς δὲ λαμπρῶς πάντα μαρτυρεῖν χρεὼν
αὐτοὺς καθ' αὑτῶν, κἄν τις αἰσχίστων ὄφλῃ,
παρόντας ἐν παροῦσι. ποῖος οὖν μένει
τρόπος; σθένει μέγιστον ἐν δίκης ῥοπῇ
ὃς ἐξαμαρτὼν εἶτα βέλτιον φρονεῖ.
ἀλλ' οὐδὲ κἀκ τῶνδ' ἐστί τις σωτηρία
τοῖς μὴ φρονοῦσιν. ὦ κέαρ κελαίνοφρον,
ὦ θυμέ, θύμ', ὃς ἐκπεσεῖν παγῶν θέλων
πεπλεγμένοισι μᾶλλον ἀσπαίρεις πτεροῖς.
ὦ δαῖμον, ἀλλὰ νῦν γε συλλήπτωρ γενοῦ,
σὺ δ', ὦ ταλαῖφρον, κάμψον αὔθαδες γόνυ,
σιδηρόνευρον καρδίαν οἷα βρέφους
νέου μαλάσσων· πάντα δ' ἂν καλῶς ἔχοι.

E. A.

X

When winds that move not its calm surface sweep
The azure sea, I love the land no more:
The smiles of the serene and tranquil deep
Tempt my unquiet mind.—But when the roar
Of ocean's grey abyss resounds, and foam
Gathers upon the sea, and vast waves burst,
I turn from the drear aspect to the home
Of earth and its deep woods, where, interspersed,
When winds blow loud, pines make sweet melody:
Whose house is some lone bark, whose toil the sea,
Whose prey the wandering fish, an evil lot
Has chosen.—But I my languid limbs will fling
Beneath the plane, where the brook's murmuring
Moves the calm spirit but disturbs it not.

SHELLEY
(FROM MOSCHUS).

XI

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

SHAKESPEARE.

X

Terram, repressis per mare fluctibus,
ventosus odi; tum placet aequoris
pellacia et risus sereni,
sed rabidi simul ira ponti
immugit, et vis spumea fervidis
exsultat undis, terreor, et retro
ad rura silvestrisque saltus
vertor, ubi numerosa pinus
dat flante vento carmina. vae tibi,
si quis per aestus instabili rate
piscator erras. me iuvabit
sub platani recubare ramis,
stratumque molli in gramine rivuli
captare murmur, qui meditantibus
oblectet aures, nec tumultu
sollicitet graviore pectus.

J. A. G.

XI

Stirpibus a pulchris pulchra est optanda propago,
ut roseum possit stare perenne decus;
et, quotiens acto pereat maturior aevo,
in tenerum heredem forma paterna cadat.
tu vis ipse tuo tantum devotus amori
vivere, tu flammis ureris ipse tuis.
quantis ex opibus penuria quanta paratur,
o te qui laceras, o inimice tibi!
tu, nova totius iam lux et gloria terrae,
veris venturi nuntia purpurei,
visne tuam in sterili spem fructus condere gemma?
prodige, dum parcis; parce, profuse tamen!
aut patriae miserere, aut, dum male condis avarus
quod patriae debes, fac Libitina voret.

A. T. B.

XII

How happy is he born and taught
  That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
  And simple truth his utmost skill;

Whose passions not his masters are;
  Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
  Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
  Nor vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
  Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
  Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
  Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray
  More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
  With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
  Of hope to rise or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
  And, having nothing, yet hath all.

H. WOTTON.

XII

Ὃς φίλος ἀθανάτοις πέλεται γενεᾷ τε τροφαῖς τε,
οὔποθ' ὅ γ' ἀλλοτρίῳ λήματι δοῦλος ἔφυ·
ἀσπίδι δ' οὐδεμιᾷ χρῆται πλὴν φροντίσιν ὀρθαῖς,
οὐδὲ τέχνην ἀσκεῖ πλὴν τὰ δίκαια λέγειν.
οὐδὲ τύραννον ἔχει ψυχῆς ἔντοσθεν ἔρωτα·
ᾄδην δ' οὐ δεδιὼς ἠρέμα προσδέχεται
αἰέν· ἐπεὶ κεῖνόν γ' οὔτις προσέδησε μέριμνα
τῷ βιότῳ πολλῶν οὔτ' ὀλίγων φάτιος.
οὐδ' ὁπόσους τε τύχη μεγάλους καὶ τόλμα προσαύξει
ζηλοῖ ἐπιβλέψας, οὐδ' ἔμαθέν γε παθὼν
ὥς ποτ' ἐπαινοῦντες λώβαις πλείσταις ἐκάκωσαν·
ἐν δὲ πολιτείας εἶδος ἄγει τὸ καλόν.
οὗτος ἀπήλλακται γλώσσης βλάπτοντος ἑταίρου
εὐσεβίας ἐχυρὸν κρησφύγετον κατέχων,
οὔτε γὰρ εὖ πράξας βίον ἂν θώπεσσι παράσχοι
οὔτε πεσὼν ὕβρει καιρὸν ἐνόντα λίποι.
δαίμονα δὴ νύκτας τε καὶ ἤματα πάνθ' ἱκετεύει
ἑρμαίου πρότερον νοῦν ἀρετήν τε πορεῖν,
ἐν δ' ἀσινεῖ βιότῳ διάγων ἦμαρ πανάμωμον
ἢ φίλον ἢ βίβλον σώφρον' ἑταιρίσατο.
θάρσος ἐλευθερίαν τε νέμων οὐ δεσμὸν ἐπέγνω
ἐλπίδος αἱρούσης ἀργαλέου τε φόβου·
γῆς μὲν ἄμοιρος ἐὼν βασιλεὺς αὐτοῦ γε πέφανται,
κλῆρον δ' ἐσχηκὼς μηδένα, πάντ' ἄρ' ἔχει.

L. C.

XIII

The forward violet thus did I chide:
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair;
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

SHAKESPEARE.

XIV

Yet hold me not for ever in thine East:
How can my nature longer mix with thine?
Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam
Floats up from those dim fields about the homes
Of happy men that have the power to die,
And grassy barrows of the happier dead.

XIII

Lascivae dixi violae 'fur dulcis, odorem
  unde nisi ex dominae surripis ore meae?
haec tibi sublucens tam molli purpura vultu,
  heu, male virgineo sanguine tincta rubet.'
lilia de furto damnat tua palma, tuusque
  crinis amaracina visus inesse coma.
stat rosa quaeque tremens in spinis, conscia culpae.
  huic pudor erubuit, palluit illa metu.
tertia rubra albet binos furata colores,
  et furtis animam iunxerat illa tuam.
quod mox ob facinus media florente iuventa
  illa rosa ultrici peste subesa perit.
vidi alios flores, nec vidi ex omnibus unum
  cui tua non species aut tuus esset odor.

A. T. B.

XIV

Μηδ' οὖν κατάσχῃς εἰσαεὶ πρὸς ἀντολαῖς·
καὶ πῶς φύσει σῇ νῦν ἔθ' ὧδ' ἐντήξομαι;
τὸ σὸν γὰρ ἤδη ψῦχος ἀμφιβάλλεται
φοινικόβαπτον σῶμ' ὑπόσκιον τόδε,
ψυχραὶ δ' ὅσαι λάμπουσιν ἀκτῖνες φάους,
ψυχρῶς δ' ὕπεισι φωσφόροι ῥυσοῖς ποσὶ
πυλῶνες, ἀτμὸς ἡνίκ' ἂν μετάρσιος
ἀγρῶν ἀμαυρῶν ὀλβίων θ' ἕδρας βροτῶν
οἷς κατθανεῖν ἔξεστι, ποιηρῶν τ' ἄπο
τύμβων ἀνέρπῃ τῶν ἔτ' ὀλβιωτέραν

Release me, and restore me to the ground;
Thou seëst all things, thou wilt see my grave:
Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn:
I earth in earth forget these empty courts,
And thee returning on thy silver wheels.

TENNYSON.

XV

Iago. Patience, I say: your mind perhaps may change.
Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont,
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up. Now, by yond marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow
I here engage my words.
Iago. Do not rise yet.
Witness, you ever-burning lights above,
You elements that clip us round about,
Witness that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever.

SHAKESPEARE.

τύχην λαχόντων, τοὺς τεθνηκότας λέγω.
ἀπόδος, ἱκνοῦμαι, γῇ μ', ἀπάλλαξον μόρου.
ὄψει πανόπτης οὖσα Τιθωνοῦ τάφον.
ἀειθαλής σοι καλλονὴ καθ' ἡμέραν
ἔσται· κόνις δὲ συμπεφυρμένος κόνει
τέως ἔγωγε τῆς ἄνωθ' ἐρημίας
ἀμνημονήσω τῆσδε, καὶ σέθεν, θεά,
δίαυλον ἀργυροῖσι καμπτούσης τροχοῖς.

F. ST. J. T.

XV

Ι. Ὀργὴν κατασχοῦ· κἂν μεταγνοίης ἴσως.
Ω. οὐ δῆτ', Ἰάγων. ὡς γὰρ ἐξ ἑνὸς ῥόθου
ψυχρὰς κυλίνδει πόντος Εὔξεινος ῥοὰς
οὐδ' ἂν ξυνείη σὺν παλιρροίᾳ βυθοῦ
ἄψορρον ἐλθεῖν· ἐκ δὲ τῆς Προποντίδος
ὁρμᾷ πρὸς Ἑλλήσποντον· ὡσαύτως δ' ἐγὼ
ὀργῆς βιαίῳ πρὸς φόνον σπεύδων δρόμῳ
οὐκ ἂν δράμοιμ' ἄψορρον ἐκ πλημμυρίδος
φαῦλον ποθῶν ἔρωτα, πρὶν πολὺς ῥέων
ἐκβῇ τελείαν θυμὸς εἰς τιμωρίαν.
τοιαῦτά τοι πρὸς Ζηνὸς ἠδ' Ὀλυμπίων
ὅρκον σεβίζων ἐνδίκως ἐπώμοσα.
Ι. εὖχοι' ἂν αὔτως· ἀλλ' ἔγωγ' ὑφίσταμαι,
ὁρκωμοτῶν τηλαυγὲς ἡλίου σέλας
καὶ τόνδ' ἅμ' αἰθέρ' ὅστις ἀμπίσχει βροτούς,
ἦ μὴν ἁπάντων ἀνθυπουργήσειν δίκην
ὅσων ἔπασχες, εἴ τι δρᾶν δυνήσομαι
ἢ χειρὶ βρίσας ἢ φρενῶν γνώμῃ πλέον.
ἃ δεῖ κελεύσεις· ἀντὶ δ' αἰσχύνης ἐμοί,
κἂν αἷμα πράξω, στήσεται πειθαρχία.

A. J. B.

XVI

Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.

SHAKESPEARE.

XVI

Οὐκ αἰσχρόν, ὦ γυναῖκες, ὀμμάτων ἄπο
τοιαῦτ' ἀφεῖναι καρδίας τοξεύματα;
ἄνδρας τ' ἀνιᾶν εὐμενεστάτους βροτῶν
ἄνακτας, ὑμῶν οἵπερ εἰσὶ κύριοι.
οὐκ ἴστε δὴ τὸ κάλλος οἷον ἐξαμᾷ,
οὕτως ὅπως λειμῶνα δάπτουσιν πάγοι;
νέας δὲ βλάστας ἄνεμος ὡς συγχεῖ φέρων
καὶ τοῦτο λὰξ πατητὸν εὔκλειαν φέρει.
οὐ γὰρ προσῆκόν ἐστιν οὐδ' ἄρ' εὐφιλές·
θυμούμεναι γάρ ἐσμεν ὡς κυκωμένη
πηγὴ γυναῖκες, βορβόρῳ μεμιγμένη
τὸ μήτε γεῦσαι μηδὲ δίψιόν τινα
μήτ' ἀξιῶσαι χείλεσιν θιγεῖν ἄκροις.
πῶς οὐ πόσεως χρὴ δούλιον φέρειν ζυγόν;
ἄναξ ὅς ἐστι κύριός τε σώματος
φύλαξ τ' ἀφ' οὗ δὴ πᾶς ἀπαρτᾶται βίος·
ὃς κήδεται σοῦ τῆς τε σῆς τροφῆς ἀεὶ
καὶ πολλὰ μὲν γῇ πολλὰ δ' αὖ πόντου σάλῳ
νυκτός τε καὶ κατ' ἦμαρ ἐξαντλεῖ κακὰ
ῥιγῶν πονῶν τε· τοῦ χάριν; δόμων ἔσω
ὅπως σὺ ναίῃς μαλθακῶς ἐστρωμένη·
ἀνθ' ὧν ἀπαιτεῖ μισθὸν οὐδὲν ἄλλο πλὴν
ἔρωτα, φαιδρὸν ὄμμα καὶ πειθαρχίαν·
ὡς ἀντὶ παύρων πολλὰ κερδαίνεις, ὅρα.

B. J.

XVII

So all night long upon the sandy shores
I heard the hollow murmur of the wave,
And all night long the hidden sea-caves made
A ghostly echo; and the sea-birds mewed
Around me: once I heard a mocking laugh
As of some scornful Nereid: once the waters
Broke louder on the scarped reefs, and ebbed
As if the monster coming: but again
He came not, and the dead moon sank, and still
Only upon the cliffs the wails, the chants,
And I forsaken on my sea-worn rock,
And lo, the monster haunted depths of sea.
Till at the dead dark hour before the dawn,
When sick men die, and scarcely fear itself
Bore up my weary eyelids, a great surge
Burst on the rock, and slowly, as it seemed,
The sea sucked downwards to its depths, laid bare
The hidden reefs, and then before my eyes—
Oh terrible! a huge and loathsome snake
Lifted his dreadful crest and scaly side
Above the waves, in bulk and length so large,
Coil after hideous coil, that scarce the eye
Could measure its full horror; the great jaws
Dropped as with gore; the large and furious eyes
Were fired with blood and lust.

L. MORRIS.

XVII

Sic intempesta, quam longa est, nocte per auris
litore harenoso mittunt cava murmura fluctus;
interea miris clamoribus antra resultant
abdita, nec mergi circum increbrescere questus
cessabat; semel et risus audire videbar
Nymphae inludentis: tum dorsa latentia saxis
unda ferit solito violentior, et cita retro
ut monstro veniente relabitur: ille per undas
haud aderat tamen, et caelo iam exhausta refugit
luna, sed in scopulis idem iam plangor et idem
cantus: me rupes, quam vis terit undique ponti,
sola tenet monstrisque horrentia marmora cingunt.
tum demum ante novos ortus, cum densior umbra,
mors ubi prompta aegris, cum vix mihi fessa retentat
lumina quin somno cedant timor, aspera saxo
scinditur unda, marisque in stagna extrema vorari
tota videbatur facies, et condita circum
saxa apparebant, visuque immane, trementis
ante oculos subito serpens obscenus ab undis
horrentis squamas atque ora minacia tollit.
turpibus et spiris tam vasta volumina torquet
ut mea vix omnes possint explere tuendo
lumina terrores: visae manare cruorem
immensae monstri fauces, oculique furentes
sanguine ceu calidi saevaque libidine flagrant.

W. H.

XVIII

O lyric love, half-angel and half-bird
And all a wonder and a wild desire,—
Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun.
Took sanctuary within the holier blue,
And sang a kindred soul out to his face,—
Yet human at the red-ripe of the heart—
When the first summons from the darkling earth
Reached thee amid thy chambers, blanched their blue.
And bared them of their glory—to drop down.
To toil for man, to suffer or to die,—
This is the same voice: can thy soul know change?
Hail then, and hearken from the realms of help!
Never may I commence my song, my due
To God who best taught song by gift of thee.
Except with bent head and beseeching hand—
That still, despite the distance and the dark.
What was. again may be: some interchange
Of grace, some splendour once thy very thought.
Some benediction anciently thy smile:
—Never conclude, but raising hand and head
Thither where eyes. that cannot reach, yet yearn
For all hope, all sustainment, all reward,
Their utmost, up and on,—so blessing back
In those thy realms of help, that heaven thy home.
Some whiteness which, I judge, thy face makes proud.
Some wanness where, I think, thy foot may fall!

BROWNING.

XVIII

Ὦ φίλη, ὦ θείας κρείσσων κορυδοῖο μελῳδεῖν,
ὦ θαμβοῦσα φόως, ποθέουσά τ' ἀθέσφατον ᾆσαι,
ὦ κῆρ ἀδάματον, κατεναντίον ἠελίοιο
αἴρεσθαι πτερύγεσσι μετ' οὐρανοῦ ἱερὸν ἕρκος,
ὑψόθι τ' ἶσα θεοῖσι χέαι μελιηδέ' ἀοιδήν·
ἤπια δ' αὖ φρονέειν ᾔδησθ' ἐλεήμονι θυμῷ,
εὖτέ σε πρῶτ' ἐκαλεῦμεν ἀπὸ χθονὸς ἠεροέσσης.
ἡ δέ σοι ἵκετ' ἀρά, θαλάμοις δ' ἐνὶ παμφανόωσιν
ἔσβεσε κυανέην αἴγλην, κατὰ δ' ἔπταο πρόφρων
λυγρὰ βροτῶν ἕνεκεν παθέειν, καὶ πότμον ἐπισπεῖν·
αὖτις ἐγώ σ' ἐκάλεσσ'· ἦ σοὶ φρεσὶν ἔστι λαθέσθαι;
κλῦθί νυν οὐρανόθεν, θείᾳ δ' ἐπάμυνον ἀρωγῇ·
μὴ γὰρ ἔτ' ἀρχοίμην ᾠδῆς, θεῷ ἄξι' ὀφείλων
ἀντὶ σέθεν, τὴν πρῶτα διδούς μ' ἐδίδαξεν ἀείδειν,
πρὶν κεφαλῇ κύψας ἱκέτιν δ' ἀνὰ χεῖρα πετάσσας
εὔξαίμην σ', εἰ τηλόθι περ νεφέλῃσιν ἐκρύφθης,
ἀλλά μοι ὡς πρότερόν τι πορεῖν· χάριτός τιν' ἀμοιβήν,
ἀγλαὸν ἠὲ νόημα, σέθεν φρενὸς ἄγγελον αὐτῆς,
ἢ φάος, οἷα πάλαι μ' ἠσπάζεο μειδιόωσα·
μηδὲ μέλος τελέσαιμι, πρὶν ὑψόσε χεῖρα κάρη τε
αὖτ' ἀνέχοιμ', ἔνθ' ὄμματ' ἐτώσιον ἵεται ἀθρεῖν,
ἐλπίδος εἴ τι γένοιτ', ἢ καὶ γέρας, ἠέ μοι ἀλκή,
ἄσπετον ἱμείροντ'· εὐχῇ δέ κ' ὄναισθε κλύοντες,
ἧχι φίλ' ἄμμι ἰδυῖ' ἱεροῖς ἐνὶ δώμασι ναίεις,
καί σ' ὁρόων μετεοῦσαν ἀγάλλεται οὐρανὸς ἀργής,
σοῖς θ' ὑπὸ ποσσὶ χάρη πέδον ἠεροειδὲς Ὀλύμπου.

A. S.

XIX

You see me here,
As one of you hath said, an old, unarm'd,
Defenceless man ; and yesterday you saw me
Presiding in the hall of ducal state,
Apparent sovereign of our hundred isles,
Robed in official purple, dealing out
The edicts of a power which is not mine,
Nor yours, but of our masters—the patricians.
Why I was there you know, or think you know ;
Why I am *here* he who hath been most wrong'd,
He who among you hath been most insulted,
Outraged and trodden on, until he doubt
If he be worm or no, may answer for me,
Asking of his own heart what brought him here ?
You know my recent story, all men know it,
And judge of it far differently from those
Who sate in judgment to heap scorn on scorn.
But spare me the recital—it is here,
Here at my heart, the outrage—but my words,
Already spent in unavailing plaints,
Would only show my feebleness the more,
And I come here to strengthen even the strong,
And urge them on to deeds, and not to war
With woman's weapons.

BYRON.

XIX

Ὁρᾶτέ μ', ὥσπερ εἷς τις ἐξ ὑμῶν ἔφη,
ὅπλων γέροντα γυμνὸν ὄντ', ἀλκῆς ἄτερ,
ὃν ἐχθὲς εἴδετ' ἐν θρόνοις καθήμενον·
κἀκεῖ τύραννος μυρίων ἐφαινόμην
νήσων, πέπλοισι πορφυροῖς ἠσκημένος,
ἄλλων προφωνῶν κοὐκ ἐμὰς ἐπιστολάς·
οὐδ' αὖ παρ' ὑμῶν τοῦτ' ἐδεξάμην κράτος,
τῶν εὐγενῶν γάρ ἐσμεν ἐξηρτημένοι.
ἀνθ' ὧν μὲν οὖν τότ' ἔτυχον ἱδρυθεὶς ἐκεῖ
ἔξιστε πάντες, ἢ δοκεῖτ' ἐξειδέναι·
ἀνθ' ὧν δὲ νῦν ἄελπτος ἐνθάδ' ἱκόμην,
εἴ τις πάρεστι τῶν ἀκουόντων τάδε
αὑτῷ συνειδὼς ἀθλίως ὑβρισμένῳ,
ᾐκισμένῳ τε καὶ κατεσποδημένῳ,
ὥστ' οὐδὲ τοῦτ' ἔτ' οἶδεν εἰ πέφυκ' ἀνήρ,
τοῦτον κελεύω, χρώμενον τεκμηρίῳ
ταῖς αἷσιν αὐτοῦ συμφοραῖς, τὴν αἰτίαν
τῆς ἧς κατειπεῖν τῆς τ' ἐμῆς παρουσίας.
ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ ἔστιν ὅστις οὐκ ἐπίσταται
οἷ' ἀρτίως πέπονθα καὶ συνασχαλᾷ,
οὐχ ὥσπερ οἳ συνῆλθον ἐς κρίσιν τότε
ἀτιμάσοντες τὸν πρὶν ἠτιμασμένον,
ἐᾶτε σιγᾶν μνήμοσιν μυχοῖς φρενῶν
ἃ νῦν κέκευθεν· εἰ δὲ πειρῴμην λόγοις
ταῦτ' ἐμφανίζειν τοῖς μάτην ὀδύρμασιν
ἤδη κεκμηκώς, μᾶλλον ἂν τότ' ἀσθενὴς
αὐτὸς φανείην, ὃς πάρειμι μείζονα
ἀλκὴν παρέξων τοῖς πρὶν ἀλκιμωτάτοις,
οὓς ἔργα νῦν ἀνδρεῖα τολμῶντας λέγω
τρόπον γυναικῶν μὴ καπηλεύειν μάχην.

H. W. G.

XX

Tell me, ye studious, who pretend to see
Far into nature's bosom, whence the bee
Was first inform'd her venturous flight to steer
Through trackless paths and an abyss of air:
Whence she avoids the slimy marsh and knows
The fertile hills, where sweeter herbage grows
And honey-making flowers their opening buds disclose:
How from the thicken'd mist and setting sun
Finds she the labour of her day is done?
Who taught her against winds and rains to strive,
To bring her burden to the certain hive,
And through the liquid fields again to pass,
Duteous and hearkening to the sounding brass?
And, O thou sluggard, tell me why the ant,
'Midst summer's plenty, thinks of winter's want,
By constant journeys careful to prepare
Her stores: and bringing home the corny ear,
By what instruction does she bite the grain,
Lest, hid in earth and taking root again,
It might elude the foresight of her care?
Distinct in all the insect's deeds appear
The marks of thought, contrivance, hope and fear.

PRIOR.

XXI

Yes, 'tis the eternal law that where guilt is
Sorrow shall answer it: and thou hast not
A poor man's privilege to bear alone,
Or in the narrow circle of his kinsmen,
The penalties of evil, for in thine
A nation's fate lies circled. King Adrastus!

XX

Dicite, quis amor est mentis impendere rebus,
naturae secreta patent quibus, unde petitum
saecla apium primo didicere audacibus alis
avia per caeli volitare et inane profundum?
unde illis vitanda palus, collisque petendus
fertilior quicunque datur, qua dulcior herba,
melliferosque audent calices evolvere gemmae?
cur parta requie curis imponere finem
densataeque monent nebulae solesque caduci?
cum desaevit hiems, ultro per flabra per imbris
tendere, dum praedam certum ad praesaepe reportent
quis docet, aut campos iterum tranare liquentis
imperium pennis crepitantiaque aera secutas?
porro age, pigra cohors, quibus est ignavia cordi,
cur mediis angustam opulenti in floribus anni
pauperiem formica cavet, dum praescia brumae
itque reditque viam totiens, ut condat acervum
sedula? tum spicam quo praecipiente repostam
praemordet, rediviva solo ne germinet olim
spem falsura? at mens animalibus insita cunctis
nempe regit, ratio unde illis, sperantque timentque.

R. L. A. DU P.

XXI

Νόμος μέν ἐσθ' ὅδ' ἐμπέδως προκείμενος,
ἄλγη παθεῖν τιν' ὧν δέδρακ' ἀντίρροπα·
σοὶ δ' οὐ κατ' οἶκον, ὥσπερ ἀνδρὶ δημότῃ,
ἔξεστιν, ὦναξ, ἢ μόνῳ φέρειν τὰ σά,
ῥέπει γὰρ εἰς σὲ μοῖρα πανδήμου πόλεως.
εἰ καὶ τὰ νῦν μὲν ἐμπεφαργμένος κέαρ
χλιδᾶν τρόποισιν ἀξίοις τυραννικοῖς,
ἀλλ' ἀρτίως γὰρ παῖς ἔτ' ἦσθ' ἐν ἀγκάλαις,

Mailed as thy heart is with the usages
Of pomp and power, a few short summers since
Thou wert a child, and canst not be relentless.
O! if maternal love embraced thee then
Think of the mothers who with eyes unwet
Glare o'er their perishing children. Hast thou shared
The glow of a first friendship, which is born
'Midst the rude sports of boyhood, think of youth
Smitten amidst its playthings—let the spirit
Of thine own innocent childhood whisper pity.

TALFOURD.

XXII

O snatched away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb,
  But on thy turf shall roses rear
  Their leaves, the earliest of the year,
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom.

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
  Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream;
  And lingering pause and lightly tread,
Fond wretch! as if her step disturbed the dead!

Away! we know that tears are vain,
  That Death nor heeds nor hears distress;
Will this unteach us to complain,
  Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou, who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

BYRON.

τροφαῖς τ᾽ ἔχαιρες, μαλθακὸς καὶ νῦν γενοῦ.
ὦ πρὸς σὲ μητρὸς τῆς τότ᾽ ἠγαπημένης
μέμνησ᾽ Ἄδραστε καὶ σὺ μητέρων ὅσαι
παῖδας θανόντας ὄμμασιν ταυρούμεναι
βλέπουσ᾽ ἀτέγκτοις· εἰ δὲ καὶ φίλος φίλῳ
ζευχθεὶς καθ᾽ ἥβην, οἷα πολλάκις νέων
ἀγῶνες, αἵ τε παιδιᾶς συναλλαγαὶ
στέργηθρα τίκτουσ᾽, ἦλθες εἰς ὁμιλίαν,
μέμνησ᾽ ἑταίρων ἐν μέσοις ἀθύρμασιν
οἰκτρῶς φθινόντων, καρδίαν δ᾽ ὑπελθέτω
οἶκτός τις, ὦναξ, τῆς πρὶν εὐαγοῦς χάριν
ἥβης ὅτ᾽ ἔζης παῖς ἔτ᾽ ὢν παίδων μέτα.

J. Y. S.

XXII

O quam flore novo mors aspera sustulit iuventae,
te nulla moles opprimet sepulcri:
caespite sed molli te qui tegit annuum renati
veris levabit se decus, rosaeque
primitiae tenerum prodent caput, et nigrans cupressus
humum fovebit protegente ramo.
saepe aliquis, glauci scatebras prope rivuli fluentis,
caput profundo degravans dolore,
sollicitum pascet cor imagine somnians inani,
gradusque sistet paullulum morantis:
et suspensa leget vestigia, mortuos velut si
nimis protervis gressibus cieret.
scilicet incassum lacrimas damus irritoque semper
mors surda questu tunditur gementum:
taline a miseros solamine flere dedocebis,
unamve luctus supprimes querelam?
et tibi, qui nobis oblivia praecipis malorum,
maerore pallet frons, madent ocelli.

C. S. J.

XXIII

He looked, and saw wide territory spread
Before him, towns, and rural works between,
Cities of men with lofty gates and towers,
Concourse in arms, fierce faces threatening war,
Giants of mighty bone and bold emprise.
Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,
Single, or in array of battle ranged
Both horse and foot, nor idly mustering stood;
One way a band select from forage drives
A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine,
From a fat meadow ground, or fleecy flock,
Ewes and their bleating lambs, over the plain,
Their booty; scarce with life the shepherds fly,
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray;
With cruel tournament the squadrons join;
Where cattle pastured late, now scattered lies
With carcasses and arms the ensanguined field,
Deserted: others to a city strong
Lay siege, encamped; by battery, scale and mine
Assaulting: others from the wall defend
With dart and javelin, stones, and sulphurous fire;
On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.

MILTON.

XXIII

Despicit: atque illi facies latissima terrae
apparet, sedesque hominum florentiaque arva:
hic Martem videt: excelsae stant turribus urbes.
conveniuntque viri vultu fera bella minantes,
ingenti specie, nil non audere parati.
pars rapidos exercet equos, pars spicula gestant,
diversi, aut aciem socii glomerantur in unam:
hic equites videt, hic pedites: venit undique miles,
non temere: hinc idem magnos lecto agmine tauros,
tauros et pleno formosas ubere vaccas
e pratis abigit vel pinguibus eripit agris
lanigeras praedator ovis: vix hostibus ipse
effugere e mediis sociosque arcessere pastor:
illi adsunt, multoque oritur cum sanguine pugna.
crudeli ludo se commisere cohortes:
qua modo pascebant pecudes, ridentia prata
nunc deserta iacent: nunc passim strata cruentos
arma virum campos et sparsa cadavera foedant.
castra locant alii et munitam comminus urbem
obsidione premunt scalisque aut ariete temptant,
effodiuntve aditus: illi de moenibus hostem
proturbant iaculis et saxa ac sulfuris ignem
proiciunt: caedes et facta ingentia utrinque.

A. D. G.

XXIV

Low, like another's, lies the laurelled head :
The life that seemed a perfect song is o'er :
Carry the last great bard to his last bed.
Land that he loved, thy noblest voice is mute.
Land that he loved, that loved him ! nevermore
Meadow of thine, smooth lawn or wild sea-shore,
Gardens of odorous bloom and tremulous fruit,
Or woodlands old, like Druid couches spread,
The master's feet shall tread.
Death's little rift hath rent the faultless lute :
The singer of undying songs is dead.
Lo, in this season pensive-hued and grave,
While fades and falls the doomed, reluctant leaf
From withered Earth's fantastic coronal,
With wandering sighs of forest and of wave
Mingles the murmur of a people's grief
For him whose leaf shall fade not, neither fall.
He hath fared forth, beyond these suns and showers.
For us, the autumn glow, the autumn flame,
And soon the winter silence shall be ours :
Him the eternal spring of fadeless fame
Crowns with no mortal flowers.

W. WATSON.

XXIV

Occideris? Phoebi nec texerit infula vatem,
nec numeris pollens acceptaque vita Camenis?
heu, vatum extremum supremo imponite lecto.
patria, vox siluit tibi maxima. culta colebas
mater amore pio natum. iam te neque saltus
nativi, somno nec mollior herba, marisve
implacidum litus; non floribus hortus odoris,
non fetu tremulos curvans vindemia ramos,
non veteres, Fauno dilecta cubilia, silvae
ostendent iterum doctae vestigia plantae.
rupta levi leti tactu lyra. carminis auctor
aeterni periit nec erit revocabilis unquam.
iamque ubi se maesta condunt ferrugine luces,
debita dum fatis refugit frons arida casum,
sertaque deformant terram delapsa vietam,
fitque sali fragor et nemorum et loca cuncta pererrat,—
haec super orbata crebrescit murmur ab urbe,
absentisque dolor luctus incendit. at illi
nec lapsum metuit nec scit languescere laurus.
hos ille evasit soles, his sidera mutat
imbribus. autumni nos flammeus asserit ardor,
fax brevis autumni; nec longum tempus, et instant
non exoratae taciturna silentia brumae.
ver illum assiduum et nullo violabilis aevo
fama habet et sertis caput immortalibus ornat.

F. DE P.

XXV

And I will lay thee in that lovely earth,
And heap a stately mound above thy bones,
And plant a far-seen pillar over all,
And men shall not forget thee in thy grave.
And I will spare thy host; yea, let them go!
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace!
What should I do with slaying any more?
For would that all whom I have ever slain
Might be once more alive; my bitterest foes,
And they who were call'd champions in their time,
And through whose death I won that fame I have,
And I were nothing but a common man,
A poor, mean soldier, and without renown;
So thou mightest live too, my son, my son!
Or rather would that I, even I myself,
Might now be lying on this bloody sand,
Near death, and by an ignorant stroke of thine,
Not thou of mine; and I might die, not thou;
And I, not thou, be borne to Seistan;
And Zal might weep above my grave, not thine;
And say: 'O son, I weep thee not too sore,
For willingly, I know, thou met'st thine end!'
But now in blood and battles was my youth,
And full of blood and battles is my age,
And I shall never end this life of blood.

M. ARNOLD.

XXV

Ἐν δέ σε θεὶς καπέτῳ κείνης χθονὸς ἱμεροέσσης
τύμβον ποιήσω μάλ' ἀριπρεπέ', ὀστέα λευκὰ
ἀλλέξας, στήλην τε περισκέπτην ἐπιθήσω·
οὐδέ σε' ἄνθρωποι καταλήσοντ' εἰν 'Αίδαο.
σῶν δ' ἄρ' ἐγὼ λαῶν πεφιδήσομαι· ἂψ δὲ νεέσθων·
πάντες ἐπ' εἰρήνης διαβήσονται πλατὺν Ὄξον.
τίπτ' ἔτ' ἐμοί γε μέλουσι μάχαι τ' ἀνδροκτασίαι τε;
ἦ μὲν ἐγὼ πολὺ βούλομ', ὅσους ἐνάριξα πάρος περ,
αὖτις ζωέμεναι, τοί τ' ἔχθιστοι καλέοντο,
αἰεί τε πρόμοι ἦσαν ἀρίστευόν τ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ,
οὕς ῥα κατακτείνας κλέος ἔλλαβον, ὅσσον ἔχω περ.
βουλοίμην δέ κεν αὐτὸς ἔμεν δήμου περ ἐν αἴσῃ
ἄκληρος καὶ ἄκικυς ἰδ' ἄμμορος ἐνθάδε τιμῆς,
εἰ σύ γ' ἔτι ζωός, φίλος ὦ υἶ', ὃν τέκον, εἴης.
ὡς ὄφελόν γε καὶ αὐτὸς ἐπὶ ψαμάθῳ βροτοέσσῃ
κεῖσθαι ὑπ' ἀγνώστοιο σέθεν χείρεσσι δαμασθείς,
μηδὲ σύ γ' ὧδ' ὑπ' ἐμῇσι, θανούμενος. ἦ κεν ἐγώ γε
τεθνηὼς σεῖ' ἄντι φεροίμην Σηίστανδε,
καὶ τύμβον κλαύσειε γέρων ἐμόν, οὐδὲ τεόν γε,
εἴποι τ'· οὐ λίην σε γοήσομαι, ὦ φίλε τέκνον,
ὅς ῥα ἑκών, εὖ οἶδα, θάνες καὶ πότμον ἐπέσπες.
αὐτὰρ ἐγώ γε νέος μὲν ἐν αἵματί θ' ἔν τε μάχῃσιν
ἐστρεφόμην, ἔτι δ' ὧδε μιαινόμενος γηράσκω,
οὐδέ ποθ' αἱματόεντα βίον στυγερὸν τολυπεύσω.

T. L. A.

XXVI

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a hurrah, and so
The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen,
And the little Revenge ran on thro' the long sea-lane between.

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks and laugh'd,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft
Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

And while now the great San Philip hung above us like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

But anon the great San Philip, she bethought herself and went

XXVI

Sic ait, arridens: plausum ingeminavimus ipsi:
at parva ingentis Ultrix procurrit in hostis
per mediosque ruit: cui centum ad transtra sodales
stant, avidi conferre manum, pars cetera in alveo
aegra iacet. circum dextra laevaque frequentes
hostiles inhiare rates. per aplustra, per undas
protinus ipsa ruit, moliturque impigra cursum.
plurimus irridet miles de puppibus altis,
plurimus audaci convicia nauta phaselo
ingerit: illa subit, non enarrabile eunti
dum latus aeriamque opponit Caspia molem,
montis opus, cui multiplici creberrima versu
machina Martis hiat. superingruit illa, nec ultra
vela notos implere sinit: stetit aequore navis.

Ac veluti nubes, Pater unde sonantia longe
tela iterare parat, sic nos super impendebat
Caspia. at hostili puppes e classe quaternae,
dextra duae ratis, emergunt, totidemque sinistra
aequora sortitae; prorisque a quattuor idem
prorupit fragor ac rauci vox ferrea Martis.

Nec tamen ipsa diu vesanae Caspia pugnae
suffecit: tanta turgescunt viscera peste:

Having that within her womb that had left her ill
content;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us
hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and
musqueteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that
shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far
over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and
the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built
galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-
thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with
her dead and her shame.
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so
could fight us no more—
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world
before?

For he said 'Fight on! fight on!'
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer
night was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly
dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and
the head,
And he said 'Fight on! fight on!'

TENNYSON.

abripuit se, clade gravem. manus altera saltu
nostram inimica ratem petit, obtruncatque virum vir
comminus. at quotiens hastasque inferre trudesque
ausi hostes, totiens turbam reiecimus omnem,
auris, exsiliens undis, ceu reicit Umber.

Sol ruit interea: collucent sidere multo
aestivi late fluctus. olli usque tot unam
diruere Ultricem tendunt: mora nulla duello.
certatim immensae noctem, quam longa, carinae
exercere vices; nunc Martem accendere telis
nunc temptare aditum, multa nunc morte referri.
victa inhonora acies. partem obruit aequore pontus.
missilibus confossa iacet pars maxima telis,
nec patiens ultra pugnae. te maxime, testor,
te, Gradive pater, nunquam certamine tanto
antehac pugnatum. 'Ferro rem cernite, ferro,'
sic iubet 'o socii' fracta tamen ille carina.
iamque fere medium cursu traiecerat orbem
nox brevis. ipse, gravi tardatus vulnere, ab alta
descendit puppi, ac, 'Fer opem,' conclamat, 'Iapi!
vulneror.' is, medicas adhibet dum callidus artis
ipse cadit: strictusque caput strictusque lacertos
ipse Leo: et 'Ferro,' vel adhuc, 'ferro,' inquit, 'agendumst!'

D. A. S.

XXVII

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like to children in their death's sad story.
'Oh! thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay the gentle babes:'
'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost chang'd my mind;
But, O, the devil'—there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on: 'We smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation e'er she fram'd.'
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse;
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

SHAKESPEARE.

XXVII

Τυραννικὸν τόδ' ἔργον εἴργασται φόνου,
ἄλλως μὲν οὖν ἔχθιστον, οὓς δ' ἀπέθρισεν,
ἄλγιστον ἐλθὸν ὧν ξύνοιδεν ἥδε γῆ.
οἱ γὰρ πανοῦργοι καὶ μιαιφόνοι κύνες
οὓς δὴ 'πὶ τήνδ' ἔστειλα δυσσεβῆ χάριν,
καὶ κάρτ' ἐλεινῶς, θάνατον αὐδῶντες τέκνων,
δάκρυσιν ἔφυρον πάντα καὶ γόοις λόγον.
ὁ μὲν γὰρ ἦρχεθ', ἅτερος δ' ὑφήρπασεν
λέγων, ἔκειντο δ' ὧδ' ἄρ' οἱ νεοτρεφεῖς
ἁβροὶ νεοσσοί, πῆχυν ἀλλήλων πέριξ
χέαντε λευκόν, ἀσεβὲς οὐδὲν εἰδότε.
καὶ μὴν τὰ χείλη, τέσσαρ' ἐκ δυοῖν ὁμοῦ
πεφυκόθ' ὥσπερ ἐξ ἑνὸς κλωνὸς ῥόδα,
θερινὴ ξυνῆγεν ὥς τις ἐξ ἀμφοῖν πνοή.
ἦν δ' οὖν ἐκεῖ τις πλησίον παρηΐδων
βίβλος προσευχῶν, ἣ σχεδόν τί μοι τέως
γνώμην ἔτρεψεν· ἀλλ' ἀραῖος ἆρ' ἐγώ.
εἰπὼν ἔληξε ταῦθ', ὁ δ' ἤνυσεν λόγον·
ἐνταῦθα δὴ πνίγοντες ἐξαπόλλυμεν
ἥδιστα φύσεως ἔργα, παγκοίνου θεᾶς,
χαρίτων τε δὴ πληρέσταθ' ὧν ἔφυσέ πω.
καὶ δὴ βεβᾶσ' ἐντεῦθεν· ἐκ δ' ἀμφοῖν ἄρα
τὸν πλεῖον' ἐξαφείλετ' αἰσχύνη λόγον.
ἐγὼ δ' ἀφείς νιν κοιράνῳ πορεύομαι
τοιόνδε πρᾶγος τῷ μιαιφόνῳ φέρων.

L. C.

XXVIII

Still green with bays each ancient Altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Secure from flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive War, and all-involving Age.
See, from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
Hear, in all tongues consenting Paeans ring!
In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.
Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of universal praise!
Whose honours with increasing ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
Oh may some spark of your celestial fire,
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
(That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights;
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
To teach vain Wits a science little known,
T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own!

POPE.

XXIX

What will he say about Literary Snobs? has been a question, I have no doubt, often asked by the public. How can he let off his own profession? Will that truculent and unsparing monster who attacks the nobility, the clergy, the army, and the ladies, indiscriminately, hesitate when the turn comes to *égorger* his own flesh and blood?

My dear and excellent querist, whom does the Schoolmaster flog so resolutely as his own son? Didn't Brutus chop his offspring's head off? You have a very bad

XXVIII

At procul antiquae sertis viridantibus arae
surgunt, sacrilegas despiciuntque manus.
his non ignis edax, livorque rapacior igne,
non bella exitium, non dabit ipsa dies.
huc pia tura ferunt ex omni litore docti,
unanima a linguis carmina mille sonant.
tam meritas laudes vox dicere nulla recuset:
concordi nostrum ne sit abesse choro.
o nati meliore aevo, salvete, poetae,
quorum immortali laude tropaea virent!
gloria maiores vobis aget usque triumphos.
aucta perpetuo fertur ut amnis aqua.
vos colet ignotae si quis latet incola terrae,
et repetent ingens saecula sera decus.
o si parte sui tangat divinior ignis
extremum e tanta degeneremque domo,
qui trepidis vestras imitatur nisibus alas,
miraturque legens, et timet ipse sequi,
ut iuvenes, me vate, leves maiora vereri
ingenia et discant indubitare suis.

E. C. W.

XXIX

'De grege quid scribet, qui sic traducit ineptos,
ipse suo?' hoc videor multos audire rogantis.
'parcetne hic' inquis 'parcet scriptoribus ipsis,
qui caedit Decios, a quo nec Laelia tuta est,
quem nec centurio nec Stoica terret abolla,
per saturam cunctos saevo qui immanis hiatu
adripuit? num cognatos ἀποδειροτομήσει?'
'O bone, quem caedit ferula gravis Orbilius sic
ut natum ipse suum? non natos prava sequentis
obtruncat Brutus? trutina suspendis iniqua

opinion indeed of the present state of literature and of literary men, if you fancy that any one of us would hesitate to stick a knife into his neighbour penman, if the latter's death could do the State any service.

But the fact is, that in the literary profession THERE ARE NO SNOBS. Look round at the whole body of British men of letters, and I defy you to point out among them a single instance of vulgarity, or envy, or assumption.

THACKERAY.

XXX

April, April,
Laugh thy girlish laughter;
Then, the moment after,
Weep thy girlish tears!
April, that mine ears
Like a lover greetest,
If I tell thee, sweetest,
All my hopes and fears,
April, April,
Laugh thy golden laughter,
But, the moment after,
Weep thy golden tears!

W. WATSON.

scriptores, morem ignoras legemque malignus
scribendi, nostro in numero si credis inesse
tam timidum quemquam, ut non sit iugulare paratus
scriptorem scriptor, quo se prodesse perempto
crediderit Romae. verum tamen accipe, vere
hoc dicam. nemo, nemo est qui scribit ineptus.
excute nos, totam censor circumspice turmam:
tune unum hic cernis, placeant cui sordida rerum,
qui socio invideat, qui se iactarit inepte?
hic nemo est, pariterque sumus, chorus omnis, honesti.'

W. R. H.

XXX

Ἔαρ, φίλιστε μηνῶν,
γέλα κορῶν γέλωτα,
ἔπειτα δ' ἐκ γέλωτος
κορῶν σὺ λεῖβε δάκρυ.
ἔαρ, πρὸς ὦτα τἀμὰ
ἐρωτικῶς ὃς ἕρπεις,
λέγοντί μοι φόβων τε
ἠδ' ἐλπίδων ἀριθμόν,
μηνῶν ἔαρ φίλιστε,
γέλωτα χρυσοφεγγῆ
ἔπειτα δ' εὐθὺς ἥσεις
χρυσόρρυτον σὺ δάκρυ.

G. R.

XXXI

Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind 's
free
The body 's delicate; the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to 't? But I will punish home:
No, I will weep no more. In such a night
To shut me out! Pour on; I will endure.
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all.—
O! that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.

SHAKESPEARE.

XXXI

Δεινόν συ τἄρ' ἔνειμας, εἰ παλίγκοτον
σκήπτει τόδ' ἡμῖν χεῖμα διαβρόχῳ μένει·
σοὶ γὰρ προσήκει τοῦτό γ'· ἀλλ' ὅστις νόσῳ
ξυνῇ μεγίστῃ τἄλλ' ἂν οὐδαμοῦ λέγοι.
ἆρ' οὐκ ἂν ἄρκτον φυγγάνοις ἰδών ; ἀτὰρ
εἰ πρὸς θαλάσσης κῦμα φυγγάνειν δέοι
ἑκὼν ἂν ἄρκτῳ προσπίτνοις κατὰ στόμα.
ὁ δ' οὖν ἀκραιφνῆ νοῦν ἔχων ἀλγηδόνων
ἁβρύνεται τἄξωθεν· ἀλλ' ἐγὼ φρενῶν
τοίαν ἔσωθεν ἀντίπνουν τρέφω στάσιν
ὥστ' ἐς τὸν ἔξω πᾶς ἀπημβλύνθην κλόνον,
τοῦ δ' ἔνδοθεν θύοντος ᾐσθόμην μόνον.
ὦ δυσχάριστοι παῖδες· ἀλλ' ὅμοιον ἦν
εἰ τήνδε χεῖρα διαφέροι τόδε στόμα
τήν οἱ τροφὰς πορούσαν· ἀλλ' ἐν χρῷ δοκῶ
λαβεῖν ἄποινα, κοὔτι μὴ κλαύσω πλέον.
ἴδεσθε δ' οἷα νυκτί μ' ἐξελαύνετε·
ἴθ' οὖν ἴθ' ὄμβρε· τλήσομαι δ' ἐγὼ μένων·
οἷα με νυκτί· φεῦ πανοῦργα θρέμματα,
οἵως ἄρ' οἷον ἔκδικοι μ' αἰκίζετε
τὸν πάντα τοι δεδωκότ' ἀφθόνῳ χερί·
φεῦ φεῦ·
ταῦτ' ἐστι μανίας ἐγγύς· ἀρκείτω τάδε.

J. A. G.

XXXII

In all my wanderings round this world of care.
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes. my latest hours to crown.
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose.
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still.
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill.
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as the hare, whom hounds and horns pursue.
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations pass'd.
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine.
How happy he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending Virtue's friend;
Bends to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While Resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His Heaven commences ere the world be pass'd!

GOLDSMITH.

XXXII

Hic mihi, cum dolui—nec mens ignara dolorum est.—
hic, quo solliciti cumque tulere pedes,
spes erat extremae tandem fore tempore vitae
poneret ut placidum nostra senecta larem:
vitalem ut possem parcendo pascere flammam
ne nimio proprias carperet igne faces.
hic poteram doctus—faciunt sua quemque superbum—
quae stupet insueta rusticus aure loqui,
multaque quae vidi passim sensique viator
ad vespertinos explicuisse focos:
utque lepus canibus pulsus turbaque sequentum
aeger adit notum, fugerat unde, locum,
hoc erat in votis, ut longi fine doloris
mors saltem patrio sub lare nostra foret.
hos utinam peterem senio vergente recessus
fasque foret curas hic posuisse meas!
felix o nimium, cui quos tulit ante laborum
contigit haec requies perfugiumque seni:
qui loca blanditiis animum retinentia vitat
et nimium forti pulsus ab hoste fugit.
illi nulla manus miserando addicta labori
effodit aut saevum per mare quaerit opes:
ianitor haud unquam miseros et frusta rogantis
liminibus magnis durus abire iubet.
mors quoque non terret: superos sibi praestat amicos
quisquis virtuti semper amicus erat:
sed serae propius paulatim allabitur horae,
itque minus duram, quod libet ire, viam:
iam magis atque magis caelestia gaudia gustat:
vivus in aetherias evehiturque domos.

A. D. G.

XXXIII

To me most happy therefore he appears
Who, having once, unmoved by hopes or fears,
Surveyed this sun, earth, ocean, clouds, and flame,
Well satisfied returns from whence he came.
Is life an hundred years or e'er so few,
'Tis repetition all and nothing new;
A fair, where thousands meet, but none can stay;
An inn, where travellers bait, then post away;
A sea, where man perpetually is tost,
Now plunged in business, now in trifles lost:
Who leave it first, the peaceful port first gain;
Hold then, nor farther launch into the main;
Contract your sails; life nothing can bestow
By long continuance, but continued woe:
The wretched privilege daily to deplore
The funerals of our friends, who go before;
Diseases, pains, anxieties and snares,
And age surrounded with a thousand cares.

S. JENYNS.

XXXIII

Ἐμοὶ δὲ κεῖνος ὀλβιώτατος δοκεῖ,
ὅστις, φόβων ἄθικτος ἐλπίδων θ', ἅπαξ
βλέψας φάος τόδ' οὐρανοῦ τ' ἀναπτυχάς,
νέφη, θάλασσαν, γῆν τ', ἔπειτ' ἀπέρχεται
ἐκεῖσ' ὅθενπερ ἦλθ' ἑκουσίᾳ φρενί.
βίος γὰρ ἡμῖν, ἤν τε σύντομος τύχῃ,
ἤν τ' αὖ μακραίων, οὐδὲν εἰσφέρει νέον
ἀεί γε ταὐτῷ ταὐτὰ παρατιθεὶς τρόπῳ.
πανήγυρίν νιν ἂν λέγοιμ' ὅπου ξένων
πολλῶν παρόντων ἐμμένειν οὐδεὶς φιλεῖ,
ἢ πανδοκεῖον οὗ τὰ σῖθ' ὁδοιπόροι
ἃ δεῖ λαβόντες εἶτ' ἀποίχονται ταχύ.
πόντον μὲν οὖν ἄπειρον οὗ πλανώμενος
πᾶς τις τύχαισι ποικίλαις σαλεύεται,
παίζων μὲν ἄλλοτ', ἄλλοτ' ἀσχόλως ἔχων.
πρῶτος δέ, πρῶτος ὅστις ἂν λίπῃ βίον,
ἀφίκετ' ἐς χθόν' ἥσυχον· τοίγαρ χρεὼν
δρόμον κολούειν μηδὲ ναυστολεῖν πρόσω.
ὅσῳ γὰρ ἄν τῳ τέρμα μηκυνθῇ βίου
πλῆθος τοσούτῳ μεῖζον αὔξεται κακῶν,
ψυχρὸν δ' ἔπεστι χάρμα, τὴν καθ' ἡμέραν
φίλων θανόντων ἐκφορὰν καταστένειν.
νόσοι, μέριμναι, διάδοχοι πόνων πόνοι,
γῆράς τ' ἀνίαις μυρίαις κυκλούμενον,
τί δ' οὐ πάρεστιν οἷς χρονίζεται βίος;

J. Y. S.

XXXIV

All night the dreadless angel, unpursued,
Through Heaven's wide champain held his way; till morn,
Waked by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Unbarred the gates of light. There is a cave
Within the mount of God, fast by his throne,
Where light and darkness in perpetual round
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through Heaven
Grateful vicissitude, like day and night;
Light issues forth, and at the other door
Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour
To veil the heaven, though darkness there might well
Seem twilight here; and now went forth the morn,
Such as in highest Heaven, arrayed in gold
Empyreal; from before her vanished night,
Shot through with orient beams; when all the plain,
Covered with thick embattled squadrons bright,
Chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery steeds,
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view:
War he perceived, war in procinct; and found
Already known what he for news had thought
To have reported: gladly then he mixed
Among those friendly powers, who him received
With joy and acclamations loud, that one,
That of so many myriads fallen yet one
Returned not lost. On to the sacred hill
They led him high applauded, and present
Before the seat supreme; from whence a voice,
From 'midst a golden cloud, thus mild was heard.

MILTON.

XXXIV

Ergo iter impavidus noctemque impune per omnem
insequitur latique fuga secat aequora campi,
excita dum tandem circumvolventibus horis
aurora excutitur somnis et claustra diei
dat rosea reserata manu. genitoris in alto
monte latet specus et solii confinia tangit,
qua semper lux inque vicem caliginis umbra
dant capiuntque locum: noctemque imitata diemque
rerum alternatur species mutataque gaudet.
hac lux egreditur porta, simul occupat illam
caligo, superum iusto dum tempore sedes
obscuret; sed enim caeli sublustribus umbris
velatur facies et nostra crepuscula praefert.
iamque incedebat supremo qualis Olympo
Lucifer et flammis auroque ardente refulgens
dispulerat radiis fixas Orientibus umbras;
fulgida tum densis sola lata repente catervis
currusque et biiuges simul arma vomentia flammas
apparent oculis ignisque ex igne relucens;
bellum in procinctu sensit, notumque quod ipse
crediderat se ferre novum. socium inde per auras
infert se sociis atque agmina iungit. at illi
clamore excipiunt reducem gaudentque tuentes;
hunc de tot lapsis, hunc unum sospite cursu
incolumem rediisse tamen. sic deinde merentem
colle tenus sacro summaeque ad limina sedis
perducunt, unde e nubis penetralibus aureae
reddita vox placidumque sonans allabitur auris.

F. DE P.

XXXV

O Patriot Statesman, be thou wise to know
The limits of resistance, and the bounds
Determining concession; still be bold
Not only to slight praise, but suffer scorn:
And be thy heart a fortress, to maintain
The day against the moment, and the year
Against the day: thy voice, a music, heard
Through all the yells and counter-yells of feud
And faction; and thy will, a power to make
This ever-changing world of circumstance
In changing, chime with never-changing Law.

TENNYSON.

XXXVI

Peace to all such! But were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;

XXXV

Tutela regni fida Britannici,
Argylle, cautus nec populo nimis
  obsistere instanti memento,
    nec timida dare frena dextra,
utrimque iustis limitibus modum
finire prudens; laude faventium
  immotus, infidique constans
    opprobrium tolerare vulgi.
munita gesta pectora, ne diem
praeponat anni turba negotiis,
  curamve depellat diei
    prae studiis fugientis horae.
inter furores vox tua civicos
ceu carmen auris personet, improbus
  dum clamor alternae tumultus
    ingeminat regeritque rixae.
at tu sagaci consilio potens
sic flecte rerum quot venient vices
  ut legis aeternique discant
    foederis in numerum moveri.

H. E. T.

XXXVI

Cedite, turba minor! quid quem sua praemia laudis
  ac tuus incendit pectora, Phoebe, furor,
cui facilis sermo, faciles risere Camenae
  ingeniique bonis conciliatus amor,
si solio fratrem, Parthi de more, repellat,
  nec socium regni sustinuisse queat;
fronte gerat fastum, livorem pectore, et artis,
  enisus quibus est, oderit ipse suas;
elevet urbano risu, laudetque maligne;
  provocet infensos blandior ipse sales;

Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little Senate laws.
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and templars ev'ry sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise:—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep if Atticus were he?

POPE.

XXXVII

He asked, but all the heavenly quire stood mute,
And silence was in Heaven: on Man's behalf
Patron or intercessor none appeared—
Much less that durst upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
And now without redemption all mankind
Must have been lost, adjudged to Death and Hell
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,
His dearest mediation thus renewed:—
'Father, thy word is passed, Man shall find grace;
And shall Grace not find means, that finds her way,
The speediest of thy wingèd messengers,
To visit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplored, unsought?'

MILTON.

trux animo, dextra segnis, vix tangere mendum,
  vix odium verbo significare velit;
nec petat infestos cautus nec fidat amicis,
  tectius at culpa dignave laude notet;
saeptus adulantum turba, formidet ineptos,
  reque neget, verbis officiosus, opem,
et quotiens raro dederit Cato iura senatu
  plausum consessus aucupet aure sui;
(nam quid non celebrant Ramnes celebrantque diserti?
  quidve inhians stulto non stupet ore cohors?)
quis teneat risum, fiant si talia? de te,
  Attice, quis siccis audiat ista genis?

H. S. J.

XXXVII

Ὣς ἔφατ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ
εἰν ἀγορῇ μακάρων, ἀνδρῶν δ' ὕπερ οὔ τις ἄρ' ἔτλη
εἰπέμεναι ἔπος οὐδὲν ἰδὲ πρόφρων ἐπαρήγειν,
μή ῥα βροτοῖσιν ἀμυνόμενος καὶ ῥῦσι' ὀφείλων
τῆσδε δίκης ἂψ αὐτὸς ἀθέσφατον ἄλγος ἄροιτο.
καὶ δὴ πᾶν τότ' ἔμελλεν ἐπιχθονίων γένος ἀνδρῶν
Τάρταρον εἰς καταβῆναι ἀνοίκτιστόν τ' ἀπολέσθαι,
τοῖος γὰρ παραβᾶσι δικασπόλος ὧδ' ἔκρινεν,
εἰ μὴ ἄρ' αὐτοῦ υἱὸς ἀπολλυμένους ἐλεήσας
ᾗ ἀγανοφροσύνῃ ἀγορήσατο δεύτερον αὖθις·
  φίλε πάτερ, τοῦτ' αὐτὸς ἔπος νημερτὲς ἔειπας,
ὡς ἄρα τις μετόπισθεν ἐφημερίοις χάρις ἔσται·
καὶ χάριν αὖτ' ἐπέοικε πόρον τινα χρηστὸν ἐφευρεῖν·
ὠκέα γὰρ τὸ πάρος περ ἐρεσσομένη πτερύγεσσιν
ἀγγελίην οἴχνεσκε, πάτερ, σῶν εἵνεκ' ἐφετμέων,
πάντα δ' ἐποίχεται αὐτὴ ὅσα χθόνα ναιετάουσιν,
οὐδέ τις εὐχωλῇσι βροτῶν ὤτρυν' ἀέκουσαν
ἐλθέμεναι, πᾶσιν δ' αὐτὴ πρόφρασσ' ἐπαρήγει.

G. A. S.

XXXVIII

Reason thus with Life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyey influences,
That do this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict. Merely, thou art Death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet run'st toward him still. Thou art not noble:
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nurs'd by baseness. Thou 'rt by no means valiant:
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st: yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou 'rt not thyself:
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not:
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain:
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou 'rt poor:
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And Death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none:
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,

XXXVIII

Iure igitur vitam humanam ratio increpat ipsa;
tene ut ego amplectar cupide studeamve morari?
quam qui perdiderit, tantum modo perdidit illud
non nisi quod stultis curae est; quae corporis huius
compagem levis aura habitas, mutabilis horae
insidiis, variique minis obnoxia caeli.
nec levia instanti debes ludibria morti:
quam misera assidue properas vitare, graduque
dum fugitas propiore petis. nec denique honesti
in te, quod iactes, quicquam est; quando omnia turpi
commoda, quis frueris, tibi sunt ab origine nata.
quin minime es fortis: terret quem parvula serpens,
mollia ne bifidae intentet tibi vulnera linguae.
tu, requies homini quia sic datur optima, somnum
securum capis, atque arcessis saepius ultro:
dum letum ipsa tuum, somno securius omni,
caeca reformidas. nec vero es tutemet ipsa;
quippe aliunde animae cui sint alimenta petenda,
quae tibi granorum tot millia pulvere ab ipso
edita suppeditant. sed nec potes esse beata,
quae quod abest quaeris semper, praesentia temnens;
nec stabilem praestare animum, quae motibus acta
huc illuc variis fluitas levis atque vagaris,
tot mutans, quot luna, vices. pauperrima certe
tunc fies, cum dives eris; quippe instar aselli,
sarcina cui lumbos congesto praegravat auro,
pondere pressa gravi cum cursum exegeris aevi,
invenies, quae demat onus tibi, denique mortem.
nec salvum vult te quisquam, neque amaris ab ullo:
nam proprio tibi seminio qui nascitur heres,
qui patrio appellat te nomine, saepe querelis
increpitat scabiem, et febris, tardamque podagram,
quod tibi non finem attulerint properantius aevi.

For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age:
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld: and when thou art old and rich
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What 's yet in this
That bears the name of Life? Yet in this Life
Lie hid moe thousand deaths. Yet Death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

SHAKESPEARE.

XXXIX

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old;
And rather make them born to our desire
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past,
For thy records and what we see doth lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste.
This I do vow, and this shall ever be;
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

SHAKESPEARE.

nec vero te prima iuvat, nec serior aetas;
nam veluti conviva satur, superante sopore,
dum specie frueris veri, mera somnia cernis;
nempe dies, melior qua non datur ulla, iuventae
fit tibi par senio, dum mendicare coacta
auxilia a tremulis senibus vitalia captas;
at matura annis, cum facta e paupere dives
iam fueris, cum forma, calor, vigor artubus omnis
exierint, torpente animo; nil denique restat
divitis unde queat fieri iucundius aevum.
tene igitur, vana cuius sub imagine mortis
mille latent species, dignemur nomine vitae;
dum veram atque unam, quae tot discrimina tollit,
scilicet horremus cassa formidine mortem?

H. E. T.

XXXIX

Non ita, non moveor; tempus, quid inane superbis?
  quid nova pyramidum tu mihi monstra refers?
at mihi non nova sunt, non admiranda, tuenti;
  haec species notum dissimulavit opus.
nostra dies brevis est, ergo quodcunque vetusti
  prompseris, attonitus deveneratur homo,
nata sibi fuerit tanquam quaesita voluptas,
  nec potius patribus fabula trita suis.
odi ego te fastosque tuos, tuaque omnia demum
  seu sunt, seu fuerant, non veneranda puto.
falso prisca refers, falso praesentia nobis,
  utraque continua curta vel aucta fuga.
hoc iuro, steteritque; fides mea firma manebit,
  tu licet, o tempus, cetera falce ruas.

A. T. B.

XL

I arise from dreams of thee
  In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
  And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
  And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me—who knows how?
  To thy chamber window, sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
  On the dark, the silent stream—
The champak odours fail
  Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint
  It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine,
  Belovèd as thou art!

O lift me from the grass!
  I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
  On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
  My heart beats loud and fast:
O press it close to thine again,
  Where it will break at last.

SHELLEY.

XL

Surgimus: ad lectum tua iam mihi venit imago,
  noctis ubi primae me tenet alma quies.
aspice, tranquilli summisso murmure venti
  adspirant; liquida sidera luce nitent.
surgimus; ante tuam mirando more fenestram
  nescio quid nostros duxit, amata, pedes.
concidit aura vagans, stratis immota susurris,
  qua tacitus fuscis labitur amnis aquis;
ambrosii fugere rosae languentis odores,
  ut fugiunt orto dulcia visa die.
lenitas etiam tristis philomela querelas
  ponit, et immoto corde quieta silet.
o utinam ipse tuis, utinam requiescere possim
  pectoribus; tantum me tuus urget amor.
tolle solo, morior, me gramine tolle cadentem;
  languesco, sensus deficiuntque mei.
oscula multa genis pallentibus, oscula labris
  fige, voluntatis pignora grata tuae.
me miserum, friget facies; color omnis ab ore
  fugit; et insano pectus amore salit.
pectora pectoribus rursum, dilecta, foveto
  nostra tuis, isto iam moritura loco.

C. H. ST. L. R.

XLI

B. The fire takes.
C. It does so,
But no flame rises. Cease your fretful prayers,
Your whinings, and your tame petitions.
The gods love courage armed with confidence,
And prayers fit to pull them down; weak tears
And troubled hearts, the dull twins of cold spirits,
They sit and smile at. Hear how I salute 'em.
Divine Andate, thou who hold'st the reins
Of furious battles and disordered war,
And proudly roll'st thy swarty chariot-wheels
Over the heaps of wounds and carcases,
Sailing through seas of blood; thou sure-steeled stern-
ness,
Give us this day good hearts, good enemies,
Good blows o' both sides, wounds that fear or flight
Can claim no share in: steel us both with angers
And warlike executions fit thy viewing;
Let Rome put on her best strength, and thy Britain,
Thy little Britain, but as great in fortune,
Meet her as strong as she, as proud, as daring!
And then look on, thou red-eyed god! who does best,
Reward with honour; who despair makes fly,
Unarm for ever, and brand with infamy!

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

XLI

Β. ἅπτει τὸ πῦρ.
Γ. τύφει δ' ἀνηφαίστῳ μένει.
οὐ παύσετ' εὐθὺς τὰς βαρυψύχους λιτάς,
θρήνων τ' ὀδυρμοὺς καὶ γυναικείους γόους;
θράσος φιλοῦσι, πύργον ἀνδρείας, θεοί,
καὶ τοὺς κατασκήπτοντας ἐκ θρόνων λιταῖς,
δάκρυα δ' ἀμαυρὰ καὶ φρενῶν ἀθυμίαν,
ὠδῖνα δισσὴν ἐλπίδος κακῆς, ἕδρας
σεμνὰς γελῶσιν ἡσύχως καθήμενοι.
καὶ μὴν ἔγωγ' ἀκούεθ' ὡς αὐτοὺς καλῶ.
Ἄρες κράτιστε, τὰς γὰρ ἡνίας ἔχεις
πολέμων τε μάργων καὶ πολυπλόκου μάχης,
σεμνῶς δι' ἑλκῶν καὶ νεκρῶν ἐρειπίων
κελαίν' ἑλίσσων ἅρματ', εὔτροχον δέος,
καὶ ναυστολεῖς θάλασσαν αἱματόρρυτον,
ὦ λῆμ' ἄσαντον, ὦ σιδήροφρον κέαρ,
ἀγαθοὺς γενέσθαι κἀγαθῶν ἐχθρῶν τυχεῖν,
πληγάς τε δοῦναι καὶ λαβεῖν ἐρρωμένως,
καὶ τραύμαθ' οἷα μὴ φυγῆς ἐπίσκοπα·
ἀμφοῖν δὲ θυμὸν δὸς στρατοῖν περισκελῆ,
τῶν σῶν ἵν' αἰχμάζωμεν ἄξι' ὀμμάτων·
ὁ μὲν πολέμιος ἠμφιεσμένος κράτος
στήτω· Βρεταννοὶ δ', οὓς φιλεῖς, βαιὸς λεώς,
τύχην δ' ὅμοιος καὶ φρόνημα καὶ θράσος,
ἔλθωμεν εἰς ἀγῶνα· ταῦτά σε σκοπεῖν
πρέπει, βραβεῦ γοργωπέ, κἀντίδος κλέος
τοῖς νῦν ἀριστεύουσιν ἐν μάχῃ δορός,
τὸν δ' αὖ φόβῳ φεύγοντα γυμνὸν ἀσπίδος
κἄτιμον ἀνθρώποισιν εἰσαεὶ τίθει.

W. R. I.

XLII

He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorned,
Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad
Her universal face with pleasant green;
Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flowered,
Opening their various colours, and made gay
Her bosom, smelling sweet; and, these scarce blown,
Forth flourished thick the clustering vine, forth crept
The swelling gourd, up stood the corny reed
Embattled in her field, and the humble shrub,
And bush with frizzled hair implicit: last
Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread
Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemmed
Their blossoms. With high woods the hills were crowned,
With tufts the valleys and each fountain side,
With borders long the rivers: that Earth now
Seemed like to Heaven, a seat where Gods might dwell,
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rained
Upon the earth, and man to till the ground
None was; but from the earth a dewy mist
Went up, and watered all the ground, and each
Plant of the field; which, ere it was in the earth,
God made, and every herb, before it grew
On the green stem. God saw that it was good:
So even and morn recorded the third day.

MILTON.

XLII

Vix ea cum tellus nuda hactenus omnis et expers
tegminis, et facie squalens inamoenaque visu,
gramineas summittit opes totamque tenellae
parturiens herbae viridi se vestit amictu.
mox subitas trudit gemmas variosque colores
explicat omne genus florum, festivus odori
multus honos gremii: densis subit uva racemis
luxurians, tumido mox ventre cucurbita prodit.
horret arundinibus tunc cornea silva, myricae
mox humiles, tortis et spina innexa capillis
subveniunt: iustas deinceps imitata choreas
quaeque levat procera arbos caput ordine, et omnes
frugiferos pandunt ramos aut florida trudunt
germina: dein collis passim nemora alta coronant,
et vallis decorant herbae muscosaque fontis
gramina, perpetuo clauduntur margine rivi.
iam paria et superis fiunt terrestria, sedes
dis ipsis dignae, loca seu per amoena vagari
sive umbras libeat sacras celebrare propinquo
numine. nondum adeo mollis immiserat imbris
telluri Deus omnipotens, deeratque labore
qui domitum exerceret agrum: tamen ipsa vaporem
sponte sua summisit humus, totumque rigabat
rore solum mollemque herbam plantasque tenellas,
quas omnis, prius in culmo quam laeta virenti
crescentis aleret tellus, Deus ipse crearat.
cuncta Pater iam visa probat: sic tertia laetam
deducit lux orta diem, nox tertia claudit.

C. S. J.

XLIII

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Egaean deep,
  Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
  Or where Maeander's amber waves
In lingering Lab'rinths creep,
  How do your tuneful Echoes languish,
  Mute, but to the voice of Anguish?
Where each old poetic Mountain
  Inspiration breath'd around:
Ev'ry shade and hallow'd Fountain
  Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
  Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
  And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

GRAY.

XLIII

Eheu vetustas Pieridum domos
urget per aevum nox taciturnior
  ni forte desuetos doloris
    improba vis numeros resolvat.
testor nigrantis culmine Delphico
silvas, et alte Carpathio insulas
  ponto eminentis, et Minervae
    quae gelido secat amne rura
Ilissus, et te margine devio
qui volvis auro flumina turbidus
  Maeandre, vos montes sacrati
    carmine, tam validos poetis
qui concitastis pectora in impetus;
vos fontium undae, murmure quae gravi
  olim strepebatis per umbram
    quam veterum pietas colebat.
donec priori sede Heliconides
cessere maestae, Parca suis simul
  aversa Grais invidebat,
    et Latios petiere campos.
regum Camenae scilicet impios
odere fastus, plebis inertiam
  damnant eaedem, quae superbit
    vincla suo imposuisse collo:
mox ut Latinae cesserat indoles
excelsa gentis, consilium deis
  sedit Britannorum refuso
    cincta solo reparare saxa.

G. A. S.

XLIV

Why do I love this man? My country's daughters
Love none but heroes. But I have no country!
The slave hath lost all, save her bonds. I love him:
And that's the heaviest link of the long chain—
To love whom we esteem not. Be it so:
The hour is coming when he'll need all love,
And find none. To fall from him now were baser
Than to have stabb'd him on his throne when highest
Would have been noble in my country's creed:
I was not made for either. Could I save him,
I should not love *him* better, but myself;
And I have need of the last, for I have fallen
In my own thoughts, by loving this soft stranger.

BYRON.

XLV

Not from the stars do I my judgement pluck:
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality;
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind,
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And, constant stars, in them I read such art
As 'Truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert:'
  Or else of thee this I prognosticate:
  'Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.'

SHAKESPEARE.

XLIV

Τί δῆτ' ἐρῶ τοῦδ'; αἱ γὰρ Ἕλληνες κόραι
ἀνδρῶν ἐρῶσιν· ἀλλὰ πατρίδ' οὐκ ἔχω,
δούλῃ γὰρ οὐδέν ἐστι πλὴν δεσμῶν μόνον,
ἐν οἷς μέγιστον ἄχθος ἡγοῦμαι τόδε,
τὸ τοῦδε καταφρονοῦσαν ἀλλ' ὅμως ἐρᾶν.
ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ ἂν θέλοιμι τοῦτ' ἄλλως ἔχειν,
φανήσεται γάρ, οὐ μακροῦ χρόνου τριβῇ,
φίλων χατίζων, οὐδ' ἔθ' εὑρήσει φίλους.
κεἰ μὲν θρόνοις ἔπαισα τόνδ' ἐφήμενον
κάλλιστον ἔργον ἦν ἂν ἐξειργασμένον,
τὸ δ' αὖ προδοῦναι νῦν δι' αἰσχύνης ἔχω·
οὔτ' οὖν προλείπειν οὔτε τιμωρεῖν ἔφυν.
καὶ δὴ σέσωκα τοῦτον, ἆρ' ἐς ὕστερον
μᾶλλον φιλήσω σφ'; οὐδαμῶς· ἐμὴν μὲν οὖν
ψυχὴν προτίσω· χρὴ γάρ, ὡς αἰσχύνομαι
τοῦ θηλυμόρφου τοῦδ' ἐρῶσα βαρβάρου.

H. W. G.

XLV

Si non aetheriis prudentia fluxit ab astris
  ulla mihi, astrologum me tamen esse reor.
non equidem novi sit sors bona, necne, futura,
  an sitis, an febris, candida, necne, dies.
non ego momentis sua fata volantibus edo,
  quid tonitru aut ventus, quidve minetur hiems.
non ego vaticinor quo vertat regibus annus,
  saepe requirendo praescia signa poli.
ex oculis mea cuncta tuis prudentia fluxit,
  ars mea sunt oculi, sidera certa, tui.
inde lego fidei et formae quae destinet aetas,
  haud tibi sed generi si studuisse velis.
nolueris, de teque hoc auguror; ipse peribis,
  et periere illo forma fidesque die.

A. T. B.

XLVI

My great love
Sprang up redoubled, and cast out my hate
And spurned all thought of fear; and down the stair
I hurried, and upon the bleeding form
I threw myself, and raised his head, and clasped
His body to mine, and kissed him on the lips,
And in his dying ear confessed my wrong,
And saw the horror in his dying eyes,
And knew that I was damned. And when he breathed
His last pure breath, I rose and slowly spake—
Turned to a Fury now by love and pain—
To the old man who knelt, while all the throng
Could hear my secret: 'See, thou fool, I am
The murderess of thy son, and thou my dupe,
Thou and thy gods. See, he was innocent;
I murdered him for love. I scorn ye all,
Thee and thy gods together, who are deceived
By a woman's lying tongue! Oh, doting fool,
To hate thy own! And ye, false powers, which punish
The innocent, and let the guilty soul
Escape unscathed, I hate ye all—I curse,
I loathe you!'

XLVI

Πόθος δ' ἔπειτα δὶς τόσος μ' ὑπέρχεται,
λυθέντος ἔχθους· κᾆτα τῶν πάρος φόβων
ἀπαλλαγεῖσα κατὰ βάθρων ὡρμησάμην,
χαμαί τε ῥιφθεῖσ' αἱματοσταγὲς δέμας
ἐν ἀγκάλαις ἔθηκα, κἀκ χθονὸς κάρα
ἐπῆρα, χείλη προσφέρουσα χείλεσι,
θνῄσκοντι δ' εἶπον πάνθ' ὅσ' εἴργασμαι κακά.
ὁ δ' αὖ με δεινὸν προσβλέπει, κἄπειτ' ἐγὼ
ἔμαθον πρὸς οἵας συμφορὰς ἐλήλυθα.
ὁ δ' ὡς ἀφῆκε πνεῦμα τοὔσχατον, τότε
πένθους τε βέλεσι καὶ πόθου κεντουμένη
ἐκ γῆς Ἐρινὺς ὥς τις ἐξανίσταμαι,
γέροντι δ', ὅσπερ γονυπετὴς κεῖται πέδῳ,
ἀστοῖς τε πᾶσι τοιάδ' ἐξεῖπον μόλις·
ὦ μῶρε, τοῦτ' ἴσθ', ὡς τέκνου πέφυκ' ἐγὼ
τοῦδ' αὐτοέντης, καί σε καὶ τοὺς σοὺς θεοὺς
ἐξηπάτησα, τόνδε τοῦ πόθου χάριν
σφάξασα, πάσης αἰτίας ἀκήρατον.
ἀπέπτυσ' ἄμφω, καί σε καὶ θεοὺς ἅμα,
δολίαις γυναικὸς μηχαναῖς ᾑρημένους.
ἆρ' οὐχὶ μῶρος, ὃς τὸν ἄγχιστον στυγεῖς;
ὑμεῖς δ', ἄνακτες ὦ μάτην τιμώμενοι,
οἷς τοὺς δικαίους ἀντιτίσασθαι καλόν,
λύπης δ' ἀνάτους τοὺς κακοὺς μεθιέναι,
ὄλοισθε· τοίους τίς δ' ἂν οὐ μισοῖ θεούς;

A. E. H.

XLVII

And night came down over the solemn waste
And the two gazing hosts and that sole pair
And darkened all, and a cold fog with night
Crept from the Oxus. Soon a hum arose
As of a great assembly loosed, and fires
Began to twinkle through the fog, for now
Both armies moved to camp and took their meal;
The Persians took it on the open sands
Southward: the Tartars by the river marge,
And Rustum and his son were left alone.
 But the majestic river floated on
Out of the mist and hum of that low land
Into the frosty starlight, and there moved
Rejoicing through the hushed Chorasmian waste
Under the solitary moon. He flowed
Right for the polar star past Orgunje
Brimming and bright and large. Then sands begin
To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
And split his currents, that for many a league
The shorn and parcelled Oxus strains along
Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles,
Oxus forgetting the bright speed he had
In his high mountain cradle in Pamire,
A foiled circuitous wanderer; till at last
The longed-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
His luminous home of waters opens bright
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars
Emerge and shine upon the Aral sea.

M. ARNOLD.

XLVII

Nox ruit interea et late loca vasta tenebris
occupat, arrectasque acies, solosque relictos
ductores; gelidusque simul submissus ab Oxo
it cum nocte vapor. mox, coetu ut saepe soluto,
murmura misceri tractim, nebulaque micare
interrupti ignes; etenim nunc agmen utrumque
castra petunt, positisque parant se accingere mensis:
Persica porrectis pubes epulatur harenis
axe sub Austrino, sed rivi in margine Parthi:
et solus genitor nati cum funere restat.

At, tacito strepitumque hominum nubesque iacentis
flumine percurrens, mox sese in aperta locorum
laetus agit, Iove sub gelido, rex Oxus aquarum.
claraque solivagae splendens ad lumina lunae
fertur Hyperborei per vasta silentia campi.
ille quidem Arctoo tendens iter obvius astro
rura per Orguniae larga devolvitur unda,
plenus adhuc, neque enim cursum mora tardat eunti.
tum vero incipiunt alveo concrescere harenae,
dividuoque obstant adversa mole fluento.
sic per iter longum iam debilis inque peditus
per vada limosa et iuncis et harundine densa
obsita repit iners,—quantum mutatus ab illo
qui nuper patriis missus de montibus Oxus
lucentis urgebat aquas! nunc devius error
ludit, mille vias frustra dum temptat eundi.

Mox tamen optato pelagi cum murmure, fulgens
stellarum radiis, stellas modo laverat unda,
en quaesita domus, requies ea certa laborum,
metaque, tranquillum ponti patet aequor Aralis.

J. Y. S.

XLVIII

Gaunt. O! to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?
Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.
Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.
Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.
Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.
Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.
Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.
Boling. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home return.
Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticehood
To foreign passages, and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief?
Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the king did banish thee,
But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.

XLVIII

Γ. Ὦ πρὸς τί χρείας τῶν λόγων φειδωλὸς εἶ,
χοὔτω σιωπᾷς κοὐκέτ' ἀσπάζει φίλους;
Β. οὐκ ἐστὶ γάρ μοι ῥήμαθ', οἷς χαίρειν ἔδει
εἰπεῖν φίλοισι, γλῶσσαν οὗ δεῖ ξυλλαβεῖν
φρενὸς νοσούσης ὥστε κούφισαι βάρος.
Γ. ἐν τῷ παραυτίχ' ὡς ἀπὼν ἀλγεῖς μόνον.
Β. ἐν τῷ παραυτίκ' ἄλγος, ἣν χαρά γ' ἀπῇ.
Γ. ἀλλ' ἓξ ἔτη σοι σὺν τάχει παροίχεται.
Β. χαίροντί γ'· ἄλγος δ' ἓξ ἑνὸς ποιεῖ δέκα.
Γ. ὁδοιπορῆσαι τέρψεως χάριν δόκει.
Β. οὐδὲν τὸ δόξαι τοῦτο πλὴν στένειν φέρει,
ὡς εἴσομαί γε πρὸς βίαν φεύγων χθόνα.
Γ. τήν τοι πάλιν καλλίον', εἰ κάμνεις ὁδῷ,
ἕξεις πορείαν· ὡς ἔχει τὰ τίμια
τῶν μὴ πρεπόντων κόσμον ἐξ ὁμιλίας.
Β. ὅπῃ μὲν οὖν εἶμ' ἐν πόνοις ἀλώμενος,
μνήμη ξυνέσται μᾶλλον ὡς γαίας πολὺ
μῆκός μ' ἀπείργει τῶν ἐμοὶ τιμωμένων.
δεῖ μ', ὡς ἔοικε, τῇδε δουλεύονθ' ὁδῷ
πόρρω πλανᾶσθαι πατρίδος· εἶθ' ὅταν πάλιν
ἐλευθερωθεὶς ἀστὸς εἰς ἀστοὺς τελῶ,
λύπης βιώσας προστάτου γεγράψομαι.
Γ. οὐκ ἔσθ' ὑπ' αὐγαῖς ἡλίου χῶρος, τέκνον,
οὗ τοῖς σοφοῖς γε μή 'στιν εὔορμος λιμήν.
ταῦτ' ἐξ ἀνάγκης ξυλλογίζεσθαι μαθὼν
στέργ'· ὡς ἀνάγκῃ πάντα νικᾶται κράτη·
κοὐχ ὡς ἄνακτος ἐκπεσὼν πόλεως ὕπο
ἄνακτα δ' αὐτὸς ὡς μεταστήσας φρόνει·
λύπης γὰρ ἀεὶ χεῖρον οἷς ἐντυγχάνει
ἀθυμίᾳ φέρουσιν ἔγκειται βάρος.

Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not the king exil'd thee; or suppose
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.

SHAKESPEARE.

XLIX

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies,
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What! may it be, and even in heavenly place,
That busy Archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long with love acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case:
I read it in thy looks, thy languish'd grace
To me that feel the like thy state descries.
Then even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be lov'd, and yet
  Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
  Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

φάσχ', ὡς ἐγώ σε δῆθεν εὐκλείας χάριν
γῆς ἐξέπεμψα κοὐκ ἄναξ σ' ἐξήλασεν·
ἢ φάσκε λοιμῷ πάντα τἀνθάδ' ὡς νοσεῖ
φεύγεις δ' ἀκραιφνοῦς μᾶλλον εἰ τύχοις χθονός·
ὧν δ' οὖν ἐφίει πάντα σοὶ κεῖσθαι δοκεῖν
οὐκ ἔνθεν ἥκεις ἀλλ' ὅποι χωρεῖς χρεών.

A. D. G.

XLIX

Luna, quae maerens superum per arces
pallido scandis taciturna vultu,
forsitan caeli tibi nunc sub alto
axe sagittam
acer intendat puer ille: namque
si quid expertus valeo furentis
pristinos aestus meminisse curae,
ureris et tu!
ureris; luctumque fateris ore
marcido: languet species latetque.
vulnus agnosco miserorque, eodem
vulnere laesus.
tu pari mecum sociata fato,
luna, dic oro: superine fidum
pectus insanire putant? deasne
forma superba
tollit? an cordi est superis amari,
at sacro si quos amor ussit igne,
elevant? ac mens ibi si qua casta est,
immemor audit?

H. E D. B.

L

Sus. What are you doing, you set of lazy rascals? Do you consider my master will be at home within these two hours and find nothing ready for his supper?

Will. Let master come when he will— If he keeps Robin, I am free to go as soon as he pleases. Robin and I will not live in one house together.

Sus. Why, what 's the matter? *Rob.* He wanted to get my mistress from me; that 's all. *Will.* You lie, sirrah, you lie.

Rob. Who do you call liar, you blockhead? I say, you lie.

Will. And I say, you lie. *Rob.* And you lie. *Will.* And I say, you lie again. *Rob.* The devil take the greatest liar, I say.

Sus. Oh fy upon 't, Robin; Oh fy upon 't, Will.
What language is this? what scullion defames?
'Twere better your tongues should ever be still,
Than always be scolding and calling vile names.

Will. 'Twas he that lies Did first devise.
The first words were his, and the last shall be mine.

Rob. Loggerhead. *Will.* Blockhead. *Rob.* Fool. *Will.* Fox. *Rob.* Swine.

FIELDING.

L

Dor. Ignauissumi, quid facitis? mox erus adueniet domum,
—non reputatis?—aduenienti quoi nil cenae coctum erit.

Dro. adueniat pol, quom lubebit. Tranionem seruolum
qui erus alit, eum erum ego seruos, iam, si uolt, reliquero.
hunc hominem atque Tranionem non eadem capiet domus.

Dor. quid negotist? *Tra.* meam mi amicam subtrahebat. rem omnem habes.

Dro. peiurissume hominum homo tu. *Tra.* quem tu peiuri, frutex,
insimulas? peiuru's ipse. *Dro.* tu — *Tra.* immo tu—*Dro.* peiurus es.

Tra. uter peiurior nostrorumst in malam is abeat crucem.

Dor. Tranio, tis pudet, et tui, Dromo,
huiusmodi dicta uos, mulionum probra,
dicere! aetatem ego tacitos uos mauelim,
quam proteruos ita usque esse et ita maledicos.

Dro. eccistum priorem peiuri satorem,
mihi contio nunc posterior datur.

Tra. ueruex. *Dro.* frutex. *Tra.* delire. *Dro.* uolpes. *Tra.* porcule.

W. M. L.

LI

That same night both priest and sage
Died accursed in sombre rage.
Never more in wild wood green
Was that glorious Goddess seen.
Never more: and from that day
Evil hap and dull decay
Fell on countryside and town:
Life and vigour dwindled down:
Storms in spring nipped bud and sprout,
Summer suns shed plague and drought.
Autumn's store was crude and scant.
Winter snows beleaguered want:
Vines were black at vintage tide,
Flocks and herds of murrain died:
Fishing boats came empty home.
Good ships foundered in the foam:
Haggard traders lost all heart
Wandering through the empty mart:
For the air hung thick with gloom,
Silence, and the sense of doom.

J. THOMSON.

LII

Never love unless you can
Bear with all the faults of man!
Men sometimes will jealous be,
Though but little cause they see,
And hang the head as discontent,
And speak what straight they will repent.

LI

Illa gravis traxit nox et devota furenti
  morte sacerdotes fatidicumque genus.
non iam per silvas, non iam viridante sub umbra
  viderunt reducis candida membra deae.
venit inersque dies tum primum et decolor aetas,
  oppida conripiens ruraque tuta viis.
vita vigorque perit, gemmasque ex vere recentis
  aspera tempestas usserat ante diem.
aestivi cum peste sitim mox spargere soles,
  cocta neque autumni nec fuit ampla penus.
clausit et hibernae nivis inclementia egentis,
  uvaque sordidior, cum legeretur, erat.
cumque ovibus conrepta lues armenta trahebat,
  pisce caret sero cumba reducta domum.
quaeque valens fuerat nec ponto obnoxia puppis,
  spumea navifragi iam premit ira sali.
perque tabernarum loca mercis inania caupo
  pallidus et curis anxius ibat iter:
horrebat tenebris aer caelique ruina
  venturique silens ingruit umbra mali.

R. E.

LII

Ne sit amare viros curae, studioque teneri,
  quotquot habent culpas ni tolerare sedet.
est ubi morosos livor capit invidus illos
  quum nil quod proprio iure querantur habent.
est ubi demisisse caput iuvat, iraque verba
  quae dixisse pudet postmodo saeva iacit.

Men that but one Saint adore,
Make a show of love to more;
Beauty must be scorned in none,
Though but truly served in one:
For what is courtship but disguise?
True hearts may have dissembling eyes.

Men, when their affairs require,
Must awhile themselves retire:
Sometimes hunt and sometimes hawk,
And not ever sit and talk:
If these and such-like you can bear,
Then like and love, and never fear!

T. CAMPION.

LIII

The world is too much with us; late and soon
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours:
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
The sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours
And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers—
For this, for everything, we are out of tune:
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan, suckled in a creed outworn:
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn,
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn!

WORDSWORTH.

deinde viri mos est, quamvis inserviat uni,
  urentis specie multiplicare faces.
nullas quippe decet veneres contemnere, quamvis
  uni reddatur debita corde fides.
callet amor falsis rerum praetexere vera:
  si vagus est oculus, pectora fida manent.
est ubi res illos seorsum tractare virilis
  delectat: tum vos ne properate sequi.
aucupis insidiis pinnae et formidine gaudent:
  taedia discursus dant residesque morae.
tale viri ingenium est, quod si tolerare potestis
  Cypria successus, ne trepidate, dabit.

A. H. C.

LIII

Πρήγμασιν ἦ λίην προσκείμεθα· πρῴ τε καὶ ὀψὲ
  κέρδεσι καὶ δαπάναις θυμὸν ἀποφθίνομεν,
παῦρα φύσει γ' ἐνορῶντες ἔθ' ὡς φίλα· πρήγματα πᾶς τις
  θηρεύει, ψυχὴν μῶρος ἑὴν προπιών.
οὐχ ὅδε πρὸς μήνην μὲν ὁρᾷ πόθῳ ὑγρὸς ἰαύων
  πόντος, ταί τε τόπριν θῦον ἀωρί πνοαί,
νῦν καλύκων βρίζουσι φίλον τρόπον; ἄμμε δὲ τέρπει
  οὐδέν, ἀνάρμοστος δὴ γὰρ ἔνεστι νόος.
φεῦ, ἀπαθεῖς καὶ ἄτεγκτοι· ἀγράμματος εἴθε πενέστης
  ἦν, εὐηθείης θρέμμ' ὅδ' ἐγὼ Κρονίης,
ὄφρα ποτ', ἀλλὰ δοκῶν γε, κατ' ᾐόνα τήνδ' ἐρατεινὴν
  εἶδον—ἀπηλλάχθην τ' ἄλγεος εἰσορόων—
ἤ τινά που γλαυκοῖο θορόντ' ἀπὸ Πρωτέα πόντου,
  ἢ Τρίτωνα κόχλῳ λαμπρὰ πνέονθ' ἕλικι.

G. G. A. M.

LIV

Child, when thou wert gone,
I envied human wives, and nested birds,
Yea, the cubb'd lioness; went in search of thee
Thro' many a palace, many a cot, and gave
Thy breast to ailing infants in the night,
And set the mother waking in amaze
To find her sick one whole; and forth again
Among the wail of midnight winds, and cried,
'Where is my loved one? Wherefore do ye wail?'
And out from all the night an answer shrill'd,
'We know not, and we know not why we wail.'
I climb'd on all the cliffs of all the seas,
And ask'd the waves that moan about the world
'Where? do ye make your moaning for my child?'
And round from all the world the voices came
'We know not, and we know not why we moan.'
'Where'? and I stared from every eagle-peak,
I thridded the black heart of all the woods,
I peer'd thro' tomb and cave, and in the storms
Of Autumn swept across the city, and heard
The murmur of their temples chanting me,
Me, me, the desolate Mother! 'Where'?—and turn'd,
And fled by many a waste, forlorn of man,
And grieved for man thro' all my grief for thee,—
The jungle rooted in his shatter'd hearth,
The serpent coil'd about his broken shaft,
The scorpion crawling over naked skulls;—
I saw the tiger in the ruin'd fane
Spring from his fallen God, but trace of thee
I saw not.

TENNYSON.

LIV

Tum, te deiecta, parentem
quam non felicem volucrumque hominumque vocavi?
quin laetae catulis invidi maesta leaenae,
quin natam abreptam quaerens regumque per altas
ibam amens aulas congestaque caespite tecta.
saepe tuam querulus, nox cum intempesta sileret,
mammam infans hausit, totusque repente recessit
e venis morbus: stupuit somno excita mater.
inde sub horrisonam ventoso murmure noctem
egressa—et medios cursus nox atra tenebat—
voce voco ventos, ventos mea pignora posco,
'quem fremitis, vobis unde haec insania luctus?'
quaerebam: 'non unde haec murmura, non tua qua sit,
novimus,' horrisono respondent murmure venti.
conscendi scopulos magnasque obeuntia terras
poscebam 'gemitisne meam' vasta aequora 'natam?'
'pignus ubi nostrum est?' omnique a litore rursus
inscia multisonis immugit planctibus unda:
'pignus ubi?' aerio speculata e vertice montis
mox etiam foliis legi nigrantibus umbram
silvarum: non antra adeo, non claustra sepulcri
intemptata mihi, quin et pluvialibus haedis
multa super nimbo labens delubra per urbem
audivi voces hominum, quibus orba vocabar,
matrem appellantum, matrem natamque gementum.
hinc vacuos tractus arva et squalentia lustro,
parsque fuit curarum humani cura doloris,
plurimus ut rupto fronderet limine vepris,
ut fractam flexu serpens horrente columnam
stringeret, exeso perreperet ossa cerebro
scorpius. in putri tigrim vidi ipsa sacello
et laceram effigiem, saltu cum territa fugit:
te nusquam. W. R. H.

LV

The building was a spacious theatre
Half-round, on two main pillars vaulted high,
With seats where all the lords, and each degree
Of sort, might sit in order to behold;
The other side was open, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand:
I among these aloof obscurely stood.
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,
When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately
Was Samson as a public servant brought,
In their state livery clad; before him pipes
And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,
Both horse and foot, before him and behind,
Archers and slingers, cataphracts and spears.
At sight of him the people with a shout
Rifted the air, clamouring their god with praise,
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
He, patient, but undaunted, where they led him,
Came to the place; and what was set before him,
Which without help of eye might be assay'd,
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd
All with incredible, stupendious force,
None daring to appear antagonist.

MILTON.

LV

Μέγ' ἦν τὸ δῶμα, διχότομον κύκλου μέρος,
δισσοῖσιν ὕψου κίοσιν πετρηρεφές·
θρόνοι δ' ἐνῆσαν, οὗ κατ' εὐκλείας κρίσιν
πρόμοις ἄναξί θ' ἡμένοις λεύσσειν παρῆν.
ἦν δ' ἀκαλυφὲς τοὐκεῖθεν, ἔνθ' ὑπαίθριος
σταίη 'πὶ χώμασίν τε καὶ βάθροις λεώς.
ἐν τοῖσδ' ἄσημον χωρὶς εὐθύνω βάσιν.
δαὶς δ' ἐξισοῦσ' ἤκμαζεν ἡλίῳ δρόμον,
θυσίαι τ' ἐπεὶ γέλωτος, ἡδονῆς, μέθης
ψυχὴν ἔπλησαν, κατὰ θέαν τετραμμένοις
πάνδημον εὐθὺς κεῖνον εἰσῆγον λάτριν,
σκευὴν σταλέντα τὴν τεταγμένην πόλεως.
πάρος μὲν αὐλῶν τυμπάνων τ' ᾔει ψόφος,
ἔνθεν δὲ κἄνθεν φύλακες ἐξωπλισμένοι,
πεδοστιβεῖς ἱππῆς τε· πρόσθ', ὄπισθε δὲ
λογχῶν, ἀτράκτων, σφενδονῶν ἐπιστάται,
ἵππων τε πανόπλων ἀμβάται τευχεσφόροι.
χὠ μὲν λεώς, ὡς εἶδεν, αἰθέρα κτύπῳ
ἔσχιζ', ἐπαίνοις ἐνδατούμενος θεόν,
ὃς γοργὸν ἐχθρὸν προὐξένησε χείριον.
ὁ δ' ἀδάματος μέν, καρτερῶν δ', ἐς τὸν τόπον
εἶρφ', οἷπερ ἦγον· καὶ τὰ προστεταγμένα,
(ὧν ἦν γε πεῖρα δεργμάτων τητωμένῳ,)
ἕλξαι σπάσαι τε, βαστάσαι θραῦσαί τ', ἔτι
ἤθλησ' ἀπίστῳ πάντα κἀκπάγλῳ σθένει,
κοὐδεὶς ἐτόλμα τἀνδρὸς ἀντίον μολεῖν.

W. O. B.

LVI

Q. Mar. O! let me entreat thee, cease! Give me
thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woeful monuments.
O! could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee.
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but surmis'd whiles thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
Adventure to be banished myself;
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go; speak not to me; even now be gone.
O! go not yet. Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves.
Loather a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!
Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished.
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself.
With every several pleasure in the world,
And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more: live thou to joy thy life;
Myself to joy in nought but that thou liv'st.

SHAKESPEARE.

LVI

M. Πρὸς θεῶν δὲ παῦσαι· δός τε δεξιὰν ἐμοί,
ὡς τῇδε λυγρῶν δακρύων λείβω δρόσον,
μηδ' αὖ ποτ' ὄμβρος ἐμπέσῃ διόσδοτος
τόδ' ἐξαλείψων μνῆμα λυπηροῦ πάθους.
εἴθ' ὤφελ' ἐν σῇ χειρὶ νῦν φίλημ' ἐμὸν
τοῦτ' ἐγγεγράφθαι, συμβόλον σφοδροῦ πόθου
ὡς μνημονεύοις κἀφθόνων στεναγμάτων.
ἔρρ' οὖν ἄποπτος ὡς ἐμὴν εἰδῶ νόσον,
ἣν σοῦ παρόντος βαιὸν εἰκάζειν ἔχω,
σπάνιν βορᾶς ὡς ἄν τις εὐωχημένος·
καίτοι σ' ἀπάξω, φίλτατ', ἢ συμφεύξομαι
σάφ' ἴσθι, δεινὸν δρᾶν τι τολμήσασ' ἐγώ.
πῶς δ' οὐ πέφευγα, σῶν ἀποῦσ' ἀπ' ὀμμάτων;
ἄπελθε, σίγα· νῦν γὰρ οἴχεσθαι χρεών.
μὴ μή με προλίπῃς· ἦ φίλοι θανούμενοι
ὧδ' ἀμπέχονται μυρίοις ἀσπάσμασιν
ἧσσον θανεῖν στυγοῦντες ἢ διεστάναι.
νῦν χαῖρ' ὅμως μοι· χαιρέτω δὲ καὶ βίος.
Σ. ἦ μυρίας πέφευγα δὴ φυγὰς ἐγώ,
μίαν γ' ἄνακτος, σοῦ δὲ καὶ πολλὰς τυχών.
ἀλλ' οὐ πόλιν ποθοῖμ' ἄν, ἣν σὺ τῆσδ' ἀπῇς·
σοῦ γὰρ φερούσης ἄμβροτον ξυνουσίαν
συχνοὺς ἔχοιμ' ἂν κἂν ἐρημίᾳ φίλους·
ὅπου γὰρ ᾖς, ἐνταῦθα τυγχάνει βίος
κἀνταῦθα πᾶσαι συμμένουσιν ἡδοναί·
ὅθεν δ' ἀπέστης, ἔνθα δυστερπὲς τὸ πᾶν.
νῦν χρὴ σιωπᾶν· ἀλλ' ὄναιο τοῦ βίου,
ἐγὼ δ' ὀναίμην σοῦ μόνον ζώσης ἔτι.

A. J. B.

LVII

For some were hung with arras green and blue,
  Showing a gaudy summer-morn,
Where with puff'd cheek the belted hunter blew
  His wreathed bugle-horn.

One seem'd all dark and red—a tract of sand,
  And some one pacing there alone,
Who paced for ever in a glimmering land,
  Lit with a low large moon.

One show'd an iron coast and angry waves.
  You seem'd to hear them climb and fall
And roar rock-thwarted under bellowing caves,
  Beneath the windy wall.

And one, a full-fed river winding slow
  By herds upon an endless plain,
The ragged rims of thunder brooding low,
  With shadow-streaks of rain.

And one, the reapers at their sultry toil.
  In front they bound the sheaves. Behind
Were realms of upland, prodigal in oil,
  And hoary to the wind.

And one a foreground black with stones and slags.
  Beyond, a line of heights, and higher
All barr'd with long white cloud the scornful crags,
  And highest, snow and fire.

And one, an English home—gray twilight pour'd
  On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep—all things in order stored,
  A haunt of ancient Peace.

TENNYSON.

LVII

Caeruleae pendent prasinaeque per atria vestes:
hic radians aestate dies intexta videtur,
venatorque pharetratus canit ore tumenti
cornu curvum inflans. haec nigro scaena rubore est:
tractus harenarum, sola et spatiantis in illo
forma viri, ceu qui terra nigrante teneret
semper iter, dum magna imo rubet aethere luna.
parte alia fractum litus pulsique videtur
ira maris; credas fluctus audire cadentis
surgentisque moras contra, fusosque fragore
horrendo vastis ventosa in caute cavernis.
hic plenum videas amnem curvo agmine lente
ire, per immensis armenta sequentia campis:
serratos ora nimbos pendere minantis
desuper, ac radiis imbrem descendere longis.
hic messor siccum exercet sub sole laborem,
in medio stat vincta Ceres; procul edita longe
terra olei fecunda iacet canetque sub auris.
hic a fronte nigrant disiecta saxa ruina,
tum scopulis acclive iugum, post eminet alte
torta nube albens cautes nimbosa, nivesque
aeternae superant et tacta cacumina flammis.
parte alia domus Anglica erat; canentia lambunt
lumina rorantis ulmos, rorantia prata;
non repit tam dulce sopor; sua cuique supellex
iusta loco; sedem noscas hanc pacis avitae.

A. T. B.

LVIII

Loitering and leaping,
With saunter, with bounds—
Flickering and circling
In files and in rounds—
Gaily their pine-staff green
Tossing in air,
Loose o'er their shoulders white
Showering their hair—

See! the wild Maenads
Break from the wood,
Youth and Iacchus
Maddening their blood!
See! through the quiet land
Rioting they pass—
Fling the fresh heaps about,
Trample the grass!
Tear from the rifled hedge
Garlands, their prize:
Fill with their sports the field,
Fill with their cries!

Shepherd, what ails thee then?
Shepherd, why mute?
Forth with thy joyous song!
Forth with thy flute!
Tempts not the revel blithe?
Lure not their cries?
Glow not their shoulders smooth?

LVIII

Ἆ, ἆ, τί ποτ' αὖ κινάθισμα ποδῶν;
τί δ' ἐπιστροφάδην νίσσεται οὕτως
ῥεῦμα γυναικῶν; αἱ μέν τε βάδην
αἱ δ' ἁλλομέναι
σκιρτῶσι χοροὺς ἐλελίζουσαι·
θυρσοφοροῦσιν δ' ἐκ μετεώρου
χειρὸς ἀέρδην, λευκοὺς δ' ὤμους
προχοαῖς ἀνέδην κρύπτουσι κομῶν·

Μαινάδες αὗται, τὰς τὸ νεάζον
χὠ θεὸς ὁρμᾷ
θερμαῖς μανίαισιν ἀφ' ὕλης.
διὰ δ' εὐκήλων ἀγρῶν μαλεραὶ
τὴν νεόδρεπτον καὶ πολύχωστον
ποσὶ κραιπνοσύτοις στείβουσι πόαν·
καὶ τῶν βατιῶν ἀποσυλῶσαι
στέφεσιν χλοεροῖς στεφανοῦνται·
τῶν δ' ἁλλομένων καὶ παιζουσῶν
μεστὸς λειμὼν ἰαχαῖσιν.

σὺ δέ μοι, βουκόλε, τίπτε σιωπᾷς;
τί δὲ σύριγγας, τί δὲ καὶ κατέχεις
αὐτὸς ἀοιδάν;
ἀλλ' ἴθι κῶμον πρὸς Διονύσου
τὸν πολυηχῆ· τῶνδε γὰρ ὤμων
τίνες ἁβρότεροι; τίνος ὀφθαλμῶν
μαλθακὸν οὕτω βέλος ὁρμᾶται;

Melt not their eyes?
Is not, on cheeks like those,
Lovely the flush?
—Ah, so the quiet was!
So was the hush!

M. ARNOLD.

LIX

'So careful of the type?' but no.
From scarped cliff and quarried stone
She cries, 'A thousand types are gone:
I care for nothing, all shall go.

'Thou makest thine appeal to me:
I bring to life, I bring to death:
The spirit does but mean the breath:
I know no more.' And he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed
And love Creation's final law—
Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravine, shriek'd against his creed—

Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,
Who battled for the True, the Just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or seal'd within the iron hills?

TENNYSON.

τῶνδε παρειῶν ἱμεροεσσῶν
ἐρατεινότεραι τίνες εἰσίν ;
ἀλλὰ γὰρ ἦν μοι σιγῆς τις ἔρως,
κώμου δ' ἰαχῆς
τερπνότερόν μοι τὸ γαληνόν.

E. D. A. M

LIX

Exempline tenax adeo generisque tuendi?
ipsa per et scopulos caesaque saxa negat.
'mille fluunt exempla' canit 'formaeque caducae:
'quid mihi cum fixis? omnia nempe fluent.
'consulis has sortis? ergo mea dicta teneto.
'en ego sum vitae causa modusque tuae.
'nil animae novi nisi quam trahis aeris auram.'
hocine opus summum posse perire rear?
atqui prodierant homines nova gloria rerum:
inque oculis caelum signa petentis erant.
ille sub hibernos volvebat carmina cauros:
struxit et in vanas aurea templa preces.
illi numen Amor—pro nescia pectora—visum:
metaque quo rerum tenderet orbis, Amor.
ore fero Natura licet, licet ungue cruento
omina prodiderit Tisiphonea dei.
hic tamen ausus amare, pati discrimina dura,
strenua pro sancta bella movere fide.
heu modo qualis ubi est? siccis rapit auster harenis?
constrictumque gravi mons adamante premit?

R. W. R.

LX

Never any more,
    While I live,
Need I hope to see his face
    As before.
Once his love grown chill,
    Mine may strive:
Bitterly we re-embrace,
    Single still.

Was it something said,
    Something done,
Vexed him? was it touch of hand,
    Turn of head?
Strange! that very way
    Love begun:
I as little understand
    Love's decay.

When I sewed or drew,
    I recall
How he looked as if I sung,
    —Sweetly too.
If I spoke a word,
    First of all
Up his cheek the colour sprung,
    Then he heard.

Sitting by my side,
    At my feet,
So he breathed but air I breathed,
    Satisfied!
I, too, at Love's brim
    Touched the sweet:
I would die if death bequeathed
    Sweet to him.

LX

Οὐκέτι μοι σέθεν ἐλπίς, ἕως βίος ἔμπεδος ἔσται,
  εὔφρον' ὅπως τὸ πάροιθ' ὄμματ' ἐρῶντος ἰδεῖν·
σοὶ γὰρ ἔρως ἀπόλωλε· μάτην δ' ἐσπούδασα· πικρὸν
  ἄγκαθεν ἐζεῦχθαι κῆρι διεσταότας.
τοῦ δ' ἕνεκ' ὠργίσθης ; λόγῳ ἤμπλακον ἠὲ καὶ ἔργῳ ;
  μῶν κεφαλὴν στρέψασ' ἢ χερὸς ἁψαμένη ;
θαῦμα μέν, ἀλλὰ τοιάδ' ἀρχὴ πάρος ἔπλετ' ἔρωτος·
  θαῦμα τόδ' οὐχ ἧσσον, πῶς ἄρ' ὄλωλεν ἔρως.
πολλὰ δ' ὑφαίνουσάν με θεώμενος, εἴτε νέουσαν,
  ᾀδούσης ἐδόκεις τερπνὸν ἀκηκοέναι.
εἰ δὲ προσαυδῴην σὲ λόγῳ ποτέ, πρῶτα παρειᾶς
  αἷμ' ἐρυθαινομένης ἔφλεγε, κᾆτ' ἔκλυες.
εἴτε χαμαὶ πρὸ ποδῶν παρέκεισ', εἴτ' ἀντίος ἷζου,
  εἰ ταὐτοῦ μετέχοις ἀέρος, εἶχες ἅπαν.
καὶ γὰρ ἐμοὶ γλυκὺς ἦλθεν ἔρως· κἂν κέρδος ἔδοξεν,
  εἴ τι σοὶ ἐξεύροιμ' ἡδὺ θανοῦσα, θανεῖν.

'Speak, I love thee best!'
    He exclaimed:
'Let thy love my own foretell,'
    I confessed:
'Clasp my heart on thine
    Now unblamed,
Since upon thy soul as well
    Hangeth mine!'

Was it wrong to own,
    Being truth?
Why should all the giving prove
    His alone?
I had wealth and ease,
    Beauty, youth:
Since my lover gave me love
    I gave these.

That was all I meant,
    —To be just,
And the passion I had raised
    To content.
Since he chose to change
    Gold for dust,
If I gave him what he praised
    Was it strange?

Would he loved me yet,
    On and on,
While I found some way undreamed,
    —Paid my debt!
Gave more life and more,
    Till, all gone,
He should smile 'She never seemed
    Mine before.

δέξαι μ' ὦ τριπόθητ', ηὗχου, δέξαι τὸν ἐρῶντα·
  δέξομαι, ἀντηύδων, κἀμὲ γὰρ ἔσχεν ἔρως.
ἄμπεχ', ἔφην, χείρεσσιν ἐμὸν δέμας, ἄμπεχε χαίρων·
  ἶσα γὰρ ἀμφότεροι συνδεδέμεσθα πόθῳ.
οὐ γὰρ ἐχρῆν δεῖξαι τὸν ἐμὸν πόθον ; οὐ γὰρ ἀληθῆ ;
  πάντ' ἐδίδως· κἀμοὶ δῶρα προσῆκε πορεῖν.
χρήμασιν, ἀγλαΐῃ, κάλλει, νεότητι κεκάσμην·
  μοῦνος ἔρως πάντων ἄξιος ἀντιλαβεῖν.
τοῦδε γὰρ ἵμειρον, σοὶ τἄνδικα πάντ' ἀποδοῦναι,
  καί σ' ἆσαι ποθέοντ' αἴτιος οὖσα πόθου.
εἰ δὲ σὺ τοῦ χρυσοῦ φαύλην κόνιν εἵλου ἀμοιβήν,
  οὐ νέμεσις παρέχειν σοὶ τάδ' ἐφιεμένῳ.
εἴθ' ἔτ' ἔρως σὲ κατεῖχε διαμπερές, ὥς τινα τέχνην
  ηὗρον, ἀνελπίστως τ' ἀνταπέδωκα χάριν,
ὡς μᾶλλόν σ' ἐφίλουν καὶ μᾶλλον ἔτ' ἄχρι τελευτῆς,
  κἄλεγες, ἦ πασῶν ἥδ' ἄρα πιστοτάτη.

'What she felt the while,
    Must I think?
Love's so different with us men!'
    He should smile:
'Dying for my sake—
    White and pink!
Can't we touch these bubbles then
    But they break?'

Dear, the pang is brief,
    Do thy part,
Have thy pleasure! How perplexed
    Grows belief!
Well, this cold clay clod
    Was man's heart:
Crumble it, and what comes next?
    Is it God?

BROWNING.

LXI

Of Manners gentle, of Affections mild;
In Wit, a Man; Simplicity, a Child:
With native Humour temp'ring virtuous Rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
Above Temptation, in a low Estate,
And uncorrupted, ev'n among the Great:
A safe Companion, and an easy Friend,
Unblam'd thro' Life, lamented in thy End.
These are Thy Honours! not that here thy Bust
Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy dust:
But that the Worthy and the Good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—*Here* lies GAY.

POPE.

εὖ δ' ἂν ἐπῴκτειρές μ', ὅσα κήδεα κῆρι πεπόνθη,
  κἂν ἐγέλας· οὔκουν ἀνδράσι τοῖος ἔρως.
ἦ δι' ἐμὲ φθίνει ἦδ', ὥρας τε μαραίνεται ἄνθος;
  τοιάδ' ἄρ' ἦν ψαύσῃς ἶσ' ἀπόλωλεν ἀφρῷ.
φίλτατε, τλητὰ τέως· σὺ δὲ πρᾶσσ', εὐφραίνεο θυμῷ·
  φροῦδα τὰ πίσθ'· οἷόν μ' εἷλεν ἀμηχανίη·
βώλου ἀτεγκτότερος γέγονας κέαρ, ὅς μ' ἐφίλησας·
  τίπτ' ἀπατηθείσῃ λείπεται; ἆρα θεός;

A. S.

LXI

O moribus iucunde, mitis adfectu,
candore puerum qui refers, viros mente,
tuo lepore temperans probas iras,
saeclum iuvare natus et secare idem;
te non egestas subditum tulit nummis,
neque optimatum blanda cura corrupit;
sed qui fuisti fidus ac sine offensa,
vivum fovebant, mortuum dolent omnes.
haec laus tibi ingens; non quod hic tuum marmor
contingit ossa principum, cinis reges;
sed innocens quod omnis et pius dicet,
dolore pulsans pectus, Hic iaces, Gai.

R. E.

LXII

From the forests and highlands
  We come, we come:
From the river-girt islands,
  Where loud waves are dumb
    Listening to my sweet pipings.
The wind in the reeds and rushes,
  The bees on the bells of thyme,
The birds on the myrtle bushes,
  The cicale above in the lime,
And the lizards below in the grass,
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,
    Listening to my sweet pipings.

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
  And all dark Tempe lay
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
  The light of the dying day,
    Speeded with my sweet pipings.
The Sileni and Silvans and Fauns,
  And the Nymphs of the woods and waves,
To the edge of the moist river-lawns,
  And the brink of the dewy caves,—
And all that then did attend and follow,
Were silent with love: as you now, Apollo,
    With envy of my sweet pipings!

I sang of the dancing stars,
  I sang of the daedal Earth,
And of Heaven, and the Giant Wars,
  And Love, and Death, and Birth:

LXII

Ὀρέων οἶδ' ἀπό θ' ὑλῶν   στρ. α.
ἀφικάνομεν θοάζοντες, ὑγρὰς ἵν' ἀμφὶ νήσους
ποταμοῦ λάβρα καχλάζοντος ἐσίγησε κλύδων
    ὑπὸ σύριγγος ἐμῆς·
τότε σιγῇ δονάκων μὲν πέσον αὖραι, τότε πλήρη
θύμ' ἐσίγησε μελισσῶν, ὅ τ' ἄνωθεν τάφε τέττιξ,
ταχινός τε σαῦρος ἔστα, τάφε τ' ὄρνις ἐνὶ μύρτοις·
ἐπάγη δὲ πάνθ' ὅπως ἁ κατὰ Τμῶλον λίθος, αὐλῶν
    ὑπὸ σειρῆνος ἐμῶν.
ῥέε μὲν Πηνεὸς ὑγρός,
νάπος ὕπτιον δὲ Τεμπέων ὑπὸ Πηλίου σκιαῖσιν   ἀντ. α.
ῥέπε μείζω ῥέπ' ἐς ὄρφνην, ἱερόν τ' ἔφθινε φῶς
    ὑπὸ σύριγγος ἐμῆς.
Σατύρων δ' ἔκδραμεν ὄχλος, δράμε Σειληνὸς ἀγρώστης.
ἅμα Ναΐς τε προκύψασα μυχῶν καὶ Δρυὰς ὑγρῶν
ποταμούς τ' ἔλειπον ὕλας τε, πόθῳ γ' οἱ μὲν ἁλόντες.
—σὺ δὲ νῦν φθόνῳ γ', Ἀπόλλων—ὑπό τ' ἴυγγος ἀοιδῶν
    ἐσιώπησαν ἐμῶν.
χορὸν ἄστρων γὰρ ἄειδον   στρ. β.
χθόνα τ' αὖ δαιδαλέην,
ἐπίφαυσκόν τε Γιγάντων
πολέμους καὶ Διὸς ἕδραν, μερόπων θ'
    ἅμα γένναν, καὶ ὅδους
    ζῳῆς ἠδὲ τελευτάς.
μεταβὰς δ' αὖ
τότ' ἐπ' ἄλλον οἶμον ἀμῆς
σύριγγος, πάθος ᾆδον
    τὸ παλαιόν, κατ' ἄκρον
    Μαίναλον οἷ' ἐπλάγχθην.
μετὰ γὰρ παρθένον ᾄξας   ἀντ. β.
δόνακ' ἔσχον καθελών·

And then I changed my pipings,—
Singing how down the valley of Maenalus
I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed:
Gods and men, we all are deluded thus!
It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed:
All wept, as I ween both ye now would,
If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
At the sorrow of my sweet pipings!

SHELLEY.

LXIII

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst: all will be well.
3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.
2 *Cit.* Truly the hearts of men are full of fear;
You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily and full of dread.
3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so:
By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see,
The water swell before a boist'rous storm.

SHAKESPEARE

δόλος αὐτὸς γὰρ ἐρώτων
ἐπὶ θνητοῖς ὅδ' ἀεὶ κἀθανάτοις·
κάλαμος δ' οἷα ῥαγεὶς
ἧμαξ' ἀγκὰς ἔχοντα.
κατέκλαυσαν
τόθ' ἅπαντες, οἷ' ἄν, οἶμαι,
κἂν σφὼ νῦν γε κλύοντες,
φθόνῳ εἰ μὴ φρένας ἢ
γήραϊ δὴ 'παχνούσθην.

G. G. A. M.

LXIII

A. Εἶεν·
ἄγαν φοβούμεθ'· ὡς τὰ πάνθ' ἕξει καλῶς.
B. καίτοι σοφὸν καλοῖμ' ἂν ὅστις ἂν βροτῶν
νεφέλας ἰδών ποτ' ἐγκαλύπτηται κάρα·
ὅταν δὲ μείζω φύλλα καταπέσῃ χαμαὶ
πάρεστι χειμών· ἡλίου δ' ἀπουσίᾳ
τίς οὐχὶ νύκτα προσδοκᾷ; φιλεῖ δέ τοι
τυφῶς ἄωρος λιμὸν ἔχθιστον φέρειν.
τάχ' ἂν καλῶς ἔχοι τάδ'· εἰ δ' οὕτω θεοῖς
τελεῖν δέδοκται κρείσσον' ἢ κατ' ἀξίαν
ἡμῶν τάδ' ἔσται, χὡς ἔμοιγ' ἀπ' ἐλπίδων.
Γ. ἦ πολλὰ πᾶς τις ἐν φρεσὶν δείσας ἔχει·
κοὐκ ἔσθ' ὅτῳ τις εἰς λόγους ἔλθοι ξυνὼν
μὴ δεινά πως λεύσσοντι φροντίδων βάρει.
B. φιλεῖ γὰρ εἶναι ταῦτα, πρίν τι πῆμα γῇ
σκήπτειν· προταρβεῖ γοῦν τις οὐ διχορρόπως
τὸ μέλλον, οἷ' ἂν πρὸς θεῶν ὁρμώμενος·
ὡς καὶ θάλασσαν, χεῖμ' ὅταν μέλλῃ βρέμειν,
ἀνθοῦσαν ὑγροῖς εἴδομεν κλυδωνίοις.

J. A. G.

LXIV

Forsake me not thus. Adam: witness Heav'n
What love sincere. and reverence in my heart
I bear thee. and unweeting have offended.
Unhappily deceiv'd; thy suppliant
I beg. and clasp thy knees; bereave me not.
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,
My only strength and stay: forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps.
Between us two let there be peace; both joining,
As join'd in injuries, one enmity
Against a foe by doom express assign'd us.
That cruel Serpent; on me exercise not
Thy hatred for this misery befall'n;
On me already lost, me than thyself
More miserable.

MILTON.

LXV

Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan,
Sorrow calls no time that's gone:
Violets plucked, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again;
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully,
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see.
Joys as wingèd dreams fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last?
Grief is but a wound to woe,
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no moe.

J. FLETCHER.

LXIV

Μὴ τλῇς προδοῦναί μ' ὧδε, φίλτατον κάρα·
Ζεὺς γὰρ σύνοιδεν ὡς καταιδοῦμαί τέ σε
φιλῶ θ', ἃ δ' ἠδίκησά σ' ἠπατημένη
ἄκουσ' ἄνους ἥμαρτον ἡ τάλαιν' ἐγώ.
ἱκνουμένη νυν ἀμφὶ σὸν πίτνω γόνυ·
μή με στερήσῃς ὀμμάτων φίλου βλέπους
βουλῆς τ' ἀρωγῆς τ' ἐν κακοῖσιν ἐσχάτοις.
ζῶμεν γὰρ ἐν σοί· σὺ δὲ μόνος σωτὴρ ἐμός,
ἄγκυρα θ' ἥ μου τὰς τύχας ὀχεῖ μόνη.
ποῖ δεῖ φυγεῖν ποῦ ζῆν με σοῦ τητωμένην;
ἀλλ', ἐν γὰρ ἀκμῇ τοῦ θανεῖν τάχ' ἕσταμεν,
ἕως ἂν ὦμεν ζῶμεν ὡς ὁμόφρονες,
κοινῇ συνεχθαίροντες ἐκ κοινοῦ πάθους
τὸν ὠμὸν ἡμῖν πολέμιον τεταγμένον,
δράκοντα· μή νυν τῶνδε πημάτων ἐμοὶ
ἵκῃ δι' ἔχθρας, σοῦ γὰρ ἀθλιωτέρα
ἐγῷμι· φροῦδα τἀμά, κοὐκέτ' εἴμ' ἔτι.

W. R. I.

LXV

Siste, precor, tandem gemitus, compesce querelas,
pristina non lacrimis est revocanda dies;
decerptas violas frustra gratissimus imber
irrigat, haud iterum marcida gemma viget.
finge comas igitur, vultumque ostende serenum,
arcanas prohibent fata patere vias;
somnia praecipitat veluti pennata voluptas,
longior, a! tardis cur datur hora malis?
ingeret iste dolor veteri nova vulnera curae,
ergo tristitiae desine, pulchra, tuae.

H. W. G.

LXVI

All are not just, because they do no wrong,
But he, who will not wrong me when he may,
He is the truly just. I praise not them,
Who in their petty dealings pilfer not;
But him, whose conscience spurns a secret fraud,
When he might plunder and defy surprise:
His be the praise, who looking down with scorn
On the false judgement of the partial herd,
Consults his own clear heart, and boldly dares
To be, not to be thought, an honest man.

CUMBERLAND.

LXVII

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
Now burgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drown'd in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale.
And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
In yonder greening gleam, and fly
The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood; that live their lives

From land to land; and in my breast
Spring wakens too; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

TENNYSON.

LXVI

Οὐ πᾶς δίκαιός ἐσθ' ὁ μὴ 'δικῶν τινά,
ἀλλ' ὅστις, ἐξὸν δρᾶν κακῶς, μὴ βούλεται
τοῦτον δίκαιον ἔννεπ'. οὐκ ἐπῄνεσα
ὅσοι καπηλεύοντες ἀπέχονται κλοπῆς,
ἀλλ' εἰ κλοπήν τις χρηστὸς ὢν ἀπεστράφη,
ὅτ' αἰσχρὰ κερδαίνοντι λανθάνειν παρῆν.
αἰνῶ δὲ κεῖνον ὅστις ἄν, καταπτύσας
πλήθους τ' ἀμούσου, δημόθρου τ' ἀβουλίας,
αὐτὸς παρ' αὐτῷ τὴν κρίσιν ποιούμενος,
εἶναι δίκαιος μᾶλλον ἢ δοκεῖν θέλῃ.

J. Y. S.

LXVII

Iam lata sedes deserit ultimas
nix, et virentis vivida pullulant
arbusta per sulcos; sub ornis
iam latitant violae rubentes.
crebra volucrum voce sonat nemus
vestitque longe prata recens color,
sudasque vanescens in auras
pignora sola sui relinquit
alauda cantus: nunc per agros tremit
lucosque lumen, vallibus et pecus
albescit: effulgent per amnis
per mare candidiora vela.
mergus canores nunc liquidos ciet
et glauca saltu dividit aequora,
caelumque mutantes amorem
iam volucres repetuntque nidos:
vivunt vagantur: nos quoque percutit
nunc vernus ardor, floris et aemulus
Aprilis in nostris virescit
pectoribus renovatus angor.

C. B.

LXVIII

In vaine do men
The heavens of their fortune's fault accuse,
Sith they know best what is the best for them:
For they to each such fortune doe diffuse
As they doe know each can most aptly use.
For not that which men covet most is best,
Nor that thing worst which men doe most refuse;
But fittest is that all contented rest
With what they hold; each hath his fortune in his
breast.

LXIX

Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song: but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Maeonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old.
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,

LXVIII

Μώρους λέγοιμ' ἂν οἵτινες κακῆς τύχης
ἐπαιτιῶνται τοὺς θεούς, ἐπεὶ θεοὶ
καλῶς ἴσασ' ὁποῖα γίγνεται βροτοῖς
ἄριστα, καὶ τοιάνδε διανέμειν τύχην
φιλοῦσιν, οἷα χρησιμωτάτη τινί,
ὡς οὔτ' ἄριστον οὗ μάλισθ' ἱμείρομεν,
οὔτ' αὖ κάκισθ' ἅπαντα τἀμελούμενα.
στέργειν δ' ἔχονθ' ἕκαστον οἷ' ἔχει πρέπον.
αὐτὸς γὰρ αὑτοῦ πᾶς τις ἐγκρατὴς κυρεῖ
μοίρας, ὅτῳ νοῦς ἐστὶν αὐτάρκης ἔσω.

J. Y. S.

LXIX

Non tamen apricos, Musis loca cognita, collis
aut umbras nemorum fontisve relinquere puros
sustineo, sacro cantandi pulsus amore
pectora, nocturnusque vagans ante omnia viso
te, Sion, fluviique infra labentis amoenos
floribus immixtos latices strepitusque canoros.
interdum et subeunt aliorum fata duorum
haud diversa meis, eadem si fama fuisset,
Maeonidesque oculis Thamyrasque superstes ademptis,
et cum Tiresia divorum interprete Phineus.
mox animo meditor numeri quae sponte sequuntur
iniussi dulcesque modi, velut illa tenebris
usque canit vigilans foliisque avis abdita densis
nocte super media. menses volventibus annis
haec inter rediere: redit mihi tempore nullo
grata dies noxque adventans; non veris honores

Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair.
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works to me expung'd and ras'd.
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.

MILTON.

LXX

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crost)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle.
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile:
There sits quiescent on the floods that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below.
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay:
So thou, with sails, how swift! hast reached the shore.
Where tempests never beat nor billows roar.
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed.
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost.
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
—Yet, oh! the thought that thou art safe and he!—
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.

COWPER.

cernuntur nobis aestivaque gemma rosarum.
non pecudes laetae, non vultus habentiaque instar
numinis ora virum. sed gratae munera vitae
perpetua obducta claudit caligine nubes:
circumfusa nihil species pulcherrima rerum
totque suos docet ostendens natura labores
ipsa. fuere mihi iamdudum haec omnia: cessant
lumina: nequiquam hac aditum sapientia quaerit.

H. R.

LXX

Non aliter quam cum nostro quae litore missa
  per medias hiemes per mare navis iit,
illa quidem tuto si quae vocat insula portu
  eque magis nitido suavior aura polo,
adpellit, placidaeque immobilis innatat undae.
  navis et in puris altera lucet aquis:
spirat odorato mollis de litore ventus,
  pinna fluit leni vix agitata noto:—
sic tu, quam celeri! tetigisti litora velo,
  litora non tumido sollicitata mari,
quique fuit tecum per mille pericula vitae
  fidus adest isdem nunc quoque vectus aquis.
me tamen, haec finis cui vix optanda laborum est,
  hospitio tellus arcet iniqua suo:
flamina palantem rapiunt: nec sidera fulgent:
  rupta nocent aegrae vela latusque rati,
inque dies miserum cogit vis improba ponti
  longius optatas deseruisse vias.
nil tamen in vestra me laedunt illa salute:
  contentus, salvi vos modo sitis, ero.

A. D. G.

LXXI

Vio. Ay, but I know,—
Duke. What dost thou know?
Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.
Duke. And what's her history?
Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more; but indeed
Our shows are more than will, for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.
Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?
Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too; and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady?
Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say
My love can give no place, bide no delay.

SHAKESPEARE.

LXXI

A. Καίτοι τόδ' οἶδα—
B. τί τόδ' ἐπίστασαι, τέκνον;
A. ἄγαν γ' ὁποῖος παρθένους ἔρως ἔχει,
αἷς οὐδὲν ἧσσον ἀρσένων, εἰδὼς λέγω,
τὸ πιστὸν ἐμπέφυκε· καὶ γὰρ ἦν πατρὶ
τὠμῷ γεγῶσα παῖς ποθ', ἣν ἀνδρὸς πόθος
κατέσχεν, οἷος, εἰ γυνὴ 'τυχον γεγὼς
ἐγώ, κατάσχοι κἄμ' ἂν ἵμερος σέθεν.
B. καὶ ποῖον ἦγ' ἐρῶσα τὸν βίον, λέγε.
A. ἦγ' ὅνπερ ἦγεν, οὐ γὰρ οἶδ', ἄναξ, σαφῶς.
οὐ γάρ ποτ' ηὔδησ' οἷος ἵμερος κέαρ
ἔδαπτεν, ἀλλ' ἔκρυπτε σῖγ' ἔσω φρενῶν,
ἀεί γε σύννοιάν τιν' ἐνδατουμένη,
ὥστ' ἐκτακῆναι καλλονὴν ῥέθους, δίκην
ῥόδου φθαρέντος ὀμματοστερεῖ βλάβῃ·
λύπῃ δ' ἀεικεῖ συγκεκραμένη καλῆς
ἤμειψε χροιᾶς ἄνθος, ὀμμάτων ἄπο
γελῶσ' ἐπ' ἀγελάστοισιν, ἀφθέγκτου δίκην
Σειρῆνος ἐν τύμβοισιν ἐξῃκασμένης.
οὐχ οὗτος, εἴ τις, ἦν ἔρως ψυχῆς ἄπο;
ὅρκοις γυναικῶν καὶ λόγοις οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅτ' οὐ
κρατοῦμεν ἄνδρες, ἀλλὰ κἀν τούτοις πλέον
δοκοῦντας ἡμᾶς ἢ θέλοντας ἔστ' ἰδεῖν,
δειλοὶ δ' ἐρῶντές ἐσμεν, ἐν λόγοις ἄκροι.
B. ἢ κἄθαν' ἡ παῖς, τῷ πόθῳ δεδμημένη;
A. ὁρᾷς ἔμ', ὦναξ, πλὴν δ' ἐμοῦ πατρὸς δόμοις
οὐδεὶς ἔτ' ἔστ' οὐ θῆλυς οὐδ' ἄρσην γόνος.
καίτοι τόδ' οὐκ οἶδ'· ἀλλ', ἄναξ, θέλεις μόλω
πρὸς τὴν γυναῖκα, σοὺς λόγους αὖθις φέρων;
B. ἴθ', ἐγκόνησον, καὶ γὰρ ἐν καιρῷ λέγεις,
λίθον δὲ τήνδε δὸς λαβών, ἄγγελλε δὲ
ἄρνησιν ὡς οὐκ οἶδεν, οὐ τριβὰς ἔρως. E. A.

LXXII

She gleans her silvan trophies; down the wold
She hears the sobbing of the stags that flee
Mixed with the music of the hunting roll'd.
But her delight is all in archery,
And naught of ruth and pity wotteth she
More than her hounds that follow on the flight;
The goddess draws a golden bow of might,
And thick she rains the gentle shafts that slay.
She tosses loose her locks upon the night,
And through the dim wood Dian threads her way.

A. LANG.

LXXIII

Mess. Take then the worst in brief, Samson is dead.
Manoa. The worst indeed; O all my hopes defeated
To free him hence! but Death, who sets all free,
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.
What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd,
Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves
Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring
Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's frost!
Yet, ere I give the reins to grief, say first,
How died he? death to life is crown or shame.
All by him fell, thou say'st; by whom fell he?
What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound?
Mess. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.
Man. Wearied with slaughter then, or how? explain.
Mess. By his own hands.

MILTON.

LXXII

Χῶρον ἀν' ὑλήεντα φιλεῖ μέγα κῦδος ἀρέσθαι,
μηκηθμόν τ' ἐλάφων ἐπακουέμεν, οἳ διὰ βήσσας
ῥίμφα φυγῇ προθέουσι μεμηκότες, ἐν δὲ μέμικται
θηρευτέων ἐνοπή, ἕκαθεν δέ τε γίγνετ' ἀκουή·
τῇ δ' ἄρα τοξοσύναι πολὺ φίλταται, οὐδέ μιν ἴσχει
αἰδὼς οὔτ' αὐτὴν οὔτ' ἂρ κύνας αἵ οἱ ἕπονται,
οὐδ' ἔλεος· τόξον δὲ θεὰ μετὰ χερσὶ τιταίνει
χρύσειον κρατερόν, καὶ ταρφέας ἐκχέει ἰούς,
κτείνουσ' ἄγρια πάντα ἑοῖς ἀγανοῖσι βέλεσσιν·
χαῖται δ' ἐρρώσαντο θοὴν ἀνὰ νύκτα μέλαιναν
νισομένης ὕλην κάτα δάσκιον ἰοχεαίρης.

D. B. M.

LXXIII

Α. Τέθνηκεν ἁνήρ· ἐν βραχεῖ τἄλγιστ' ἔχεις.
Μ. τἄλγιστα δῆτα· πῶς γὰρ οὔ; μάτην ἄρα
ἔβοσκον ἐλπίδ' ὡς ἐλεύθερον τάχα
ἐνθένδ' ἀφήσων αὐτόν· ἀλλ' ἔλυσέ νιν
ὁ πάντ' ἀνιεὶς θάνατος, ἐκτίσας λύτρα.
ἐμοὶ δέ γ' ἡ νέορτος ἤμβλωται χαρὰ
ᾗ πᾶς ἀνῴδουν, ὡς τὸ πρώιμον γάνος
ἦρος χρονίζων πολλάκις δάκνει πάγος.
ὅμως δέ, πρίν με δάκρυσιν ἡνίας χαλᾶν,
πῶς καὶ διώλετ'; ἐστὶ γὰρ μόρος βροτοῖς
ἢ θριγκὸς αἴσχους, ἢ μάλ' εὐκλείας στέφος.
ἔκτεινε πάντας, ὡς λέγεις· αὐτὸν δὲ τίς;
τίς εὔχεται Σάμψωνος αὐτόχειρ φονεύς;
Α. ἄτρωτος ἔγχους πολεμίου διώλετο.
Μ. καμὼν σφαγαῖσιν; ἢ τρόπῳ ποίῳ; φράσον.
Α. ταῖς αὐτὸς αὑτοῦ χερσὶν ἤλλαξεν βίον.

W. R. I.

LXXIV

Behold and listen, while the fair
Breaks in sweet sounds the willing air,
And with her own breath fans the fire
Which her bright eyes do first inspire.
What reason can that love control
Which more than one way courts the soul?
So when a flash of lightning falls
On our abodes, the danger calls
For human aid, which hopes the flame
To conquer, though from heaven it came:
But if the winds with that conspire,
Men strive not, but deplore the fire.

WALLER.

LXXV

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore.
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before.
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd.
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

SHAKESPEARE.

LXXIV

Quam pulchra est species, quam vox est grata canentis!
  rupta cupit rumpi, dum canit, aura sono:
ipsius afflatus conceptum ventilat ignem
  ipsius ex oculis qui modo natus erat.
hei mihi! quae tandem ratio moderetur amori
  qui mentem ancipiti nec semel arte petit?
sic quoque nos diro succensis fulgure tectis
  protinus humanam deproperamus opem.
scilicet ut nostrae flammam restinguere vires,
  quamvis sit superum numine missa, queant:
sed querimur tantum, ventus si concitat ignem:
  tum perit ancipiti victus ab hoste labor.

A. D. G.

LXXV

Ut pelagi fluctus lapidosa ad litora currunt,
  ad finem properant tempora nostra suum.
excipit hora horas, undam premit unda priorem,
  contendunt omnes ulteriora sequi.
natus in immensas sol ingens luminis oras
  repit iter, donec robur adultus habet.
gloria tum pravis defectibus illa laborat,
  et tempus donum volt violare suum.
tempus amat roseae florem foedare iuventae,
  rugas in niveo corpore tempus arat.
tempus edit rari quidquid natura creavit,
  statque nihil quod non denique falce metat.
sed versu hoc tua laus venturum stabit in aevum,
  in te saevierit quamlibet illa manus.

A. T. B.

LXXVI

Vestibulum ante ipsum primoque in limine Pyrrhus
exsultat, telis et luce coruscus aena;
qualis ubi in lucem coluber mala gramina pastus,
frigida sub terra tumidum quem bruma tegebat,
nunc positis novus exuviis nitidusque iuventa
lubrica convolvit sublato pectore terga,
arduus ad solem, et linguis micat ore trisulcis.
una ingens Periphas et equorum agitator Achillis,
armiger Automedon, una omnis Scyria pubes
succedunt tecto, et flammas ad culmina iactant.
ipse inter primos correpta dura bipenni
limina perrumpit, postisque a cardine vellit
aeratos; iamque excisa trabe firma cavavit
robora et ingentem lato dedit ore fenestram.
apparet domus intus et atria longa patescunt,
apparent Priami et veterum penetralia regum,
armatosque vident stantis in limine primo.

VIRGIL.

LXXVII

Come, shepherds, come, and with your greenest bays
Refresh his dust, who lov'd your learned lays.
Bring here the florid glories of the spring,
And, as you strew them, pious anthems sing;
Which to your children and the years to come
May speak of Daphnis, and be never dumb.
While prostrate I drop on his quiet urn

LXXVI

Θυρῶνος αὐτοῦ Πύρρος ἐν πρώταις πύλαις
πηδᾷ φαεννοῖς γαῦρος αἰχμητὴς ὅπλοις·
οἷος βεβρωκὼς φαρμάκων βορὰν κακὴν
χειὰν λιπὼν ἐξῆλθ' ἐς εὐδίαν δράκων,
ὃς πρὶν κατῶρυξ ἔλαθεν ἐν ψύχει πάχνης,
ἡβῶν δὲ λαμπραῖς δέρματος μεταλλαγαῖς
εἵλιξε κυρτῶν νῶτα, καὶ πρὸς ἥλιον
τράχηλον ἄρας τρίγλυφον πάλλει στόμα.
σθεναρὸς δὲ Περίφας τῶν τ' Ἀχιλλείων ἅμα
ἡνίοχος ἵππων Αὐτομέδων τευχεσφόρος
Σκύρου θ' ὅσοιπερ ἔκκριτοι νεανίαι
ὑπέδυσαν αἰπὺ πυρπολήσοντες στέγος.
αὐτὸς δὲ πελέκεως δίστομον νωμῶν γένυν
στερεά τ' ἀράσσει σταθμὰ καὶ παραστάδος
χαλκηλάτου σπᾷ κλῇθρα, κἀκταμὼν μοχλῶν
σχίζει διαμπὰξ ἰσχύν, ἔστ' ἐφαίνετο
διαρραγέντων εἴσοδος πυλωμάτων.
παρῆν δ' ἰδεῖν μέλαθρα δωμάτων ἔσω
Πριάμου τε καὶ τῶν πρόσθεν ἀρχαίους μυχούς,
πρώταις θ' ὁπλίτας παρατεταγμένους πύλαις.

R. L. A. DU P.

LXXVII

Huc ades, o Pastor, laurus viridissima manes
Daphnidis arcessat; doctas amat ille Camenas.
florea mox verno se vestiat Hybla colore,
flores sparge manu nec non pia carmina canta,
quae pueros doceant ut adhuc venientibus annis
Daphnim concelebrent et vincant saecla canendo.
ipse ego suppliciter lacrimas pro munere fundam.

My tears, not gifts; and like the poor, that mourn
With green but humble turfs, write o'er his hearse
For false foul prose-men this fair truth in verse.
Here Daphnis sleeps! and while the great watch goes
Of loud and restless Time, takes his repose.
Fame is but noise; all learning but a thought,
Which one admires, another sets at nought;
Nature mocks both; and wit still keeps adoe:
But death brings knowledge and assurance too.

H. VAUGHAN.

LXXVIII

Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face:
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.

SHAKESPEARE.

pauperis haud impar dolor est si caespite maeret,
vile quidem struit at viridans: sic nobile carmen
hic super ossa legant Musarum et Apollinis hostes
ignavi, et titulus falsis non falsa loquatur.
'conditur hic Daphnis: rapidus Sol imputat horas
atque iter irrequietus agit; sed, Daphni, quiescis.
fama furor tantum: somnus sapientia, qualem
hic amat, hic spernit, naturaque ludit utrumque:
mens tamen instat ovans et pro se litigat usque.
omnia dum pateant et stent rata morte suprema.'

F. W. H.

LXXVIII

Ἐνταῦθα δὴ γένεσθε ταῖς γνώμαις, ἵνα
μελαμβαθὴς σκότος τε κἀφέρπων ψόφος
ἄφραστον ἐμπιπλᾶσιν οὐρανοῦ κύτος.
στρατευμάτοιν γάρ, νυκτὸς ὀρφναίας πτυχαῖς,
ἠχὴ παρ' ἀμφοῖν ἄκριτός τις ὄρνυται
σιγῇ πρέπουσά θ', ὡς σχεδὸν συνθήματα
φρουρὰς κρυφαῖα τῶν ἐναντίων μαθεῖν.
καὶ μὴν φλογωπὸν πολεμίων πυρῶν καπνῷ
σκιερὰν στρατοῦ πρόσοψιν αὐγάζει στρατός·
πώλῳ δ' ἀπειλῶν ὀρθίοις φρυάγμασιν
πῶλος βραδεῖαν ἐξέπληξεν εὐφρόνην.
σκηνῶν ἔσωθεν δ' ἄνδρες οὐκ ἀργοὶ τανῦν
χαλκεῖς καταρτύοντες ἱππότην λεών,
σφίγγοντες ἁρμῶν πασσάλους πολυκρότοις
σφύραισιν, ἐξάρχουσι φροίμιον δορός.
αἱ δ' αὖ κατ' ἀγροὺς πρὸς βοὴν ἀλεκτόρων
κώδωνες ἀντίφωνον ἠχοῦσαι κτύπον
εὕδουσαν ἐξαυδῶσ' ἔτ' ἀνθρώποις ἕω.

L. C.

LXXIX

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-raz'd,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate—
That Time will come and take my love away.
  This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
  But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

SHAKESPEARE.

LXXX

Here lies the home of schoolboy life,
  With creaking stair and wind-swept hall,
And scarred by many a truant knife,
  Our old initials on the wall;
Here rest, their keen vibrations mute,
  The shout of voices known so well,
The ringing laugh, the wailing flute,
  The chiding of the sharp-tongue bell.

Nay, take the cup of blood-red wine,—
  Our hearts can boast a warmer glow,
Filled from a vintage more divine,—
  Calmed, but not chilled by winter's snow!
To-night the palest wave we sip
  Rich as the priceless draught shall be
That wet the bride of Cana's lip,—
  The wedding wine of Galilee!

O. W. HOLMES.

LXXIX

Cum video antiqui quondam decora aurea saecli
  omnia damnosis eruta temporibus,
eversasque solo turris, aeternaque ferri
  robora mortali subdita saevitiae;
cum video fluctus partem violenter avaros
  demere harenoso litoris imperio,
et terram liquidas invadere rursus in undas,
  partaque pro demptis, proque ope pauperiem:
cum sic ire vices video per mutua rerum,
  factumque e solidis molibus exitium;
me quoque tanta ruina monet, quandoque futurum
  ut dirimat nostram tempus amicitiam.
o dolor exanimans, o et deflendus, habere
  id cui praemetuas tu tamen interitum!

A. T. B.

LXXX

Hoc tecta reddit nota puertiae,
scalas sonantis gressibus Orbili,
  incisa qua scalpro procaci
    nomina parietibus supersunt;
hic et silet vox clara sodalium et
risus acutae et nenia tibiae,
  discusque tinnitu molesto
    qui vacuam strepuit per aulam.
a, tolle vinum! iam neque talibus
ardor renatus deliciis eget,
  priscique per venas amores
    mitius utque seni calescunt.
potanda sit vel lympha, videbitur
hac nocte Canae fusa repotiis,
  iussuque divino rubescens,
    dignior et face nuptiali.

E. D. A. M.

LXXXI

Many are the sayings of the wise,
In antient and in modern books enroll'd,
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude;
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life,
Consolatories writ
With studied argument, and much persuasion sought,
Lenient of grief and anxious thought;
But with th' afflicted in his pangs their sound
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint,
Unless he feel within
Some source of consolation from above;
Secret refreshings that repair his strength,
And fainting spirits uphold.

MILTON.

LXXXII

Margaret's beauteous: Grecian arts
Ne'er drew form completer;
Yet why in my heart of hearts
Hold I Dora's sweeter?

Dora's eyes of heavenly blue
Pass all painting's reach.
Ringdove's notes are discord to
The music of her speech.

LXXXI

Πολλὰ μὲν ἤδη συνετῶν ἐφάνη
ῥήματα βίβλοις ταῖς τε παλαιαῖς
ἐγκεχαραγμένα, ταῖς θ' ἅμα τῶν νῦν,
ὡς τό γε τλῆναι κατ' ἀλήθειαν
τοῖς ἀνδρείοισιν ὑπάρχει·
τοιούσδε λόγους ἐπιδειξάμενοι
τέχνῃ πιθανῇ, τῶν τε μεριμνῶν
κηλητήρια λύπης τε κακῆς
ἐπιβάλλοντες παραμυθοῦνται
τὸν δυσδαίμονα μηδὲν ὑπείκειν
τοῖς μόχθοισιν, στέργειν δ' ἃ θεὸς
τοῖς ἡμερίοις ἐπιπέμπει.
ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ τὸν στυγεραῖσι δύαις
κατατρυχόμενον κείνων ὁ ψόφος
αἴρει, κἄμουσα νόσῳ κελαδεῖν
φαίνεται ἄλλως, ἣν μὴ θεόθεν
ψυχῆς θολερᾶς κρύφιόν τι λάβῃ
θάρσος νεαράν τε κράτους πηγήν,
κἄν τις ἀπείπῃ,
βαρέος θελκτήρια θυμοῦ.

C. S. J.

LXXXII

Prodit pulchra Chloe (fateor); non ipsa Dione
  surgit Apelleis pulchrior in tabulis.
cur maiore tamen tangit dulcedine pectus
  Cynthia, praeque aliis omnibus una placet?
scilicet illius referentia lumina caelum
  pictores nequeunt arte referre sua:
et quoties loquitur, discors sonat ipsa palumbis
  tam bona vox; adeo dulcius illa sonat.

Artists! Margaret's smile receive
And in canvas show it:
But for perfect worship leave
Dora to her poet.

CAMPBELL.

LXXXIII

There in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was and stern to view;
I knew him well and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes—for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings, when he frowned:
Yet he was kind; or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew—
'Twas certain he could write and cypher too:
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing too the parson owned his skill,
For even though vanquished, he could argue still:
While words of learnèd length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around—
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

GOLDSMITH.

i nunc, docte, Chloes risum mihi pinge tabella,
  perque notas similes arte manuque refer:
Cynthia sed sacro maneat veneranda poetae,
  Cynthia, ceu divam quam sine fine colam.

W. L.

LXXXIII

Ἔνθ' ὅ γε ἠχήεντ', εὐηγεσίης ἐὺ εἰδώς,
δώματα ναῖε γέρων παῖδάς τ' ὀλίγους ἐδίδασκεν,
αἰδοῖος νεμεσητός, ὅ τίς ἔθεν ἀντιάσειεν·
εὖ δέ ἑ ᾔδε' ἐγώ, ᾔδει δὲ καὶ ὅς κ' ἀλίτοιτο.
εὖ δὲ τοῦ ἦρι μάλ' ὄψιν ἀκήριοι εἰσορόωντες
ὄσσονθ', ὥς ῥα κάκ' ἦμαρ ἐπὶ σφίσι κήδεα πέσσοι·
εὖ δὲ μάλα γναθμοῖσι γελοίαον ἀλλοτρίοισιν,
εἴ τι γελοῖον ἔειπε· γελοῖα δ' ὅ γ' ἄσπετα ᾔδει.
ῥεῖ' αὖτ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα φάτις στρέφετ', ἧκα κιοῦσα,
ἀγγελίην ἐνέπουσα κακήν, ὅθ' ὑπόδρα ἴδοιτο·
ὅς γε μὲν ἤπιος ἔσκε, καὶ εἴ τι καὶ ἄγριον ἔρδοι,
αἴτιος ἦν οὐκ αὐτός, ἔρος δ' ἀρετῆς, ὃν ἔχεσκεν.
εὔχετο μὰν πᾶς δῆμος, ὅσον πραπίδεσσ' ἐκέκαστο,
ὡς πεμπάζετ' ἐπισταμένως καὶ σήματα ᾔδει
ἐν πίνακι γράψαι καὶ μετρήσασθαι ἀρούρας·
γνῶ δ' ὅ γε πᾶν τέκμωρ, ὅτ' ἀέξοιτο μέγα κῦμα,
μέτρα τ' ἐπίστατο κρύφθ'· ἡ γὰρ πέλε δήμοο φῆμις.
Ζηνὸς δ' ἱρεὺς ᾔδε', ὅ ῥ' οὐχ ἡμάρτανε μύθων,
νικηθεὶς γὰρ ὅ γ' αἰὲν ἔτι πλεόνεσσι ἔπεσσι
βάζεν· ἄμετρα δὲ πολλὰ καὶ οὐκ ἐπιδευέα ἠχῆς
ἐκ φρένας ἀγρομένων πεπλήγεσαν ἀγροιωτῶν.
ἐς δὲ ἴδον φωτὸς κεφαλήν, θάμβος δ' ἔχε πάντας,
ὡς τυτθή περ ἐοῦσα χάδεν τόσσον νόον ἔνδον.

T. L. A.

LXXXIV

K. Edw. Ah, Leicester, weigh how hardly I can brook
To lose my crown and kingdom without cause:
To give ambitious Mortimer my right,
That like a mountain overwhelms my bliss,
In which extremes my mind here murdered is.
But what the heavens appoint, I must obey!
Here, take my crown; the life of Edward too:
Two kings in England cannot reign at once.
But stay awhile, let me be king till night,
That I may gaze upon this glittering crown:
So shall my eyes receive their last content,
My head, the latest honour due to it,
And jointly both yield up their wishèd right.
Continue ever, thou celestial sun;
Let never silent night possess this clime:
Stand still, you watches of the element;
All times and seasons, rest you at a stay,
That Edward may be still fair England's king!
But day's bright beam doth vanish fast away,
And needs I must resign my wishèd crown.
Inhuman creatures! nursed with tiger's milk!
Why gape you for your sovereign's overthrow?
My diadem I mean, and guiltless life.
See, monsters, see, I'll wear my crown again!

MARLOWE.

LXXXIV

Σκόπει δὲ καὶ τόδ', ὠγάθ'· ἐκ θρόνων ἐμὲ
δεινὸν μέν ἐστιν ἐκπεσεῖν ἀναίτιον,
τὸ δ' ἐκπεσόντα Μορτιμῆρι τὴν ἐμὴν
ἀρχὴν προεῖναι, τοῦτό γ' ἀγχόνης πέλας.
τοιοῖσδέ τοι νῦν ἐν κακοῖς ἀμηχανῶ·
τὰ δ' ἐκ θεῶν ταχθέντα δεῖ στέργειν ὅμως.
ἴθ' οὖν φέρων μὲν βασιλέως χρυσοῦν γέρας,
φέρων δὲ βίοτον τοῦδε συνθανουμένου.
ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ ἔστιν ἐν πόλει μιᾷ δυοῖν
ἄρχειν, κλύοιμ' ἂν μέχρις εὐφρόνης ἄναξ
ὡς καλλιφεγγὲς εἰσίδω στέφους σέλας.
οὕτω γὰρ ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ὑστάτην χάριν
ἔχειν παρέσται, καὶ κάρᾳ τὸ λοίσθιον,
ὅσων προσήκει κοιράνῳ, γέρας λαβεῖν,
ἀμφοῖν δ' ἅμ' αὐτοῖν εἰκαθεῖν τῶν φιλτάτων.
ὦ λάμπε Φοίβου δῖον αἰανοῦς σέλας,
νυκτὸς σκοτεινῷ μήποτ' ἐκχώρει ζόφῳ·
φρούρας τε κυκλάδας τῆσδε γῆς ἀπεννέπω
ὥρας τε πάσας μηκέτ' ἐκτρέχειν δρόμους,
ὡς ἂν καλῶμαι τῆσδε γῆς ἄναξ ἔτι.
οἴμοι, τί ταῦτα φημί; πῶς γὰρ οὐ τάχα
τὸ λευκόπωλον ἦμαρ ἐξαφίσταται;
πῶς δ' οὐκ ἀνάγκη τῶνδέ μ' ἐκστῆναι θρόνων;
ὦ θηρὸς ὠμοῦ θρέμματ', οὐκ ἀνδρῶν ἄρα,
σκύμνοις λεαίνης σύντροφοι θηλαστρίας,
τί δῆτ' ἄνακτος ἀνατροπὴν ἀναιτίου
καραδοκεῖτε, σκῆπτρά τ' ἀποθανουμένου;
καὶ μὴν στέφος τόδ' αὖθις ἐνστήσω κάρᾳ.

J. A. W.

LXXXV

Birds in the high Hall-garden
  When twilight was falling,
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
  They were crying and calling.
Where was Maud? in our wood;
  And I, who else, was with her,
Gathering woodland lilies,
  Myriads blow together.
Birds in our wood sang
  Ringing thro' the valleys,
Maud is here, here, here
  In among the lilies.
I kiss'd her slender hand,
  She took the kiss sedately;
Maud is not seventeen,
  But she is tall and stately.
I to cry out on pride
  Who have won her favour!
O Maud were sure of heaven
  If lowliness could save her.
I know the way she went
  Home with her maiden posy,
For her feet have touch'd the meadows
  And left the daisies rosy.
Birds in the high Hall-garden
  Were crying and calling to her,
Where is Maud, Maud, Maud?
  One is come to woo her.
Look, a horse at the door,
  And little King Charley snarling,
Go back, my lord, across the moor,
  You are not her darling. TENNYSON.

LXXXV

Ὄρνεα τὰν κάπῳ φωνεῖ κελαδεῦντα Κορίνναν
ἠελίου δύνοντος ἐφ' ὑψηλοῖσι δόμοισιν·
ἄμμιγα δὴν θορυβεῦντα φίλαν ἐκάλεσσε Κορίνναν.
ἁ δὲ κόρα ποῖ φροῦδος ἀποίχεται; ᾤχετ' ἀν' ὕλαν,
σὺν δ' ἀνέβαν κἠγών· τίς κ' ἄλλος ὁμαρτήσειεν;
λείρια δ' ἐδρεπόμεσθα, τὰ μύρια θάλλει ἐν ὕλᾳ.
ἄλσος ἀν' ἁμέτερον πτανῶν χορὸς "ἠνίδε" κλάζει
"ἠνίδε," καὶ κελαδεῦντι κατ' ἄγκεα "τᾷδε Κορίννα·
τᾷδ' ἕρπει, καλά τ' ἀμφὶ καλοῖς ποσὶ λείρια θάλλει."
ἔνθα λαβὼν ἐφίλασ' ἁπαλὰν χέρα, καὶ τὸ φίλαμα
σεμνῶς οὐκ ἀπέωσ' ἁ παρθένος, ἅτις ἐφ' ἑπτὰ
οὔκω ἔχει δέκ' ἔτη, μεγάλᾳ δ' ἤϊκτο καλᾷ τε.
κῶς ἄρ' ἐγὼν κώραν νεικέσσομαι ὡς ὑπερόπταν,
ὅστις ἔκυρσα φίλαν ζητῶν χάριν; ἁ δὲ Κορίννα,
αἰδοῦς εἰ γέρας ἔστιν, ἐν ἀθανάτοις μέρος ἕξει.
παρθένος οἴκαδ' ἔβα στεφάνως ἐνὶ χερσὶ φέροισα·
τὰν δ' ὁδὸν ἰχνεύειν οὐ δυσχερές, ὡς ποσὶν ἀγροὺς
ἀβροτάτοις ψαύσασ' ὄπιθεν κρίνα θῆκεν ἐρυθρά.
ἐν κάπῳ σκιόεντι παρ' ὑψηλοῖσι δόμοισιν
τὤρνε' ὁμοῦ κελαδεῦντι "καλὰ πόθι παρθένος ἔπτη;
ἦνθε κατὰ μνηστύν τις ἀνὴρ ξένος ἠδ' ὀαριστύν."
ἵππος, ἰδού, τις ἔπεστι θύραις παρὰ δώματος οὐδῷ,
ἁ δὲ κύων ὑλάει, "πάλιν, ὠγαθέ, κάμπτε καθ' ὕλαν,
ὠγαθέ, κάμπτε πάλιν· τεῦ φίλτερον εὗρε Κορίννα."

W. H.

LXXXVI

What tho' no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?
What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be drest,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While Angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground, now sacred by thy reliques made.
So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

POPE.

LXXXVII

Sing to Apollo, god of day,
Whose golden beams with morning play,
And make her eyes so brightly shine,
Aurora's face is called divine.
Sing to Phoebus and that throne
Of diamonds which he sits upon,
Io Paeans let us sing
To Physic and to Poesy's king.
Crown all his altars with bright fire,
Laurels bind about his lyre,

LXXXVI

Quid si nullus Amor decorat tibi flebilis urnam
  nec simulant vultus marmora trita tuos,
invida nec iusto donat Libitina cubili,
  mussat et ad bustum praefica nulla tuum?
at tibi sub multo consurget flore sepulcrum,
  et leviter viridi caespite terra premet;
at lux orta dabit lacrimas quae prima recentes,
  sertaque florebunt nulla priora tuis;
at Dryades niveo nectentes brachia coetu
  defendent cineri rura sacrata tuo.
tanta quies sopit tacitam cippoque carentem
  quam decor ornarat, gloria, nomen, opes,
quantus amor fuerat, quam nil tibi restat honorum!
  nec refert tulerint quae loca, quive parens;
pulvis es exiguus, superest nihil amplius: esto:
  nec reges ipsos mors sinet esse diu.

T. H. W.

LXXXVII

Σμινθέα φαυσίμβροτον ἄρχετ᾽ ὕμνην,
χρυσιᾶν αὐγᾶν ὃς ἀθύρματ᾽ Αὖοι
συμβάλων λάμπρον φάος ὀππάτεσσι
κακχέει αὖτας·
ὦπα γῶν θεία κλέεται. φέρ᾽ ὕμνον
ἄξιον Φοίβῳ μελίσωμεν, ὅς τε
ἰζάνει θρόνοις ἀδαμαντίνοις, ἰ-
ήϊε Παίαν,
φαρμάκων Μοισᾶν τε ἄνακτι πασᾶν.
πῦρ δὲ δηῦτ᾽ ἀέρρετε βῶμον ἀμφί·
δήσατ᾽ ὦ δάφναισι λύραν, μίτραν τε
πέρθετε χαίτᾳ

A Daphnean coronet for his head;
The Muses dance about his bed,
When on his ravishing lute he plays.
Strew his temple round with bays.
  Io Paeans let us sing
  To the glittering Delian King.

LYLY.

LXXXVIII

Go, for they call you, shepherd, from the hill!
  Go, shepherd, and untie the wattled cotes!
    No longer leave thy wistful flock unfed,
  Nor let thy bawling fellows rack their throats.
    Nor the cropped grasses shoot another head!
      But when the fields are still,
  And the tired men and dogs all gone to rest,
    And only the white sheep are sometimes seen
    Cross and recross the strips of moon-blanched green.
  Come, shepherd, and again begin the quest!

Here, where the reaper was at work of late—
  In this high field's dark corner, where he leaves
    His coat, his basket, and his earthen cruse,
  And in the sun all morning binds the sheaves,
    Then here, at noon, comes back his stores to use—
      Here will I sit and wait,
  While to my ear from uplands far away
    The bleating of the folded flocks is borne,
    With distant cries of reapers in the corn—
  All the live murmur of a summer's day.

M. ARNOLD.

δαφνίναν. Μοῖσαι λέχεος θέοιο
πλάσιον δίνεισ', ὅτα δὴ πτοᾶσαι
κῆνος ἰμέρρει λιγύραισι χόρδαις
πάντος ἀκούας.
πύκνα μὰν ὔσδοις στορέσαιτε δάφνας
πέρ βάθρῳ ναύω μέλος ἀμπόλευτες,
τυῖδ' ἴη Παίαν, ὀ μέδεις τὺ Δάλω
πέρροχος αἴγλαις.

L. D. D.

LXXXVIII

Iam, pastor, discede; iugo clamatur ab alto:
vimineas cratis exsolve, i pastor, ovilis;
nec cessa gregibus ferre exspectantibus escam,
nec pueri tibi rauca boando guttura rumpant,
teque morante novam pastum summiserit herbam
gramen. agros requies cum vespertina tenebit
(dormitum fessique homines abiere canesque,
rarior errat ovis candenti vellere siqua
luna solo viridis radiis disterminat umbras)
tum mihi, pastor, ades: curam renovemus oportet.
est locus, umbrosos praebent educta recessus
arva, opus aestivum messor qua nuper agebat;
hic corbem, his pallam latebris, hic fictile ponit:
matutinus enim cererem subnectit apricam
impiger, at medio tardus iam sole repostis
hic dapibus fruitur: meque exspectare sedentem
hic iuvat; est audire greges et ovilia saeptis
abdita, per clivosque redit balatus in auris,
clamoresque sonant procul hinc sata laeta metentum.
seu quid feta vagi suspirat murmuris aestas.

J. S. P.

LXXXIX

Me an' thy muther, Sammy, 'as beän a-talkin' o' thee:
Thou 's beän talkin' to muther. an' she beän a tellin' it me.
Thou 'll not marry for munny—thou 's sweet upo' parson's lass—
Noä—thou 'll marry for luvv—an' we boäth on us thinks tha an ass.
Seeä 'd her todaäy goä by—Saäint's-daäy—they was ringing the bells.
She 's a beauty thou thinks—an' soä is scoors o' gells.
Them as 'as munny an' all—wot 's beauty?—the flower as blaws.
But proputty, proputty sticks, an' proputty, proputty graws.
Do'ant be stunt: taäke time: I knaws what maäkes tha sa mad.
Warn't I craäzed fur the lasses mysén when I wur a lad?
But I knaw'd a Quaäker feller as often 'as towd ma this:
'Doänt thou marry for munny, but goä wheer munny is!'
An' I went wheer munny war: an' thy muther coom to 'and,
Wi' lots o' munny laaïd by, an' a nicetish bit o' land.
Maäybe she warn't a beauty:—I niver giv it a thowt—
But warn't she as good to cuddle an' kiss as a lass as 'ant nowt?
Luvv? what 's luvv? thou can luvv thy lass an' 'er munny too,
Maakin' 'em goä togither as they 've good right to do.
Could'n I luvv thy muther by cause o' 'er munny laaïd by?
Naäy—fur I luvv'd 'er a vast sight moor fur it: reäson why.

LXXXIX

Οἶον ἀρτίως ἀκούσας, Γρύλλε, τῆς μητρὸς λόγον
μανθάνω· σὺ μὲν γὰρ αὐτῇ πάντ' ἔλεξας, ἡ δ' ἐμοί.
χρημάτων γυναῖκ' ἄρ' οὕνεκ' οὐ σύ γ' ἄξεσθαι δοκεῖς,
ἀλλ' ἐρῶν ἐρῶσαν, ὠνόητε, τὴν τοῦ γείτονος,
τὴν ἐφ' ἱερὰ δὴ θέουσαν, τὴν μόνην ὄντως καλήν;
μυρίας μὲν οὖν ἂν εὑρὼν ἴσθι καὶ τῶν πλουσίων.
βραχὺ τὸ κάλλος, ὥσπερ ἄνθος· ἀπομαραίνεται γὰρ οὖν·
μόνιμα δ' αὖ τὰ χρήματ' ἐστὶ κἀπέδωκεν ἐς πλέον.
μὴ σύ γ' αὐθάδης γένῃ μηδ' ἰταμός· ἦ πολλὰς ἐγώ,
νέος ὅτ' ἦ, ξύνοιδ' ἐμαυτῷ μείρακας θεωμένῳ·
ἦν δὲ Σωκράτους μαθητής, ὃς παρῄνει μοι τάδε,
μή τι τοῦ πλούτου χάριν γυναῖκα, πλουσίαν δ' ἄγου.
ταῦτ' ἐγὼ πεισθεὶς ὅπως ἐπέτυχον ᾗ ξύνειμ' ἔτι
γῄδιον καὶ βοῦς ἐχούσῃ καί τι χρυσίου γε πρός,
πῶς ἔχοι κάλλους ἐμοὶ μὲν οὐκέτ' εἰσῄει σκοπεῖν,
καταφιλῶν δ' ἔχαιρον ὡς ἂν μηδὲ γρῦ κεκτημένην.
ἀλλ' ἐρᾷς· ἀλλ' ἔστιν, ὦ μέλ', ἅμα κόρης καὶ χρημάτων,
καὶ δικαία δὴ ξυνᾴδειν ἥ γυνή θ' ἥ τ' οὐσία·
οἶδα γοῦν ἔγωγε τερφθεὶς νὴ Δί' ἐπίκληρον λαβὼν
οὐδὲν ἧττον ἀλλὰ μᾶλλον πῶς δοκεῖς ποτ' εἰκότως.

Ay an' thy muther says thou wants to marry the lass,
Cooms of a gentleman burn: an' we boäth on us thinks
tha an ass.
Proputty, proputty 's ivrything 'ere, an', Sammy, I'm blest
If it isn't the saäme oop yonder, fur them as 'as it 's
the best.
Tis'n them as 'as munny as breäks into 'ouses an' steäls,
Them as 'as coäts to their backs an' taäkes their regular
meäls.
Noä, but it 's them as niver knaws wheer a meäl 's to be 'ad.
Taäke my word for it, Sammy, the poor in a loomp
is bad.
Them or thir feythers, tha sees, mun 'a beän a laäzy lot,
For work mun 'a gone to the gittin' whiniver munny
was got.
Feyther 'ad ammost nowt; leästways 'is munny was 'id.
But 'e tued an' moil'd 'issén deäd, an 'e died a good
un, 'e did.
Loook thou theer wheer Wrigglesby beck cooms out by
the 'ill!
Feyther run oop to the farm, an' I runs oop to the mill;
An' I 'll run oop to the brig, an' that thou 'll live to see;
And if thou marries a good un I 'll leäve the land to
thee.
Thim 's my noätions, Sammy, wheerby I means to stick;
But if thou marries a bad un, I 'll leäve the land to Dick.

TENNYSON.

νῦν δέ σ' ἡ μήτηρ ἐκείνην μῶρον ὄντα τὴν κόρην
φησὶ βούλεσθαι γαμεῖν τὴν εὐγενοῦς δῆθεν πατρός,
χρημάτων δ' ἀμνημονεῖν, οἷς πάντα πως ἡμῖν ἔνι
ζῶσιν ἀποθανοῦσί τ', οἶμαι· καὶ γὰρ ἀρετὴ πάρα.
πῶς γὰρ ἂν κλέπτοι τις ἢ τοιχωρυχοίη πλούσιος,
χλαῖναν ἀναβεβλημένος καὶ τρὶς φαγὼν τῆς ἡμέρας;
ταῦθ' ἁμαρτάνουσ' ἑκάστοθ' ἀποροῦντες ἀλφίτων,
τοὺς δέ τοι πένητας ἴσθ' ὡς εἰσὶ σύμπαντες κακοί.
ἀργὸς ἡ φύσις γὰρ αὐτοῖς ἢ πατράσι τὸ πρόσθ', ἐπεὶ
κτώμεθ' ἄνθρωποι τὰ χρήματ' οὐκ ἄνευ πολλοῦ πόνου.
εἶχε γοῦν πατήρ ποθ' οὑμὸς οὐδὲν ἢ 'δόκει γ' ἔχειν,
διαπονῶν δὲ καὶ μεριμνῶν εὖ 'τελεύτησ' οἶδ' ὅτι·
τὴν μὲν οἰκίαν ἐκεῖνος, εἶτ' ἐγὼ 'πεκτησάμην
τὸν μυλῶν', αὐτὸς δ' ἐπόψει μ' αὖθις ἐξικνούμενον
οὗπερ ἔστιν ἡ γέφυρα καὶ μάλ' ἐγγὺς τοῦ λόφου.
εἰ μὲν οὖν γάμον γαμεῖς τιν' ἀγαθόν· εἰ δὲ μή, Κόνων
τἀμὰ λήψετ' ἀποθανόντος· τὴν ἐμὴν γνώμην ἔχεις.

H. R.

XC

O lady, leave thy silken thread
  And flowery tapestrie;
There's living roses on the bush,
  And blossoms on the tree:
Stoop where thou wilt, thy careless hand
  Some random bud will meet;
Thou canst not tread, but thou wilt find
  The daisy at thy feet.

'Tis like the birthday of the world,
  When earth was born in bloom;
The light is made of many dyes,
  The air is all perfume;
There's crimson buds, and white and blue —
  The very rainbow showers
Have turn'd to blossoms where they fell,
  And sown the earth with flowers.

There's fairy tulips in the east,
  The garden of the sun;
The very streams reflect the hues,
  And blossoms as they run:
While Morn opes like a crimson rose,
  Still wet with pearly showers;
Then, lady, leave the silken thread
  Thou twinest into flowers!

HOOD.

XC

Tu fuge purpureos imitantia fila colores,
  et quae mentito flore tapeta nitent:
hic tibi serta rosis spirantia suggerit hortus,
  hic ramus vero flore, puella, rubet.
i quocunque velis, vacuam modo porrige dextram,
  flos nec opinanti clauditur ipse manu:
i quocunque velis, vestigia pone per herbas,
  en tibi sub pedibus bellis amata micat.
hi, mihi crede, dies mundo nascente nitebant,
  haec novitas primi florea veris erat.
mille indistinctis lux ipsa coloribus ardet,
  Panchaeos referet quaelibet aura notos.
puniceasque rosas et caeruleos hyacinthos
  candidaque imbre madens lilia fudit humus:
irin cum pluvia lapsam labente per auras
  luce colorata rura rigasse putes.
quin et in Eoo fulgent nova lilia caelo;
  hortum solis ibi vivaque serta vides:
ipsa trahunt croceam currentia flumina lucem;
  dum fugiunt Phoebus flore coronat aquas;
suspice tu, virgo; portas Aurora rubentis
  pandit rore madens ut rosa vere sinum:
a, fugias tales imitantia fila colores,
  mentitis fugias nectere serta rosis.

E. C. W.

XCI

Go!—thou art all unfit to share
  The pleasures of this place
With such as its old tenants are,
  Creatures of gentler race.
The squirrel here his hoard provides,
  Aware of wintry storms;
And woodpeckers explore the sides
  Of rugged oaks for worms.
The sheep here smoothes the knotted thorn
  With frictions of her fleece;
And here I wander eve and morn,
  Like her, a friend to peace.
Ah!—I could pity the exiled
  From this secure retreat;—
I would not lose it to be styled
  The happiest of the great.
But thou canst taste no calm delight;
  Thy pleasure is to show
Thy magnanimity in fight,
  Thy prowess,—therefore, go!
I care not whether east or north,
  So I no more may find thee;
The angry Muse thus sings thee forth,
  And claps the gate behind thee.

COWPER.

XCI

I ;—nec enim vallem sedesque habitare quietas
dignus es, aut placido ruris honore frui.:
scilicet hos imbelle genus, neque litibus aptum.
obtinet antiquo iure fovetque locos.
hic nemorum cultor sibi mus quaesita reponit
providus, hibernas anticipatque vices;
hic rigidae quercus explorat robora picus,
pabulaque in duro cortice nota petit;
hic ovis attritum, dum se fricat arbore, truncum
saepe facit levem qui prius asper erat:
hic et ovis inter noctu vagor ipse dieque;
pacis amans ovis est, pacis amicus ego.
a miser, hospitiis abeas qui talibus exsul!
paene movet lacrimas sors tua, taure, meas:
non ego Tiburno mutem villaque Sabina
Caesareum nomen Caesareasque domos.
at tibi mens alia est: sordent tibi dona quietis
otiaque et si quid pax habet alma boni;
nec nisi magnanimus gaudes victorque vocari
Martius: haec igitur sors tibi restat;—abi.
nil ego curabo, mihi dum non rursus oberres,
seu Boreae venias limine, sive Noti:
haec tibi cantat ovans abeunti Musa, forisque
concutit irata post tua terga manu.

J. A. G.

XCII

Oh Friendship, cordial of the human breast!
So little felt, so fervently professed!
Thy blossoms deck our unsuspecting years:
The promise of delicious fruit appears:
But soon, alas, we find the rash mistake
That sanguine inexperience loves to make,
And view with tears the expected harvest lost,
Decayed by time or withered by a frost.
Whoever undertakes a friend's great part
Should be renewed in nature, pure in heart,
Prepared for martyrdom, and strong to prove
A thousand ways the force of genuine love.
He may be called to give up health and gain,
To exchange content for trouble, ease for pain,
To echo sigh for sigh, and groan for groan,
And wet his cheeks with sorrows not his own.
The heart of man, for such a task too frail,
When most relied on, is most sure to fail;
And, summoned to partake its fellow's woe,
Starts from its office, like a broken bow.

COWPER.

XCIII

Hymn to Indra

God of the varied bow,
God of the thousand eyes,
From all the winds that blow,
Thy praises rise.

XCII

Mutua quae mentis concordia iungis amicas,
rarius heu vivax quam simulata fides,
quam venturarum ridet dulcedine frugum
quo rudis et simplex flore iuventa nitet!
mox tamen expertis fletur temerarius error
credula quem nimium spes iuvenilis amat:
quas sperabamus messis lacrimamus ademptas.
tempore vel saevo cum periere gelu.
ne quis enim magnas partis sibi sumere amici.
sanctus et integro sit nisi corde, velit:
ne fugiat mortem: quascumque docere per artis
possit quo valeat robore verus amor.
otia nam duro forsan mutare labore
debeat et morbos pauperiemque pati:
partiri possit luctum lugentis amici:
ad lacrimas lacrimet: cum gemit ille, gemat.
fluxae hominum vires: minime, cum maxima poscis,
rebus in adversis est valitura fides:
arcus et ut fractus, socium si luctus amici
quaerit, speratam ferre recusat opem.

A. D. G.

XCIII

Dive, quem picto veneramur arcu,
mille cui fulgent oculi, tuarum
nulla non toto volat aura caelo
conscia laudum.

Forth through the world they go,
Hymning to all below,
Thee, whom the blest shall know,
    Lord of the skies!

Rending the hostile town,
Smiting the godless hosts;
Hurling the demons down
    To the drear coasts.
Still with thy lightning frown
Winning thee wide renown,
Till the wild waters drown
    All their proud boasts.

FROM THE SANSKRIT.

XCIV

Menoeceus, thou hast eyes, and I can hear
Too plainly what full tides of onset sap
Our seven high gates, and what a weight of war
Rides on those ringing axles! jingle of bits,
Shouts, arrows, tramp of the hornfooted horse
That grind the glebe to powder! Stony showers
Of that ear-stunning hail of Ares crash
Along the sounding walls. Above, below,
Shock after shock, the song-built towers and gates
Reel, bruised and butted with the shuddering
War-thunder of iron-rams; and from within
The city comes a murmur void of joy,
Lest she be taken captive—maidens, wives,
And mothers with their babblers of the dawn,
And oldest age in shadow from the night,
Falling about their shrines before their Gods,
And wailing 'Save us.'

TENNYSON.

quae per inmensas, vaga turba, terras
subditis mundo recinunt frequentes
voce te divum: tua fas beatis
ora tueri.
tu potes muros hominum inpiorum
scindere et turmas retinere dextra:
tu premis Titanas ovansque tristis
mittis in oras.
fronte divinos iaculatus ignis
porrigis late decus atque nomen,
vim superborum truculenta donec
obruat unda.

R. E.

XCIV

Tu capies oculis, capimus nos aure, Menoeceu,
quam multo assultu portarum ingentia septem
claustra labent, quanta resonis Mars mole vehatur
axibus. at neque iam frenis tinnitus aenus
nec cessat clamorve viris stridorve sagittis,
cornipedumve putrem quatiens silet ungula campum.
assidua strepitant saxorum grandine muri:
hic supra turres, hic structae carmine portae,
vulneribus titubant geminatisque ictibus horrent,
ariete ferrato Mars ut tonat. accipe voces
quas urbs intus agat, quam non laetabile murmur
vincula praemetuens cieat. nuptaeque puellaeque
et matres, et qui dulcis modo lumina vitae,
balba cohors, sortiti, et quos extrema senectus
nocte umbrat, prostrati adytis per limina passim
sollicitant planctu divos poscuntque salutem.

F. DE P.

XCV

But she, 'midst fear, beheld his kind grey eyes,
And then, as hope came glimmering through her dread,
In a weak voice he scarce could hear she said:
O Death, if thou hast risen from the sea,
Sent by the gods to end this misery,
I thank them that thou comest in this form;
Who rather thought to see a hideous worm
Come trailing up the sands from out the deep,
Or suddenly swing over from the steep
To lap me in his folds, and bone by bone
Crush all my body: come then, with no moan
Will I make ready now to leave the light.
But yet thy face is wonderful and bright.
Art thou a god? Ah, then be kind to me.
Is there no valley far off from the sea,
Where I may live alone, afar from strife,
Nor anger any god with my poor life?
Or do the gods delight in misery,
And art thou come to mock me ere I die?

W. MORRIS.

XCV

Κείνη δὲ τρομεροῖς ὄμματ᾽ ὄμμασιν τότε
βλέπουσα τἀνδρός, πρᾷον ὡς παρόνθ᾽ ὁρᾷ,
ὑπέφαινεν ἤδη θάρσος ἐκ φόβου πάλιν,
φωνῇ δ᾽ ἀραιᾷ ῥήματ᾽ ἐξαυδᾷ τάδε·
εἰ δή συ, θάνατε, τῇ θεῶν πομπῇ πάρει
ἐκ τῆς θαλάσσης τἀμὰ καταπαύσων κακά,
ὁθούνεχ᾽ ἥκεις τηλικοῦτος ὢν ἰδεῖν,
ἐπῄνεσ᾽, ᾗ ταρβοῦσα μᾶλλον ᾠόμην
δεινοῦ τι δυσθέατον ἑρπετοῦ στύγος
ἐφερπύσαι μ᾽ ἄν, ἢ παρακτίων ἀπὸ
ψάμμων ἀνελθόν, ἢ 'κ πετρῶν κατηρεφῶν
σπείρας καθεῖναι, καὶ βάδην εἱλιγμένα
αὐτοῖσιν ὀστοῖς ἄρθρα συντρῖψαι τάδε.
σὺ δ᾽ οὖν πρόσελθε, καὶ γὰρ εὐτρεπὴς ἐγὼ
ψυχὴν μεθεῖναι, μηδ᾽ ἔτ᾽ εἰσορᾶν φάος.
καὶ μὴν πρέπεις γὰρ φαιδρὸς ὡς ἀπ᾽ ὀμμάτων
θεὸν κικλήσκω σ᾽, εὐμενὴς δ᾽ ἡμῖν γενοῦ.
ἆρ᾽ οὖν μυχοῦ τύχοιμ᾽ ἂν ἐκτόπου τινός,
ὅπου τὸ λοιπὸν οἰοβουκόλος βίον
ἄγοιμι μηδέν᾽ ἀγριοῦσα δαιμόνων;
ἢ καὶ θεοὶ χαίρουσιν ἐν βροτῶν κακοῖς,
γελῶν δὲ καὶ σὺ τῇ θανουμένῃ πάρει;

J. Y. S.

XCVI

Set where the upper streams of Simois flow
Was the Palladium, high 'mid rock and wood;
And Hector was in Ilium, far below,
And fought, and saw it not,—but there it stood!
It stood, and sun and moonshine rained their light
On the pure columns of its glen-built hall,
Backward and forward rolled the waves of fight
Round Troy—but while this stood, Troy could not fall.
So, in its lovely moonlight, lives the soul.
Mountains surround it, and sweet virgin air;
Cold, plashing past it, crystal waters roll;
We visit it by moments, ah, too rare!
We shall renew the battle on the plain
To-morrow:—red with blood will Xanthus be;
Hector and Ajax will be there again,
Helen will come upon the walls to see.
Still doth the soul from its lone fastness high
Upon our life a ruling effluence send;
And when it fails, fight as we will, we die;
And while it lasts, we cannot wholly end.

M. ARNOLD.

XCVII

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
Yet not for power—power of itself
Would come uncalled for—but to live by law.
Acting the law we live by, without fear:
And because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom, in the scorn of consequence.

TENNYSON.

XCVI

Saltibus in mediis, fontis Simoentis ad ipsos,
  Palladium sacra stabat in arce deae;
proelia dum miscet Troiae sub moenibus Hector,
  nec sibi tam praesens numen adesse videt.
numen adest; altam sanctis in vallibus aedem
  lumina iam lunae, iam tua, Phoebe, rigant;
hinc illinc, velut unda, ruunt certamina belli;
  urbs intacta manet, dum dea praeses adest.
sic sua cuique anima est praeses dea, montibus illa
  cincta suis fruitur liberiore polo;
sunt gelidi circum, sunt multo murmure fontes,
  nos adyta, a, raro visimus illa pede.
cras iterum campos bello fervere videbis,
  purpureas Xanthus sanguine tinget aquas;
iamque Aiax iterum, iam proelia conseret Hector,
  Tyndaris et muros rursus, ut ante, petet.
ast anima ex adyto qua se sola abdidit alto
  nostra tamen proprio numine facta regit;
quo duce non omnes ex parte peribimus omni,
  sin absit, dextra nulla valente salus.

E. A.

XCVII

Καὶ μὴν τό θ' αὑτοῦ σεμνὸν ἡγεῖσθαι δέμας,
γνῶναί θ' ἑαυτόν, καὶ τὸ σωφρονεῖν τρίτον,
βροτοῖς τὰ κύρι' ἐστὶ τοῦ κρατεῖν μόνα.
ἀλλ' ἡ γὰρ ἰσχὺς αὐτεπάγγελτος φιλεῖ
τούτοις ἐπελθεῖν, οὐχὶ τοῦ κρατεῖν χάριν
ἀσκεῖν τάδ' ἡμᾶς, ἀλλὰ τὰν βίῳ χρεὼν
νόμιμα σέβειν ἔργοισι, δειμάτων ἄτερ·
δίκην δ' ἄν, οὕνεκ' ἦν δίκη, τῶν γ' ἐμφρόνων
σπεύδειν ἂν εἴη, μηδὲ συμβάντων μέλειν.

D. B. M.

XCVIII

Μεσονυκτίοις ποτ' ὥραις,
στρέφεται ὅτ' ἄρκτος ἤδη
κατὰ χεῖρα τὴν Βοώτου,
μερόπων δὲ φῦλα πάντα
κέαται κόπῳ δαμέντα,
τότ' Ἔρως ἐπισταθείς μευ
θυρέων ἔκοπτ' ὀχῆας.
"Τίς" ἔφην "θύρας ἀράσσει;
κατά μευ σχίζεις ὀνείρους."
ὁ δ' Ἔρως "ἄνοιγε" φησίν,
"βρέφος εἰμί, μὴ φόβησαι·
βρέχομαι δὲ κἀσέληνον
κατὰ νύκτα πεπλάνημαι."
ἐλέησα ταῦτ' ἀκούσας,
ἀνὰ δ' εὐθὺ λύχνον ἅψας,
ἀνέῳξα καὶ βρέφος μὲν
ἐσορῶ φέροντα τόξον
πτέρυγάς τε καὶ φαρέτρην.
παρὰ δ' ἱστίην καθῖσα,
παλάμαις τε χεῖρας αὐτοῦ
ἀνέθαλπον, ἐκ δὲ χαίτης
ἀπέθλιβον ὑγρὸν ὕδωρ.
ὁ δ', ἐπεὶ κρύος μεθῆκεν,
"φέρε" φησὶ "πειράσωμεν
τόδε τόξον, εἴ τι μοι νῦν
βλάβεται βραχεῖσα νευρή."
τανύει δὲ καί με τύπτει
μέσον ἧπαρ, ὥσπερ οἶστρος·
ἀνὰ δ' ἅλλεται καχάζων,
"ξένε δ'" εἶπε "συγχάρηθι·
κέρας ἀβλαβὲς μέν ἐστιν,
σὺ δὲ καρδίην πονήσεις." ANACREON.

XCVIII

Nox erat: obliquus convertere plaustra Bootes
  coeperat, impellens Arcton utramque manu;
tempore quo fessae nimio cessere labori
  terrigenum gentes quotquot ubique iacent.
en! Amor ante foris subitus consistit, et urget
  improbus oppositam voce manuque seram.
huic ego: 'quisquis ades, iam parce: quid ostia pulsas?
  somnia, si nescis, nostra, moleste, fugas.'
flebilis ille: 'times? aperi modo: sum puer,' inquit:
  'luna latet: subito devius imbre rigor.'
talia plorantis miseret: mora nulla, resurgo;
  ianuaque accensa lampade laxa patet.
ecce pusillus adest, calamis instructus et arcu:
  penna premit tergum: pone pharetra sonat.
inde foco manibusque manus refovere dolenti
  cura fuit, madidas excutioque comas.
frigore mox pulso: 'modo ne mihi laeserit arcum
  imber! et en nervum tendere coner,' ait.
cornibus adductis steterat, pariterque sagitta
  oestrus uti medium per iecur acta volat.
exsilit, et plaudens sibi 'plaudere parcis, amice?'
  'hunc teneo salvum: laesus at ipse gemes.'

R. L. A. DU P.

XCIX

Life is a city with many a street:
Death is the market where all men meet:
If life were a thing which gold could buy,
The poor could not live and the rich would not die.

C

And Phaethon they found, or what seem'd he.
Low lying in the reeds, a charr'd black mass.
Furrow'd with trenchant fire from head to foot.
Whom yet with reverent hands they lifted up
And bare him to the bank, and wash'd the limbs
In vain: and, for the burnt shreds clinging to him.
Robed the cold form in raiment shining white.
Then on the river-marge they scoop'd a grave
And laid him in the dank earth far apart,
Near to none else; for so the dead are laid
Whom Zeus, the Thunderer, hath cut off by fire.
And on the tomb they pour'd forth wine and oil.
Nor fail'd they to record in distich due
How from a kingly venture kingly fall
Resulted, and a higher than human fame.

P. S. WORSLEY.

XCIX

Πόλις μὲν ὁ βίος, ἐν δ' ἀμαξιτοὺς ἔχει
συχνάς· φέρουσι δ' ἐς ἀγορὰν κοινὴν μόρου.
εἰ δ' ἦν πριαμένοις φῶς ὁρᾶν, οὔτ' ἂν πένης
ἔζη ποτ' οὐδείς, οὔτ' ἔθνῃσχ' ὁ πλούσιος.

L. C.

C

Φαέθων δ' ἄρ' αὐτός, τοῦ πρὶν εἴδωλον μὲν οὖν,
μέσοις δόναξιν εὑρέθη χαμαιπετής,
ἄνω κάτω τε πᾶς διανταίῳ βέλει
ἤδη μελανθεὶς καὶ κατηνθρακώμενος.
ὅμως δ' ἐς ὄχθην χερσὶν αἰδοίαις δέμας
ἐβάστασαν, λουτροῖσι δ' ἥγνισαν μάτην.
καὶ ψυχρὰ παλλευκοισιν ἤμπισχον μέλη
στολαῖσιν, ἀνθ' ὧν ἀμφιβάλλεται ῥακῶν.
κάπετον δὲ ῥείθρου πλησίον παρακτίου
κοίλην κατασκάπτουσιν, ὑδρηλῇ τε γῇ
πόρρωθεν ἐγκρύπτουσι, τῶν ἄλλων δίχα
νέκυν μονόζυγ'· ὧδε γὰρ θάπτειν νόμος
ὅσους ἀνεῖλε Ζεὺς κεραύνιος φλογί·
σπένδουσι δ' οἴνου δῶρα κἀπιτυμβίους
χοὰς ἐλαίου· κοὐκ ἀφίστανται τὸ μὴ οὐ
ἔπεσι πρέπουσιν ἐγγράφειν ὁθούνεκα
τύραννα τολμῶν λαγχάνει τυραννικὸν
πέσημα, μεῖζον δ' ἢ κατ' ἄνθρωπον κλέος.

P. ST. J. T.

CI

Out upon it, I have loved
  Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more
  If it prove fair weather.
Time shall moult away his wings,
  Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
  Such a constant lover.
But the spite on 't is, no praise
  Is due at all to me:
Love with me had made no stays,
  Had it any been but she;
Had it any been but me
  And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
  A dozen in her place.

SUCKLING.

CII

Let those who are in favour with their stars
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars.
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
  Then happy I, that love and am belov'd,
  Where I may not remove nor be remov'd.

SHAKESPEARE.

CI

Continuos unam, credat qui possit, amavi,
  tres iam continuos, tres sine fine dies.
quid? puto, tres alios idem constanter amabo
  si feret antennas aura secunda meas.
nam prius exactis decurrent mensibus anni,
  tempus humi penna deficiente cadet;
quam per terrarum totum constantior orbem
  tamve tenax voti comperiatur amans.
at, sic fata mihi sese ostendere maligna,
  nil ex re potui ducere laudis ego.
non cuperet mecum longe remanere Cupido,
  ni modo, quae tetigit pectora, Pyrrha foret;
ni modo Pyrrha foret, ni Pyrrhae forma venustae
  me caperet, nullis effugienda modis;
altera ab undecima (numerum hunc augere licebat)
  in Pyrrhae potuit iam subiisse locum.

C. H. ST. L. R.

CII

Ingentis iactet titulos atque urbis honores,
  cui natalicium sidus et hora favet.
me potius, fastus istos cui fata negarunt,
  id quod praecipuo dignor honore iuvat.
deliciae qui sunt regum, ceu caltha, colores
  oppandunt domini solis ad ora sui,
nubila sit facies, illorum gloria fluxit,
  aureaque in sese forma sepulta iacet.
strenuus et miles felicia notus ob arma,
  si totiens victor vincitur ipse semel,
raditur e fastis omnino nomen honestis,
  omniaque assiduo gesta labore cadunt.
o ego quam videor felix, immobile pectus
  pectoris immoti semper amantis amans.

A. T. B.

CIII

Soon the assembly, in a circle ranged,
Stood silent round the shrine: each look was changed
To sudden veneration: women meek
Beckon'd their sons to silence; while each cheek
Of virgin bloom paled gently for slight fear.
Endymion too, without a forest peer,
Stood, wan, and pale, and with an awed face,
Among his brothers of the mountain chase.
In midst of all, the venerable priest
Eyed them with joy from greatest to the least,
And, after lifting up his aged hands,
Thus spake he: 'Men of Latmos! shepherd bands!
Whose care it is to guard a thousand flocks:
Whether descended from beneath the rocks
That overtop your mountains; whether come
From valleys where the pipe is never dumb;
Or from your swelling downs, where sweet air stirs
Blue hare-bells lightly, and where prickly furze
Buds lavish gold; or ye, whose precious charge
Nibble their fill at ocean's very marge,
Whose mellow reeds are touch'd with sounds forlorn
By the dim echoes of old Triton's horn:
Mothers and wives! who day by day prepare
The scrip, with needments, for the mountain air:
And all ye gentle girls who foster up
Udderless lambs, and in a little cup
Will put choice honey for a favour'd youth:
Yea, every one attend! for in good truth
Our vows are wanting to our great god Pan.

CIII

Βωμῷ μὲν ἤδη πάντες ἐν κύκλῳ πέριξ
σίγῃ παρίσταντ', ὄμμα δ' ἠλλοιωμένους
σέβας κατέσχ' ἔμπαιον· ἐν δὲ μητέρες
σιγᾶν τέκνοις ἔνευσαν, αἱ δὲ παρθένοι
ἤμειψαν ἄνθος χρωτός, ὡς φοβούμεναι·
χὠ τῶν καθ' ὕλην πρῶτ' ἀριστεύσας μακρῷ
αἰδοῖος ἵστατ' Ἐνδυμίων ὠχρός τ' ἰδεῖν,
τῶν ξυγκυναγῶν δῆλος ἐν πανηγύρει.
ἱερεὺς δ' ὁ πρέσβυς ἐν μέσῳ σταθεὶς κύκλῳ
χαίρων ἐσαθρεῖ πάντας, οὔ τίς ἐσθ' ὃν οὐ,
λέγει δὲ χειρῶν ὑπτιασθεισῶν τάδε·
ὦ Λάτμιον γέννημα, ποιμένων χοροί,
μήλων ἔχοντες μυρίων ἐπιστροφήν,
εἴτ' οὖν ἀπ' ἄντρων τῶν πετρηρεφῶν κάτω
κορυφῶν τ' ὀρείων ἥκετ', εἴτ' ἐξ ἀγκέων
ἔνθ' οὔποτ' ἐκλέλοιπε συρίγγων μέλη·
οἱ δ' ἐκ βαθειῶν λειμάκων, ὅπου νότος
κνύζας τε κινεῖ χρυσέων τ' ἀνθεσφόρους
καλύκων ἀκάνθας· οἵ τε βόσκοντες φίλον
μέλημ' ἐπὶ ῥηγμῖνι ποντίας ἁλός,
ὧν δὴ φιλῳδοὶ δόνακες ἀρχαίου ψόφῳ
Τρίτωνος ἀντηχοῦσι πένθιμον νόμον·
αἱ δ' αὖ γυναῖκες αἵτινες καθ' ἡμέραν
πήρας, πόνοις ἐφόδια τοῖς ὀρειβάταις,
πορσύνεθ'· αἱ κόραι δ' ὅσαι γ' ἀμήτορας
ἀμνοὺς τρέφειν εἰώθατ', ἐν κύλιξι δὲ
λεκτὸν φυλάσσειν τῷ φιλουμένῳ μέλι·
ἀκούετ' ἤδη πάντες· οὔτι μὴν ὁ Πὰν
ὢν χρὴ πρὸς ἡμῶν τυγχάνει, μέγας θεός·

Are not our lowing heifers sleeker than
Night-swollen mushrooms? Are not our wide plains
Speckled with countless fleeces? Have not rains
Green'd over April's lap? No howling sad
Sickens our fearful ewes; and we have had
Great bounty from Endymion our lord.'

KEATS.

CIV

Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication; for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset:
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years removed thing
While one would wink.

SHAKESPEARE.

ἆρ᾽ οὐ μύκησιν ἐξ ἴσου τοῖς νυκτέροις
σφριγῶσι μόσχοι, πανταχῇ δ᾽ ἀνηρίθμοις
μαλλοῖσι λειμὼν ποιμνίων ποικίλλεται;
ἆρ᾽ οὐκ ἔβρεξαν ἠρινὴν ὄμβροι χλόην;
κοὔπω τις ἀρνῶν μητέρας κλαγγὴ λύκων
φοβεῖ βρυούσας· καὶ μάλ᾽ ἄφθονον δόσιν
τάγου παρ᾽ Ἐνδυμίωνος ἀντειλήφαμεν.

J. A. G.

CIV

Ὦ κράτιστ᾽ ἄναξ,
ἔασον ἀποθέσθαι μ᾽ ἃ πολλαπλάσια νῦν
κακῶς μ᾽ ὀνόματ᾽ ἐξεῖπας· οὔ τι γὰρ κλοπεὺς
ἀνὴρ ὅδ᾽ οὔτε γέγονέ πω λῃστὴς νεῶν·
καίτοιγ᾽ ἅλις δῆτ᾽ αἰτίαν τούτου λαβὼν
ἀπηχθόμην τε κοὐκ ἄπαρνος εἰμί σοι.
ἀλλ᾽ εἷλκέ μ᾽ ὧδ᾽ ἄγων γοητείαισί τις.
τὸν δυσχάριστον παῖδα γάρ, τὸν σοῦ πέλας
ἑστῶτ᾽ ἐκεῖνον, εὖτ᾽ ἀπηγριοῦθ᾽ ἁλὸς
δυσχειμέροις πέμφιξιν ἀφρίζον στόμα,
ἀμηχάνως ῥιφθέντα ναυαγῷ φθορᾷ
ἐρρυσάμην, σωθέντα μὴ λιπεῖν φάος.
καὶ προστίθημ᾽ ἔρωτος οὐχ ἁπλοῦν μέρος
οὐδ᾽ ἀμφιλέκτως, ἀλλ᾽ ἀπροφάσιστόν τινα
ὅλον μόνῳ τῷδ᾽ ἀνατιθείς· κείνου χάριν
σχεθεὶς ἔρωτι τοὐμὸν ἐξέδωκ᾽ ἐγὼ
κίνδυνον ἐχθρᾶς σῶμα τῆσδ᾽ ἆραι πόλεως,
ξίφος τ᾽ ἀρωγὸν ἔσπασ᾽ εἰς ἀνδρῶν λόχον
πεσόντος· οἵ μ᾽ ὡς εἷλον, αἱ τούτου τέχναι
κίνδυνον οὐ θέλοντος εἰς ξυνὸν μολεῖν
πείθουσιν ἄντα προσδεδορκότ᾽ ὄμμασιν
ἀπαξιῶσαί μ᾽ ἀπομόσαι τ᾽ ἐτῶν κύκλους
εἴκοσι διασχεῖν μὴ προσωμιληκέναι.

R. E.

CV

O! how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
  And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
  When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

SHAKESPEARE.

CVI

The rain had fallen, the Poet arose,
  He pass'd by the town and out of the street,
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
  And waves of shadow went over the wheat,
And he sat him down in a lonely place,
  And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,
  And the lark drop down at his feet.
The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee,
  The snake slipt under a spray,
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
  And stared, with his foot on the prey,
And the nightingale thought, 'I have sung many songs,
  But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be
  When the years have died away.'

TENNYSON.

CV

O quam forma solet formosior illa videri
  cui decus accessit quod dabit una fides!
forma rosae pulchra est, at pulchrior esse putatur
  aura quod in medio vivit odora sinu.
flosculus in pratis tanto splendore rubescit
  quantus odoriferis est color ille rosis;
pensilis in spina simili, lascivit ut illae
  cum zephyri timidas elicit aura comas.
sed, species tantum, spretus floretque caditque,
  labitur, at nemo tollere curat humo;
non ea fit natura rosis, dulcissimus unus
  nascitur ex illis cum moriuntur odor.
sic tibi, dulce caput, dum formae gloria marcet,
  stat fidei testis pagina nostra tuae.

A. T. B.

CVI

Desierant imbres: vates per strata viarum
  excessit urbe: leniter aura tepet veniens
limine ab Eoo, per flavaque messibus arva
  undabat umbra multiplex: ille loco vacuo
assidet et carmen tam suavi voce profundit,
  moretur ut cycnus volans aemulus, adque pedes
dulcis alauda cadat: nec iam sectatur hirundo
  apes ut ante: sub rubos lapsa colubra latet,
et stupet accipiter praedae lanugine rostrum
  imbutus, auscultans melos: tum Philomela sibi:
permultos cecini cantus, verum omnibus iste
  est laetior modis meis: vaticinatur enim
tempora labentis quae sint ventura per annos,
  his rebus exactis simul saecla fluent melius.

A. H. C.

CVII

O Mort, vieux capitaine, il est temps, levons l'ancre!
Ce pays nous ennuie, ô Mort! Appareillons!
Si le ciel et la mer sont noirs comme de l'encre,
Nos cœurs que tu connais sont remplis de rayons!
Verse-nous ton poison, pour qu'il nous réconforte!
Nous voulons, tant ce feu nous brûle le cerveau,
Plonger au fond du gouffre, Enfer ou Ciel, qu'importe?
Au fond de l'Inconnu pour trouver du *nouveau!*

BAUDELAIRE.

CVIII

We must look the possibility of failure firmly in the face, and consider well that the Power we attack is great and the intelligence which guides it vigorous, that the contest is begun less in regard to the probability of success than to the certainty that without it destruction is not to be avoided, and that we do our duty better by our own age and the next and by the honour of the king and nation in falling with arms in our hands, than in patiently suffering ourselves to be fettered and held in chains. We must make ourselves familiar with the thought of every kind of sacrifice and of death if we would tread the path now proposed. Thus prepared internally and favoured by circumstances, let us begin in God's name and remember that by courage and fortitude great ends have been reached with small means. Only we must be rid of all languid wretched creatures that are insensible to noble feelings and incapable of any kind of devotion and sacrifice, people who mar and spoil everything and think of nothing but the quiet enjoyment of their miserable existence.

STEIN.

CVII

Mors age, dux longaeva, ratem quin solvimus? huius
pertaesum est—cessas pandere vela?—plagae.
si color est caelo, si fluctibus, atramenti,
pectora quae nosti lumine plena vides.
funde tuum fessos doctum recreare venenum:
hac domitos flamma gurgitis ima trahunt,
seu latet Elysium seu Tartarus, ima petemus;
quid sit in ignotis stat reperire novi.

H. B.

CVIII

Sed Marte iniquo pugna nos manet: scio,
sciatque nostrum quisque. multum armis valent
hostes et, arma quae regat, prudentia.
non spes in aciem nos trahit victoriae,
gens tota sed ne pereat: hoc aequalibus
praestare posterisque, principi simul
gentique, munus debitum, conabimur;
certum est tenentis dextera ferrum manu
oppetere potius vincla quam segnis pati
ducique vinctos. hac via pergentibus,
quam nunc inimus, ipsa contemnenda mors,
nil non ferendum est. mente sic firma decet,
rebus secundis, dis faventibus, pedem
proferre. parvis magna saepius viri
fortes tulerunt opibus. hinc absint procul
quicunque inerti debiles torpent situ,
quicunque inaudax, lentus, ausurus nihil,
consilia turbat cuncta, nil curans nisi
ut ipse turpi perfruatur otio.
velim hos abesse. ceteri, freti deis,
ferte arma mecum.

W. R. H.

CIX

Mes chers amis, quand je mourrai,
Plantez un saule au cimetière :
J'aime son feuillage éploré,
La pâleur m'en est douce et chère,
Et son ombre sera légère
A la terre où je dormirai.

A. DE MUSSET.

CX

I dream'd there would be Spring no more,
That Nature's ancient power was lost:
The streets were black with smoke and frost,
They chatter'd trifles at the door :

I wander'd from the noisy town,
I found a wood with thorny boughs :
I took the thorns to bind my brows,
I wore them like a civic crown :

I met with scoffs, I met with scorns
From youth and babe and hoary hairs :
They call'd me in the public squares
The fool that wears a crown of thorns :

They call'd me fool, they call'd me child :
I found an angel of the night ;
The voice was low, the look was bright ;
He look'd upon my crown and smiled :

He reach'd the glory of a hand,
That seem'd to touch it into leaf :
The voice was not the voice of grief,
The words were hard to understand.

TENNYSON.

CIX

O socii cari, cum venerit hora suprema,
  sit salicem in tumulo ponere cura meo:
frons lacrimosa placet, pallor dulcissimus ille est:
  proteget et somni non gravis umbra locum.

H. B.

CX

Ver mihi fingebam somnis sine fine morari;
  naturae veteres nolle redire vices.
nigra videbatur fumo via, nigra pruinis:
  ante foris populus verba aliena loqui.
ipse domos hominum longe strepitumque relinquens
  visus in umbrosum sentibus ire nemus;
sentibus indignis maerentia tempora cingor:
  qualis ob incolumem querna corona virum.
inde revertentem saeva me voce lacessunt
  et pueri et canis alba senecta comis.
per fora perque vias trivialia verba canebant
  'en! ubi serta gerens spinea, mentis inops.'
mentis inops, omnique vocor puerilior aevo.
  tum visum nostrae numen adesse viae.
lene susurrantis fulserunt ora per umbras:
  arrisitque meum comiter ille decus.
porrigit effuso radiantem lumine dextram,
  fit simul adposita frons rediviva manu:
inde refert non ille dolens similisve dolenti
  carmina pectoribus vix capienda meis.

R. W. R.

CXI

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say! One; two: why, then, 'tis time to do 't. Hell is murky! Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The Thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now? What! will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here 's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well.

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

SHAKESPEARE.

CXI

K. τί γάρ; πέπηγεν οὐ διαρρύδαν μύσος;
λέλακε κώδων, τοὔργον ὥστ' ἐργαστέον·
ἀχλὺς δ' ὑφέρπει Ταρτάρου μελαμβαθοῦς.
αἰβοῖ· μάχης ἔμπειρος οἷον ἐκφοβεῖ
οὓς οὐ τρέσαι δεῖ καίπερ εἰδότας τὸ πᾶν,
δεδράκαμεν γὰρ οὐχ ὑπεύθυνοι πόλει.
καίτοι γέροντος τίς ποτ' ᾤετ' ἂν βίον
τοσῇδ' ἀπορρεῖν αἵματος πλημμυρίδι;
I. ἀκήκοας τόδ'; ἦ νοεῖς ὅπερ λέγει;
K. ἦν ἦν τις, εὖ κάτοιδα, συγγόνου δάμαρ·
τίς οἶδ' ὅπη νῦν ἔστιν; ὦ χέρες, χέρες,
ποίου καθαρμοῦ δεῖσθε; φεῦ· μέν' ἥσυχος·
τὸ πᾶν προδώσεις ὡς φόβῳ κινούμενος.
I. ἀλλ' οὖν ξύνοιδε δεινά· τίς ποτ' ἀντερεῖ;
Θ. ἔλεξε δεινά, κοὐκ ἀπαρνοῦμαι τὸ μή,
ἀλλ', ἃ ξύνοιδεν, οἶδε καὶ στυγεῖ θεός.
K. ἰδού· τόδ' ὄζει τῆς σφαγῆς ἔτ'· οἴομαι
τὰ πολλὰ μηδ' ἂν Ἀραβίας αὐτῆς μύρα
σμικρὰν δυσώδη τήνδ' ἂν ἡδύνειν χέρα.
φεῦ·
I. ὡς τοῦτ' ἔφευξεν· ἆρά τῳ σφριγᾷ κέαρ;
Θ. εἴδους ἐκείνης εὐπρεποῦς τε σώματος
τὴν ἥσυχον φρέν' οὐκ ἂν ἀλλάξαιμ' ἐγώ.
I. ἀλλ' εὖ γένοιτο·
Θ. τοῦ θεοῦ τόδ', ὦ γέρον.
I. ἀμηχανεῖ μοι τήνδε τὴν νόσον τέχνη·
καίτοι κάτοιδα τοὺς ὕπνῳ πλαγκτοὺς πάλαι
εὐθνησίμους ποτ' ἐν τέλει βεβηκότας.

E. D. A. M.

CXII

O'er the smooth enamelled green,
Where no print of step hath been,
  Follow me, as I sing
  And touch the warbled string,
Under the shady roof
Of branching elm star-proof.
      Follow me;
I will bring you where she sits,
Clad in splendour as befits
      Her deity.
Such a rural queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

Nymphs and shepherds, dance no more
  By sandy Ladon's lilied banks;
On old Lycaeus, or Cyllene hoar,
  Trip no more in twilight ranks;
Though Erymanth your loss deplore,
  A better soil shall give ye thanks.
From the stony Maenalus
Bring your flocks, and live with us;
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the lady of this place.
Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
  Such a rural queen
  All Arcadia hath not seen.

MILTON.

CXII

Levis per herbas carpere iter decet
et me canentem per viridis sequi
  saltus, ubi umbrosi recessus
    voce sonent citharaeque cantu;
ulmos per astro non penetrabilis
venite, dignis numine vestibus
  induta qua regina laetis
    imperat Arcadiae colonis.
Ladonis oram linquite liliis,
nymphae, frequentem; nunc Erymanthus et
  nocturna Cyllene choreis
    cana vacet; melius bubulci
solum Lycaeo quaerite; Maenala
iam dura vestro displiceant gregi
  nostramque felices secuti
    vivite, cui velit ipsa, credo,
servire Syrinx Panaque deserens
maiora priscis munera carpere,
  regina quae formosa laetis
    dividit Arcadiae colonis.

E. R. W.

CXIII

Now on the summit of Love's topmost peak
Kiss we and part; no farther can we go:
And better death than we from high to low
Should dwindle or decline from strong to weak.
We have found all, there is no more to seek;
All have we proved, no more is there to know;
And Time could only tutor us to eke
Out rapture's warmth with custom's after-glow.
We cannot keep at such a height as this;
And even straining souls like ours inhale
But once in life so rarefied a bliss.
What if we lingered till love's breath should fail!
Heaven of my earth! one more celestial kiss,
Then down by separate pathways to the vale.

A. AUSTIN.

CXIV

Let golden youth bewail the friend, the wife,
For ever gone;
He thinks of that long walk thro' desert life
Without the one.
The silver year should cease to mourn and sigh—
Not long to wait—
So close are we, dear Mary, you and I,
To that dim gate.
Take, read! and be the faults your poet makes
Or many or few,
He rests content, if his young music wakes
A wish in you
To change our dark Queen-city, all her realm
Of sound and smoke,
For his clear heaven, and these few lanes of elm
And whispering oak.

TENNYSON.

CXIII

Κορυφῆς ἀπ' ἄκρας ἔνθ' Ἔρως ἕδραν ἔχει
κύσαντες ὁρμηθῶμεν· οὐ πρόσω πόρος.
θανεῖν δὲ λύει μᾶλλον ἡμὶν ἢ κάτω
πεσεῖν φανέντας ἀσθενεῖς ἐξ ἀλκίμων.
ἄγνωτον οὐδέν, οὐδ' ἔτι ζητητέον,
ἐς πεῖραν ἦλθε πάντα, πάνθ' ηὑρήκαμεν,
χρόνος δ' ἀφαυρὰ μοῦνον ἂν θερμῷ τὸ πρὶν
πυρὸς τροφεῖ' ἔρωτι πορσύνειν ἔχοι.
οὐκ ἔστ' ἐν ἄκραις ταῖσδε δαρὸν ἐμμένειν,
ψυχὰς γὰρ οὐ δὶς ὧδ' ἀκηράτοις, φίλη,
τοῖοί περ ὄντες πνεύμασιν βοσκήσομεν.
τί δ' εἰ ματῶσιν ἐνθάδε ψυχορραγῶν
Ἔρως φανείη; τοιγαροῦν κύσον μ' ἅπαξ,
κᾆτ' ἐς νάπην στείχωμεν ἀλλήλων δίχα.

H. W. G.

CXIV

Sponsa perempta fas iuvenem queri
raptisve acerba morte sodalibus,
  quem semita orbatae relictum
    longa manet peragenda vitae.
desiderandi canities modum
luctusque ponat! iam mihi, iam tibi
  vicina nox pallentis Orci
    flere vetat propiusque letum.
pauca haec, canebam quae puer, accipe,
mendosa forsan, quae tamen haud piget
  scripsisse, tu si mota cantu
    divitiis strepituque magnae
fumoque Romae, Cynthia, liberum
mutare quaeras aethera, quo solent
  ulmi susurrantesque raris
    ordinibus revocare quercus.

F. F.

CXV

Then Ganges and a troop of Eastern streams
Fled backward, each one to his cradle cave;
Then the tall glaciers of the Polar zone
Flushed crimson to the roots of their cold realm:
For all the fir-crowned Scandinavian hills
Night-shrouded half the months, tier over tier,
Blazed in the gloomy North, like beacon-hells
Lit for world-wasting Furies who bear down
In convoy, with wild omens of the end.
And all the peopled plains sent up a smoke
Of harvests reaped by fire, and flaming towns,
Till the hot clamour of those masterless wheels
Rang deadlier, mingled with the loud-voiced curse
Of men by myriads overcome with hell.
And a long cry came to the ears of Zeus
Where in full conclave of the gods he sat;
And while he doubted, a great rainy heat
Fell slant and sudden on the Olympian walls.
And all the ceiling glared like molten gold,
And the rich cloisters like a forest glowed
Of resinous pines, with every trunk ablaze.

P. S. WORSLEY.

CXV

Tum refugit Ganges, oriens tum quidquid aquarum
sol videt, et repetunt trepidantia flumina fontis.
insolita penitus tum visa rubescere luce
axe sub Arctoo quotquot glacialia surgunt
culmina, nam late septem subiecta trioni
(quae loca nox semestris habet tristesque tenebrae)
celsa iuga, et clivos, et piniferos secessus,
tum rutilasse ferunt totoque ardescere caelo.
haud aliis olim facibus devexa polorum
exitiale agmen Furias decurrere credas,
atque extremorum ferre argumenta malorum.
corripit ignis agros; segetum tunc fumus in auras
Volcano rapiente volat messore sinistro.
fit propior strepitus, nullo moderante, rotarum
exitium stragemque minans, simul undique clamor
urbibus incensis hominum fit dira precantum,
quos agit innumeros Orco Volcania pestis.
mox Iovis advenit plangor productus ad auris,—
ille deum medius coetu cingente sedebat,—
dum stupet, en, aestus subito velut imbre cadente
quassat Olympiacos obliquo verbere muros,
omnia quo late fervescunt icta vapore,
aureus et splendor vestit laquearia caeli.
tota columnarum densissima silva refulget,
ut, si forte nemus piceum comprenderit ignis,
exstat quaeque suo circumdata lumine pinus.

J. Y. S.

CXVI

Οὐράνιον μίμημα γενεθλιακαῖσιν ἐν ὥραις
τοῦτ' ἀπὸ Νειλογενοῦς δέξο Λεωνίδεω,
Ποππαία, Διὸς εὖνι, Σεβαστιάς· εὔαδε γάρ σοι
δῶρα τὰ καὶ λέκτρων ἄξια καὶ σοφίης.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

CXVII

Not him I praise, who from the world retired,
By no enlivening generous passion fired,
On flowery couches slumbers life away
And gently bids his active powers decay;
Who fears bright glory's awful face to see,
And shuns renown as much as infamy:
But blest is he, who, exercised in cares,
To private leisure public virtue bears;
Who tranquil ends the race he nobly run,
And decks repose with trophies labour won.
Him honour follows to the secret shade,
And crowns propitious his declining head;
In his retreat their harps the Muses string,
For him in lays unbought spontaneous sing;
Friendship and truth on all his moments wait,
Pleased with retirement better than with state:
And round the bower where humbly great he lies
Fair olives bloom, or verdant laurels rise.

LYTTELTON.

CXVI

Natalis haec quae dona tibi dies
Nilo creati rara Leonidae
  advexit, exemplum rotundi
    aetheris et simulacra caeli,
Poppaea, coniunx sume eadem Iovis
Augusta. Gratum nam tibi nec toris
  sordebit indignum, neque illud
    ingenio sapientiore.

R. E.

CXVII

Non illum laudo, cura meliore carentem,
qui vitam ignave molli porrectus in herba
solus agit, mentisque situ decrescere vires
ipse iubet: vultus avertitur ille timendos,
gloria clara, tuos, decus et plus labe veretur.
ille mihi potior qui cura exercitus omni
privatam in requiem peperit quae publica virtus
fert abiens, pacem post incluta proelia nactus,
otiaque eximiis decorat bene parta tropaeis.
hunc decedentem sequitur tacitumque coronat
gloria: secreta colit hunc in sede latentem
musa memor, fidibusque et carmine mulcet inempto;
servat amicitia et cultu gavisa modesto
simplicitas, humilique potentem limine cingunt
felices oleae et viridissima laurus obumbrat.

E. C. W.

CXVIII

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge.
Black as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms,
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold: and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes.
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

TENNYSON.

CXIX

Life! I know not what thou art;
But know that thou and I must part;
And when or how or where we met,
I own, to me's a secret yet.
  Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear:
Then steal away—give little warning:
    Choose thine own time:
Say not 'good night,' but in some brighter clime
    Bid me 'good morning.'

MRS. BARBAULD.

CXVIII

Ἐνταῦθα πλοῖον ἐκ σκότου προφαίνεται
τὸ πᾶν κελαινόν, ὡς μελάγχιμος στολή.
βάντες δ' ἐς ἀκτὴν ἐν μέσῳ σεμνὰς σκάφει
φάρη τ' ἐχούσας μέλανα καὶ μελαμπέπλους
ὁρῶσι μορφάς, ὡς ὄναρ· τρισσαὶ δ' ἅμα
στέφεσιν ἄνασσαι χρυσέοις συνέπλεον.
κἀκ τῶνδ' ἀνέπτατ' ἀστέρας τ' ἐξίκετο
φόβῳ κέαρ πλήσσουσα φρικώδης βοή·
βαρύστονοι δ' ἀνῆλθον, ὡς φωνὴ μία,
θρῆνοι γόοι τε, νυκτὸς ὡς ὅταν πνοὴ
ἄβατον διέλθῃ γαῖαν οἰμώζουσ', ὅποι
οὔπω τις ἦλθεν οὐδ' ἐλεύσεται βροτῶν.

A. E. H.

CXIX

Fallis me, mea vita; nam fatendum est
me nec iam reperire posse quid sis,
nec quanam ratione, quave in hora
congressus fuerim locove tecum;
id tantum patet, uniceque certum est,
digressum fore mox mei tuique.
nobis longa etenim simul peracta est
nunc nimbis via foeda, nunc aprica;
nec fletu poterit pio carere
quae caros nimium revellet hora.
quin sumpta tibi quam libebit hora
confestim fugias, fugaeque nobis
praestes omina nulla destinatae;
nec, cum nox aderit suprema, nostros
aeternum iubeas valere amores:
sed cum mane novo renata surget
lux caeli melior, renata et ipsa
antiquum comitem redux salutes. H. E. T.

CXX

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one:
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which, though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name:
But do not so; I love thee in such sort
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

SHAKESPEARE.

CXXI

This world is all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given:
The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,—
There's nothing true, but Heaven!
And false the light on Glory's plume,
As fading hues of even:
And Love and Hope and Beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb—
There's nothing bright, but Heaven.
Poor wanderers of a stormy day!
From wave to wave we're driven,
And Fancy's flash and Reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way—
There's nothing calm, but Heaven!

MOORE.

CXX

Dividimur—fateor—fortuna et dispare vita,
  cum nec dividuus constet et unus amor.
proinde meum maculat quotiens infamia nomen,
  omne mihi crimen te sine ferre manet.
at studio quamvis uno sociemur amandi,
  vincimur invidia distrahimurque deum,
quae, licet officium finemque haud mutet amoris,
  tempora disperdit deliciasque rapit.
iam scelus heu nostrum ne sit tibi causa pudoris,
  sit mihi fas ignis dissimulare meos:
tuque palam noli nobis dare comis honorem
  ne mihi quem reddas sit tibi demptus honor.
parce tuae famae: nam te modo, cara, potitus
  et potior famae parte fruorque tuae.

A. J. B.

CXXI

Mortalis specie vita brevi fugit,
quae mendaci homines ludat imagine:
sunt falsae lacrimae, falsaque gaudia:
  solis est superis fides.
ut sol occiduo lumine gloria
pallet: spes et amor formaque virginum
effulgent tumulo debita, nec micat
  solis ni superis honor.
quin nos sollicitis sic ferimur fretis,
quos nec vis animi per latebras viae
illustrare valet nec nitor ingeni:—
  solis est superis quies.

T. L. P.

CXXII

To me most happy therefore he appears
Who, having once, unmoved by hopes or fears,
Surveyed this sun, earth, ocean, clouds, and flame,
Well satisfied returns from whence he came.
Is life an hundred years or e'er so few,
'Tis repetition all and nothing new;
A fair, where thousands meet, but none can stay;
An inn, where travellers bait, then post away;
A sea, where man perpetually is tost,
Now plunged in business, now in trifles lost:
Who leave it first, the peaceful port first gain;
Hold then, nor farther launch into the main;
Contract your sails; life nothing can bestow
By long continuance, but continued woe:
The wretched privilege daily to deplore
The funerals of our friends, who go before;
Diseases, pains, anxieties and snares,
And age surrounded with a thousand cares.

S. JENYNS.

CXXII

Quod quoniam docui, non est mirabile quare
dicam felicem et vera fretum ratione
qui nec spe nec iam cassa formidine torpens,
hunc tuitus solem terras mare nubila flammam,
unde exit plenus vitae ut conviva remigret.
omnia si pergas vivendo vincere saecla,
seu paucos annos, eadem tamen omnia semper,
atque redit falsa novitate extrusa vetustas.
quin rationem hominum et vitai collige mecum:
tanquam mille foro videas properare, neque ulli
stare datum quem res trahat; hospitioque refecti
festinant ut nunc nugis nunc rebus agendis
iactentur vastis vanarum fluctibu' rerum.
quare etiam atque etiam hoc primus qui evaserit aestu
primus habet portum optatum pacemque petitam.
ergo litora sunt servanda minoribu' velis
nec temptandum altum: quid enim productior aetas
quit praebere tibi nisi longos longa dolores,
luces quotquot eunt, ut acerbo funere mersos
(munus triste) gemas, quos ipse et seru' sequere?
adde etiam morbos, cruciatus corporis aegros,
aerumnas, captamque malis etiam adde senectam.

R. L. A. DU P.

CXXIII

For the ungodly said, reasoning with themselves, but not aright, Our life is short and tedious, and in the death of a man there is no remedy: neither was there any man known to have returned from the grave. For we are born at all adventure: and we shall be hereafter as though we had never been: for the breath in our nostrils is as smoke, and a little spark in the moving of our heart: which being extinguished, our body shall be turned into ashes, and our spirit shall vanish as the soft air. Let us crown ourselves with rose-buds, before they be withered: let none of us go without his part of our voluptuousness: let us leave tokens of our joyfulness in every place.

WISDOM OF SOLOMON.

CXXIV

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same
And that unfair which fairly doth excel;
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter, and confounds him there:
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnow'd and bareness every where:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was:
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

SHAKESPEARE.

CXXIII

Ὁ δυσσεβὴς γὰρ εἶπεν, οὐκ ὀρθῶς γε μήν,
ἰὼν ἑαυτῷ διὰ λόγων· ἀνθρώπινος
βίος βραχὺς δή, χρῆμά τ' ἐπίπονον φέρειν,
οὐδ' ἔστ' ἄκος τῳ πόριμον ἢν ἅπαξ θάνῃ,
τίς δ' ἂν νεκρῶν κευθμῶνα δεῦρ' ἥκοι λιπών;
ἡμᾶς γὰρ οὖν ἔφυσεν εἰκαία τύχη,
ἔπειτα δ' ὥσπερ μηδὲ γεννητοὺς κτίσει·
ἀτμὸς γὰρ ἄλλως πνεῦμα μυκτήρων ἔσω,
ἔνδον τ' ἀνῆξε φεψάλου δίκην κέαρ
ταχέως τ' ἀπέσβη· καὶ τὸ σῶμ' ἔσται σποδός,
ψυχὴ δ' ἄρ' ἀὴρ ὑγρὸς ὣς οἰχήσεται.
τοιγὰρ στεφώμεθ' ἠρινοῖσι πρὶν φθίνειν
ῥόδοισιν, εὐπαθῶμεν, εὐωχώμεθα,
ἅπασα δ' ἔστω πόλις ἐνηβητήριον.

J. U. P.

CXXIV

Horae quae tacita geniales arte creabant
delicias oculi, ruris agreste decus,
imperiis in eo saevis utentur eaedem,
dedecoraturae si qua decora nitent.
it sine fine dies; aestas in squalida brumae
ducitur, inde omnis despoliata iacet.
deriguere gelu suci, caret arbor honore,
forma latet multa sub nive, cuncta vacant.
inde nisi umorem stillasset nectaris aestas,
et lacrima in vitreo carcere capta foret,
gratiaque aestatis pereunte aetate periret,
nec species pulchri, nec foret umbra memor.
sed captis florum lacrimis, ubi bruma recurret
si deerit species, at remanebit odor.

A. T. B.

CXXV

Father, forbear: for I but meet to-day
The doom that at my birth was written down
In Heaven, and thou art Heaven's unconscious hand.
Surely my heart cried out that it was thou,
When first I saw thee; and thy heart spoke too,
I know it: but Fate trod those promptings down
Under its iron heel; Fate, Fate engaged
The strife. and hurled me on my father's spear.
But let us speak no more of this: I find
My father; let me feel that I have found.
Come, sit beside me on this sand, and take
My head between thy hands, and kiss my cheeks,
And wash them with thy tears, and say, 'My Son!'
Quick! quick! for numbered are my sands of life.
And swift; for like the lightning to this field
I came, and like the wind I go away—
Sudden and swift, and like a passing wind.
But it was writ in Heaven that this should be.

M. ARNOLD.

CXXVI.

I burst the chain, I sprang into the boat.
Seven days I drove along the dreary deep,
And with me drove the moon and all the stars;
And the wind fell, and on the seventh night
I heard the shingle grinding in the surge,
And felt the boat shock earth, and looking up.
Behold, the enchanted towers of Carbonek,
A castle like a rock upon a rock,
With chasm-like portals open to the sea,
And steps that met the breaker; there was none

CXXV

Πάτερ, κατάσχες· οὐ γὰρ ἄλλο σήμερον
ἢ μοῖραν ἐκπίμπλημι τὴν θεῶν ὕπο
ἐμοὶ γενομένῳ σύμφυτον πεπρωμένην·
σὺ δ' ἐκτελεῖς τὸ θεῖον ἀγνώστῳ χερί.
θυμὸς γὰρ ἐξήγγειλέ σ', ὅστις ἦσθ', ἐμός,
ἐπεί σε πρῶτον εἶδον, οὐδ' ὁ σός, πάτερ,
σάφ' οἶδ', ἐσίγησ'· ἀλλὰ χαλκέῳ ποδὶ
ἡ μοῖρα τάδ' ἐπάτησεν· ἥδε τὴν μάχην
συνῆψεν, ἥδ' ἔρριψέ μ' ἐπὶ πατρὸς δόρει.
καὶ ταῦτα μὲν σιγῶμεν· ἐξεύρηκ' ἐγὼ
τὸν πάτερ'· ὄνησιν τοῦδέ γ' ὑπολαβεῖν μ' ἔα.
ἴθ' οὖν, ἐν ἄμμῳ τῇδε μοι παρήμενος
ἅπτου τε κρατὸς χερσί, καὶ παρηΐδας
κύσον, διῆνον δακρύοις, λέγων, Τέκνον.
καὶ σπεῦδε· μικρὸς καὶ ταχὺς βίου χρόνος
ἐμοὶ μετρεῖται· καὶ γὰρ ἀστραπῆς δίκην
προσῆλθον ἐνταῦθ', ὡς πνοὴ δ' ἀπέρχομαι,
αἰφνίδιος, ὠκύς, ὡς ταχύπτερος πνοή.
ἀλλ' ὧδέ πως εἵμαρτο τοῖς θεοῖς τὸ πρίν.

C. H. ST. L. R.

CXXVI

Protinus insiliens cumbae retinacula fregi.
perque dies septem iactatus in aequore vasto
et lunam mecum comitantiaque astra videbam.
septima nox aderat, posito cum flamine venti
audivi duris resonare anfractibus oram
et tandem inlisam saxis haerere carinam
margine litoreo sensi; tum desuper arcem
Phaeacum impendere, et non sine numine turris.
illa velut rupes rupi superaddita moles
portarum ingenti pelagus spectabat apertum
discidio, et scalae devertebantur in undas.

Stood near it but a lion on each side
That kept the entry, and the moon was full.
Then from the boat I leapt, and up the stairs;
There drew my sword. With sudden-flaring manes
Those two great beasts rose upright like a man,
Each gript a shoulder, and I stood between.

TENNYSON.

CXXVII

O ancient streams, O far-descended woods,
Full of the fluttering of melodious souls;
O hills and valleys that adorn yourselves
In solemn jubilation; winds and clouds,
Ocean and land in stormy nuptials clasped,
And all exuberant creatures that acclaim
The earth's divine renewal; lo! I too
With yours would mingle somewhat of glad song;
I too have come through wintry terrors—yea,
Through tempest and through cataclysm of soul
Have come and am delivered. Me the Spring,
Me also dimly with new life hath touched
And with regenerate hope, the salt of life;
And I would dedicate these grateful tears
To whatsoever power beneficent—
Veiled though his countenance, undivulged his thought—
Hath led me from the haunted darkness forth
Into the gracious air and vernal morn,
And suffers me to know my spirit a note
Of this great chorus, one with bird and stream
And voiceful mountain.

W. WATSON.

nec formas astare hominum sed torva leonum
corpora conspexi, pleno sub lumine lunae,
excubias agere et clausas obsidere portas.
emicui in scalas audax, cumbaque relicta
nitor in adversum: destricto protinus ense
ante foris aderam. subito fervore leones
arrectisque exstare iubis, ceu surgit in arma
bellipotens, umerumque uncis iam prendere utrimque
unguibus horrendo stantis discrimine leti.

E. D. A. M.

CXXVII

Vos, fluvii, genus antiquum, silvaeque vetustae,
quas trepido celebrat vocalis turba susurro;
vos, iuga, vos, Tempe, festo laetantia ritu
quae cultum induitis—ventique et nubila caeli,
tuque mari tellus nimboso foedere nupta,
et superum dono terris quaecumque novatis
vivida luxuriat proles, matremque salutat:
hoc ego nunc quodcumque hilaris coniungere cantus
vestro aveo, brumae perpessus et ipse furores
qui tempestates animi diramque ruinam
evasi incolumis. me, me genitabilis aura
leniter afflavit, me ver recreavit amicum
spesque novas addit, vitalia semina, menti.
has ergo institui praesenti exsolvere divo,
quisquis is est, lacrimas, qui me caligine dira
—etsi nec sensum retegit, nec cernitur ulli—
vere novo exemptum dulcis eduxit in auras.
proinde ego—nam me hoc scire sinit—pars ipse catervae
argutae modulor cantu quas flumina voces
una edunt volucrumque genus, montesque loquuntur.

H. S. J.

CXXVIII

I love, and he loves me again,
  Yet dare I not tell who:
For if the nymphs should know my swain,
  I fear they'd love him too:
    Yet if it be not known,
    The pleasure is as good as none,
  For that's a narrow joy is but our own.

He is, if they can find him, fair,
  And fresh and fragrant too,
As summer's sky, or purgèd air,
  And looks as lilies do
    That are this morning blown:
    Yet, yet I doubt he is not known,
  And fear much more, that more of him be shown.

JONSON.

CXXIX

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rime,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:
  And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
  When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

SHAKESPEARE.

CXXVIII

Urit me meus uriturque amator.
quis sit, quaeritis? est timor fateri.
nam desiderium meum puellae
si norint, scio, iam volent, amabunt.
sin celatus erit, peribit omnis
fructus: nam leve gaudium est quod uni
adsertum vacat, alteri tegetur.
  at pulcher, quibus invenire fas est,
et fragrans vegetusque, ut albus aether,
aestas cum calet, utve purus aer.
tum ceu candida mane liliorum
haec illi est facies: neque hunc latere
confido tamen, et magis verebor
dantem pluribus et sui profusum.

R. E.

CXXIX

Non mea, non populi timidae praesagia mentis
  rerum venturas vaticinata vices,
tempus amicitiae poterunt iam ponere nostrae,
  quam modo clausuri carcer et uncus erant.
luna laborando defecit, et irrita vertunt
  omina terrifici quae cecinere senes.
anxia iam festis, curae cessere coronis,
  pacis inexhaustos ducit oliva dies.
nunc viret ambrosiae liquidis sub roribus horae
  noster amor, cedit nunc Libitina mihi;
in tenui hoc versu vivam, dum quamlibet illa
  saevit in elinguis ac sine voce tribus;
aeternumque tui monumentum hoc stabit, amice,
  cum tumidis regum molibus aera cadent.

A. T. B.

CXXX

Cor. Come leave your tears: a brief farewell: the beast
With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To say extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear:
That when the sea was calm all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle, wounded, craves
A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me
With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.
Vir. O heavens! O heavens!
Cor. Nay, I prithee, woman,—
Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!
Cor. What, what, what!
I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat.

SHAKESPEARE.

CXXX

Κ. Γόους ἔα καὶ χαῖρε· κεροτυπούμενος
ἑκατογκαράνῳ κνωδάλῳ μεθίσταμαι·
ποῦ δ' ἐστί, μῆτερ, ἡ πάροιθ' εὐψυχία,
ᾗ πρόσθε βάσανον τἄσχατ' ηὔδησας φρενῶν,
τυχόντα τοὺς τυχόντας ἀνθρώπους φέρειν,
κἂν τοι γαλήνῃ πάντα πρυμνήτην σοφόν·
εἰ δ' ἐκ τύχης τις καιρίαν βεβλημένος
πληγὴν ἔπειτα μηδὲ καὶ τετρωμένος
ἐξηγρίωται, τοῦτο γενναίας τέχνης·
τοσαῦτα δ' ὕμνεις πρὸς φρενὸς κατάστασιν
ὥστ', εἰ μάθοι τις, παντὸς ἂν κρατεῖν κακοῦ.
Γ. ἦ ταῦτ' ἀκούετ', ὦ θεῶν ὁμιλία;
Κ. στέργειν, γύναι, χρή, μηδὲ λυπεῖσθαι λίαν.
Μ. ἀλλ' ἐγκατασκήψασ' ἀϊστῶσαι νόσος
ὅσας τις ἀσκεῖ κατὰ πόλιν χειρουργίας.
Κ. εἶεν· φίλος γὰρ οὐ παρὼν γενήσομαι.
ἀλλ' εἴθε, μῆτερ, ταὔτ' ἔχοις φρονήματα
καὶ πρόσθ', ὅτ' ἔλεγες εἴ ποθ' Ἡρακλέους δάμαρ
ἦσθ', ἀνδρὸς ἐκπονεῖν ἂν ἐξ τλῆναι πόνους
ἵν' αὐτὸς ἧσσον ἀπέκαμεν μοχθῶν τόσον.

G. S. R.

CXXXI

What needs complaints
When she a place
Has with the race
Of saints?
In endless mirth
She thinks not on
What's said or done
In earth.
She sees no tears,
Nor any tone
Of thy deep groan
She hears:
Nor does she mind,
Or think on't now,
That ever thou
Wast kind;
But, changed above,
She likes not there,
As she did here,
Thy love.
Forbear, therefore,
And lull asleep
Thy woes, and weep
No more.

HERRICK.

CXXXI

Caelicolum est adscripta choro quam nuper amabas:
quid raptam lacrimis pius urges?
illa nihil voces hominum neque facta moratur,
laetitia dotata perenni.
non cernit fletus, gemitus non percipit aegros
quos planctu miser edis amaro;
quodque sui studiosus eras et sedulus olim,
non animo recolit memor alto;
versa sed in superis non delectatur amore
qui quondam placuit moriturae.
ergo parce loqui: praestat desistere fletu,
et sterilis sopire querelas.

W. H.

CXXXII

Oh,
My God! Can it be possible I have
To die so suddenly? so young to go
Under the obscure, cold, rotting, wormy ground?
To be nailed down into a narrow place;
To see no more sweet sunshine; hear no more
Blithe voice of living thing; muse not again
Upon familiar thoughts,—sad, yet thus lost!
How fearful! To be nothing! or to be—
What? Or where am I? Let me not go mad!
Sweet Heaven, forgive weak thoughts! If there should be
No God, no heaven, no earth, in the void world,
The wide, grey, lampless, deep, unpeopled world!
If all things then should be my father's spirit,
His eye, his voice, his touch, surrounding me,
The atmosphere and breath of my dead life!
If sometimes, as a shape more like himself,
Even the form which tortured me on earth,
Masked in grey hairs and wrinkles, he should come,
And wind me in his hellish arms, and fix
His eyes on mine, and drag me down, down, down!
For was he not alone omnipotent
On earth, and ever present? Even though dead
Does not his spirit live in all that breathe,
And work for me and mine still the same ruin,
Scorn, pain, despair?

SHELLEY.

CXXXII

Οἴμοι·
καὶ δὴ θανεῖν μ' ἔταξας ὧδε σὺν τάχει,
ὦ δαῖμον, ἥβης δ' ἐν μέτροις ὑπὸ χθονὸς
εὐλαῖς συνεῖναι καὶ σαπρῷ ψύχει σκότου,
στενῷ τ' ἔνερθεν ἐγκατεζεῦχθαι κύτει;
ὡς μήθ' ὁρᾶν γε φαιδρὸν ἡλίου φάος,
μήτ' εὔφρον αὖθις φθέγμά του ζώντων ἔτι
ἔμπνουν ἀκούειν, μηδ' ἀφ' ἡσύχου ποδὸς
ἔχειν συνήθεις φροντίδων ἐπιστροφάς,
πικρὰς μὲν οἶδα, πάντα δ' εἰ στερήσομαι
ἄλγιον, εἰς τὸ μηδὲν ἢν μόλω· τί δαί;
τὸ μηδὲν ἢ τί δῆτα; ποῖ φρενῶν ἔβην;
σύγγνωθι δ', ὦ Ζεῦ, μηδὲ μαινοίμην γέ πω,
μάται' ἐχούσῃ δείματ' εἴ τί πως ἐκεῖ
μὴ γαῖα, μὴ θεός, μηδὲ δαιμόνων ἕδραι,
μηδ' ἄλλο μηδέν, πλὴν μελαμβαθὲς κνέφας,
ἔρημον, ἀψόφητον, ἄστειπτον βροτοῖς·
τὰ πάντα δ' εἰ γένοιτ' ἀλάστορος πατρὸς
μίμημ', ἐκείνου δ' ὄμμα καὶ περιπτυχαὶ
χειρῶν ἐκείνου γλῶσσά τ' ἐμπαίοι φρενί,
οἷς ζῶσ' ἐνῴκουν, εἰ τάδ' ἦν ζωή· τί γάρ;
εἰ δ' αὖτ' ἐπελθών, ἐμφερὴς αὐτῷ σκιά,
ῥυτίδας ὁμοῖος τάς τε λευκήρεις τρίχας,
ὅπερ μ' ἔτειρε ζῶντος ἐξεσταλμένος
μόρφωμα, μάρπτοι δυσθέοις βραχίοσιν,
βάλλων δ' ἅμ' ἐχθίσταισιν ὀμμάτων βολαῖς
κάτω, κάτω φέροι με τὴν παναθλίαν;
τὸ πρόσθε μὲν γὰρ ἦρχε παγκρατὴς ἐμοῦ
τόθ' ἡνίκ' ἔζη, νῦν δὲ καὶ θανὼν ὅμως
δύσφρων ἀλάστωρ πᾶσιν ἐμψύχοις ἔνι,
τεύχων ἐμαυτῇ τοῖς τ' ἐμοῖς φίλοις ἀεὶ
στεναγμόν, ἄτην, συμφοράς, ἀλγηδόνας. W. R. H.

CXXXIII

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclos'd in cinders lie.
Death is now the phoenix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,
Leaving no posterity:
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.
Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;
Truth and beauty buried be.
To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

SHAKESPEARE.

CXXXIV

Thus saying, from his radiant seat he rose
Of high collateral glory. Him thrones and powers,
Princedoms and dominations ministrant,
Accompany'd to heaven gate, from whence
Eden and all the coast in prospect lay.
Down he descended straight; the speed of gods
Time counts not, tho' with swiftest minutes wing'd.
Now was the sun in western cadence low
From noon, and gentle airs, due at their hour,
To fan the earth now wak'd, and usher in

CXXXIII

Hic clausum cineres tenent sepulchro,
veri quidquid habetve forma rari,
iuncta simplicitate gratiarum.
phoenicis rapuit favilla nidos.
illud turturis infidele numquam
pectus perpetuam fovet quietem.
si post funera non manent nepotes,
nequiquam emeriti feruntur artus:
post conubia castitas manebat.
i, verum tibi gloriare: non est.
iactet se venus, at venusta non est:
et verum et venus hic simul premuntur.
ergo urnam celebretis, o venusti,
seu quis fidus amans: et invocetis
per suspiria mortuis quietem.

R. E.

CXXXIV

Sic ait, et solio divus fulgente resurgit
qua Patris ad summi latus assidet; hunc simul omne
concilium, quibus in superos permissa potestas,
quique datis pollent sceptris dominoque ministrant,
deducunt caeli ad limen, terrae unde iacentes
apparent, lateque patet prospectus in oras.
huc prono actutum descendit tramite numen
indicioque horarum et temporis ocius actu.
occiduus medio sol lapsus ab orbe cadebat,
surgebantque leves aurae quae tempore iusso
mulcerent terram, et ducebat frigora vesper,

The ev'ning cool, when he, from wrath more cool,
Came, the mild judge and intercessor both,
To sentence man: the voice of God they heard
Now walking in the garden, by soft winds
Brought to their ears, while day declin'd; they heard,
And from his presence hid themselves among
The thickest trees, both man and wife, till God
Approaching thus to Adam call'd aloud.

MILTON.

CXXXV

Come, come; no time for lamentation now,
Nor much more cause; Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroically hath finish'd
A life heroic, on his enemies
Fully reveng'd: hath left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor,
Through all Philistian bounds; to Israel
Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion;
To himself and father's house eternal fame;
And, which is best and happiest yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,
But favouring and assisting to the end.
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame: nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

MILTON.

cum venit calidis iam deflagrantibus iris
ipse idem causae iudex noxaeque patronus
mortali poenas generi indicturus; at illis
flamine ventorum leni vox fertur ad auris
horto incedentis sero sub lumine divi,
auditaque petunt qua densa est silva latebras
vir mulierque una; donec trepidantibus adstat
iam propior deus et magno sic ore profatur.

F. DE P.

CXXXV

'Αλλ' οὐ γόων ὁ καιρός, οὐδὲ χρὴ μακρὸν
τείνειν ὀδυρμόν· οὗτος οὐκ ἀνάξιον
αὑτοῦ δέδρακεν οὐδέν, ὡς δ' ἔζη καλῶς
καλῶς τέθνηκε, παντελεῖς τ' ἐχθρῶν πάρα
ποινὰς ἐπράξατ'· ἦ γὰρ οὐ παύρων ἐτῶν
κείνοις λέλοιπε πῆμα καὶ λύπης βάρος,
Καφθωρίδαισι, γῆς ὅσοι Φιλιστίας
ναίουσ' ἔπαυλα· τήνδε δ' ἣν ᾤκει πόλιν
ἐλευθέραν τίθησι κοὐ τιμῆς ἔτι
γυμνὴν τὸ λοιπόν, εἴ τις ἀντιλήψεται
καιροῦ προθύμως· πρὸς δὲ τοῖσδ' αἰώνιον
ηὕρηχ' ἑαυτῷ τοῖσί τ' ἐν γένει κλέος.
πάντων δ' ἄριστον· ἦν γὰρ ἐν τούτῳ φόβος
μή τι σφαλείη· τἄργα δ' οὐκ ἄνευ Θεοῦ
ἔδρασεν ἁνήρ, ἀλλὰ συμμαχοῦντ' ἔχων
κἀν ὑστάτοισι πρευμενῆ παραστάτην.
ὡς ὧδ' ἐχόντων οὐδαμοῦ δακρυμάτων
οὐδὲ στεναγμῶν ἔργον· οὐ γὰρ ἀσθενὲς
τῶνδ' οὐδὲν οὐδὲ μεμπτόν, εὖ δ' ἔχει τὸ πᾶν,
χαρτὸν δὲ μᾶλλον, ὡς καλῶς τεθνηκότος.

A. D. G.

CXXXVI

And on the night
When Uther in Tintagil past away
Moaning and wailing for an heir, the two
Descending thro' the dismal night—a night
In which the bounds of heaven and earth were lost—
Beheld, so high upon the dreary deeps
It seem'd in heaven, a ship, the shape thereof
A dragon wing'd, and all from stem to stern
Bright with a shining people on the decks,
And gone as soon as seen. And then the two
Dropt to the cove, and watch'd the great sea fall,
Wave after wave, each mightier than the last,
Till last, a ninth one, gathering half the deep
And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged
Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame:
And down the wave and in the flame was borne
A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's feet,
Who stoopt and caught the babe, and cried 'The King!
Here is an heir for Uther!' And the fringe
Of that great breaker, sweeping up the strand,
Lash'd at the wizard as he spake the word,
And presently thereafter follow'd calm.

TENNYSON.

CXXXVI

Nox erat excelsa quum rex moribundus in arce
multa domum maestus gemuit sine prole relictam.
atque illi pariter per dira silentia gressi—
nam caelum ac terras nox intempesta tenebris
miscuerat—vasto sublimem ex aequore navem
(incertum caelo an pelago) videre, draconi
alato similem, cui miris crebra relucent
transtra viris: oculisque simul vix visa recessit.
illi autem portus quos alluit unda reductos
delati petiere, aestu et surgente videbant
ut maior magnam semper provolveret undam
unda superveniens, dum denique nona sonoris
vocibus unda fremens, toto gravis aequoris aestu,
tardior attrahitur ruptaque immensa fragorem
mole dedit, flammaque omnis crepitante coruscat.
sed fluctus inter medios flammisque volutus
fertur aqua nudus pedibusque allabitur infans.
quem subito vates correptum sustulit undis.
'rex,' ait, 'hic nobis: hic divi sanguinis heres.'
talia iactanti convexa in litora vati
prima subit fervens et circumfunditur ipsos
unda pedes: mox tempestas tranquilla secutast.

J. W. M.

CXXXVII

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring-tides are low;
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starred with broom,
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanched sands a gloom;
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie,
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white, sleeping town;
At the church on the hill-side—
And then come back down.
Singing: 'There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she!
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea.'

M. ARNOLD.

CXXXVIII

Unknown thou art; yet thy fierce vaunt is vain.
Thou dost not slay me, proud and boastful man.
No! Rustum slays me, and this filial heart.
For were I matched with ten such men as thou,
And I were he who till to-day I was,
They should be lying here, I standing there.

CXXXVII

Ergo per alta noctis, ut spirabiles
  pacata dant aurae loca,
cum luna puro fundit e caelo iubar
  retroque subsidit salum;
cum suaviora flamina aspirant mari
  de monte floribus sato,
umbraque rupes nigricante candidos
  tractus harenarum notant:
iam tunc ad oras, lata dum regnat quies,
  sinusque eamus fulgidos,
qua clara litus alga per longum micat
  refluis relicta fluctibus.
stantes harenis oppidum intuebimur
  iacere sopitum, silens,
templumque prono montis impositum iugo:
  ad ima dehinc redibimus.
'illic,' canemus, 'conditur carum caput,
  at illa duro pectore
fugiens in omne tempus orbatam senis
  prolem reliquit Nereos.'

J. A. G.

CXXXVIII

Μάταια κομπεῖς, ὅστις εἶ, σκληρὸν κάρα·
οὐ γὰρ σὺ δή μ' ἔκτεινας, ὦ σεμνόστομε,
πατὴρ δέ, καὐτὸς φιλοπάτωρ ἄγαν φανείς.
εἰ γὰρ πρὸς ἄνδρας μοῦνος ἀντέστην δέκα
οἵους σέ γ', οἷος ἦ πάρος τῆσδ' ἡμέρας,
κεῖνοι μὲν ὧδ' ἔκειντ' ἄν, εἱστήκη δ' ἐγώ.

But that belovèd name unnerved my arm—
That name, and something, I confess—in thee
Which troubles all my heart, and made my shield
Fall; and thy spear transfixed an unarmed foe.
And now thou boastest, and insult'st my fate.
But hear thou this, fierce man; tremble to hear!
The mighty Rustum shall avenge my death!
My father, whom I seek through all the world,
He shall avenge my death, and punish thee.

M. ARNOLD.

CXXXIX

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man.
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more.
His best companions innocence and health,
And his best riches ignorance of wealth.
But times are altered, trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain.
Along the lawn where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose:
And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green.
These far departing seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

GOLDSMITH.

ὄνομα δὲ πατρὸς τοὐμὸν ἤμβλυνεν σθένος·
κἄστιν τί σοι πρὸς τῷδ', ἀπαρνοῦμαι γὰρ οὔ,
ὅ μοι ταράσσει καρδίαν οὐκ οἶδ' ὅπως,
τήν τ' ἀσπίδ' εἰς γῆν ἔβαλεν, ὥστ' ἐπήλασας
ἐς ἄνδρα γυμνὸν διατόρου κέντρον δορός.
ἐφ' οἷς ὑβρίζεις κἀγγελᾷς πεπτωκότι.
ἄκουε δ', ὠμέ, τοῦτο, κἀκούσας τρέμε·
ἦ μὴν ποθ' ἥξει παιδὶ τιμωρὸς φόνου
ὁ δυσπάλαιστος Ἀρσάκης οὑμὸς πατήρ,
πάσης δι' αἴας ὃν πάλαι ζητῶ τάλας·
κείνῳ σὺ τίσεις τῆς ἐμῆς σφαγῆς δίκην.

W. R. I.

CXXXIX

Olim, sic referunt, unius cultor agelli
quisque fuit, domino sat dabat unus ager,
dum patriae stabat res integra: tum labor aequus
cuique tulit quantas vita requirit opes.
tum melior nummis fuit ignorantia nummi.
sanctaque mens sani corporis apta comes.
en nova nunc rerum facies! felicia pulso
institor agricola sordidus arva tenet.
hic, prius in campis ubi rustica tecta nitebant.
praegravis inter opes otia luxus agit;
et quae pluris egens luxum comitata cupido est.
quasque sui poenas dat sibi caecus amor.
at contenta quies parvo, et quos copia iusta
lege salutiferos iusserat ire dies;
at chorus, et viridi certantum caespite ludi,
unde vigor membris et decor ore nitent,
his procul hinc sedes Iove sub meliore petuntur.
et proba rusticitas, quae fuit ante, perit.

J. Y. S.

CXL

O fountains, when in you shall I
Myself, eased of unpeaceful thoughts, espy?
O fields! O woods! when, when shall I be made
The happy tenant of your shade?
Here 's the spring-head of Pleasure's flood;
Where all the riches lie, that she
Has coin'd and stamp'd for good.

Pride and Ambition here
Only in far-fetch'd metaphors appear:
Here nought but winds can hurtful murmurs scatter,
And nought but Echo flatter.
The Gods, when they descended, hither
From Heaven did always choose their way;
And therefore we may boldly say
That 'tis the way too thither.

How happy here should I
And one dear She live and embracing die!
She who is all the world, and can exclude
In deserts solitude.
I should have then this only fear,
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
Should all come im'tate me,
And so make a city here.

COWLEY.

CXL

Quando erit, o fontes, cura resolutus ut omni
  in vestris possim cernere memet aquis?
o rus et silvae, laetissimus incola vestros
  quando erit ut teneam, frondea lustra, sinus?
ille voluptatis fons est merus: omnis in illo
  copia, signantis quam manus ipsa probat.
quisquis in his fastum vel Campi quaerit honores,
  transtulit huc aliis verba petenda locis.
hic soli sparsere nocentia murmura venti,
  solaque blanditias vox geminata sonat.
hoc superi, quotiens caelo excessere relicto,
  optarunt unum carpere semper iter.
quin ausim dixisse, neque est dixisse profanum,
  quisquis adis superos, hac licet ire via.
meque velim, quaeque una mihi carissima vivit,
  posse sub hac olim consenuisse domo,
conplexosque mori: comitum par illa catervae
  solaque desertis est mihi turba locis.
illa ferat nobis, illa unica causa timorem,
  ne pateant veneris gaudia tanta meae,
neve cohors veniat nos emirata virorum,
  fiat et in medio iam locus urbis agro.

R. E.

CXLI

As the sky-brightening south wind clears the day,
And makes the massed clouds roll,
The music of the lyre blows away
The clouds that wrap the soul.
Oh that Fate had let me see
That triumph of the sweet persuasive lyre!
That famous, final victory
When jealous Pan with Marsyas did conspire!
When, from far Parnassus' side,
Young Apollo, all the pride
Of the Phrygian flutes to tame,
To the Phrygian highlands came!
Where the long green reed-beds sway
In the rippled waters grey
Of that solitary lake
Where Maeander's springs are born;
Where the ridged pine-wooded roots
Of Messogis westward break,
Mounting westward, high and higher.
There was held the famous strife!

M. ARNOLD.

CXLI

Νέφος ἀπ' αἰθέρος πνοαῖς *στρ.*
ἀργεστὰς νότος ὡς κλονεῖ,
σκυθρωπὰν φρένα τερπνῷ
φόρμιγξ αἴρει κελάδῳ·
τότε δέ μοι τότε θεὸς ἔριν
λεύσσειν εἴθε παρέσχεν,
φθονερὸς ἀνίκα Πάν τε κοιν-
ὸν νεῖκος θέτο Μαρσύας τ'
ἄπορον, εὐφθόγγου δὲ λύρας
κράτος ὑπέρτατον ἤνυσεν
πλήκτρου κρούμασι Λοξίας
καλλίνικον ἄγαλμα.
ἔμολε μέν, δεράδ' ἐκλιπὼν *ἀντ.*
Παρνασοῦ, Φρυγίας ἐρίπ-
νας κοῦρος Διός, αὐλῶν
παύσων ὀμφὰς Φρυγίων,
ἵνα μονῆρες ἔσεισ' ὕδωρ
Μαιάνδρου παρὰ παγαῖς
δόνακα, κῦμ' ὅτε γλαυκὸν ἀνέμ-
ων ῥιπαῖσι τινάσσεται,
λέπας ὅπου πεύκαις σκιεραῖς
ἄβατον ἐς ζόφον αἴρεται,
οὗ Μεσσωγίδος ἄκριες·
νεῖκος ἔνθ' ἐτελέσθη.

W. R. H.

CXLII

But not long
Had the fresh wave of windy fight begun
Heaving, and all the surge of swords to sway,
When timeless night laid hold of heaven, and took
With its great gorge the noon as in a gulf,
Strangled; and thicker than the shrill-winged shafts
Flew the fleet lightnings . . . that our host,
Smit with sick presage of some wrathful God
Quailed, but the foe as from one iron throat
With one great sheer sole thousand-throated cry
Shook earth, heart-staggered from their shout, and clove
The eyeless hollow of heaven; and breached therewith
As with an onset of strength-shattering sound
The rent vault of the roaring noon of night
From her throned seat of usurpation rang
Reverberate answer; such response there pealed
As tho' the tide's charge of a storming sea
Had burst the sky's wall, and made broad a breach
In the ambient girth and bastion flanked with stars
Guarding the fortress of the Gods, and all
Crashed now together on ruin; and through that cry
And higher above it ceasing one man's note
Tore its way like a trumpet: *Charge, make end.*
Charge, halt not, strike, rend up their strength by the roots.
Strike, break them, make your birthright's promise sure.
Show your hearts hardier than the fenced land breeds.

. . . .

Sons of the sea's waves: and all ears that heard
Rang with that fiery cry, that the fine air

CXLII

Νέα μὲν ὧδ' ἀρθεῖσα κινεῖται μάχη
δυσχείμερος κλύδωνι σὺν πολλῷ δορός·
ὄρφνη δ' ἄωρος λαμπρὸν εἷλεν οὐρανόν,
σκήψασα δ' ἔσχεν ὥσπερ ἀγχόνῃ φάος,
ἄπειρον ἐμβαλοῦσα δίκτυον σκότου·
ἰῶν δὲ κρεῖσσον ὀξέων κατ' αἰθέρα
στεροπαὶ διῇσσον αἰέν· ὥσθ' ἡμεῖς τινὸς
δείσαντες ὀργισθέντος ἐκ θεοῦ κότον
ὀκνοῦμεν· οἱ δ' ἅπαντες ὡς χαλκόστομοι
φωνῇ βόαμα μυριοπληθὲς μιᾷ
ἱέντες ἐκσείουσι γῆν μεσόμφαλον·
διερράγη δ' ὁ τυφλὸς οὐρανοῦ πόλος
παιᾶνος ὥσπερ ἐμβολῇ πανωλέθρου,
ὥσθ' ἡ βίᾳ κρατοῦσα νὺξ μεσημβρινὴ
ἀντηλάλαξ' ἄνωθεν ἀντίῳ κτύπῳ·
τοιοῦτο δ' ἀντηύδησεν ὡσπερεὶ σάλου
πλημμυρὶς ἐκρήξειεν οὐρανοῦ κύκλον
στέφανοί τε πύργων φρούριόν τ' ἐπάλξεων
ἄστροισι ποικίλειμον ὑψίστου Διὸς
ἤδη κτυποῖεν ἐν βαρυγδούπῳ φθορᾷ.
τοσοῦτο μὲν βοῶσι, διὰ βοὴν δ' ἔτι
μέσην τε καὶ λήγουσαν εἷς τις ὄρθιον
ἔρρηξ' ἀνὴρ φώνημα σάλπιγγος δίκην·
ἴτ', ἐκπεράνατ' ἔργον· οὐχ ἕδρας ἀκμή·
ἴτ', ἐχθρὸν ἐξαμᾶτε πρόρριζον δορὶ
μνησθέντες οἷον ἐξ οἵου πατρὸς γένος
πεφύκατ', οὐ χερσαῖον ἐκ τειχισμάτων,
ἀλλ' εὐγενὲς βλάστημα ποντίας ἁλός·
κλύων δὲ πᾶς τις θουρίαν τἀνδρὸς βοὴν
ἔφρισσε, λεπτὸν αἰθέρ' ὡς ἠχεῖ δία,

Thereat was fired . . .—no glad song
For folks to hear that wist how dire a god
Begat this peril to them, what strong race
Fathered the sea-born tongue that sang them death.

SWINBURNE.

CXLIII

Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;—
Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel this very moment death
And all the sad variety of pain;
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame; how many bleed
By shameful variance betwixt man and man;
How many pine in want and dungeon glooms,
Shut from the common air and common use
Of their own limbs; how many drink the cup
Of baleful grief or eat the bitter bread
Of misery; sore pierced by wintry winds
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty; how many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse:
How many racked with honest passions droop
In deep retired distress; how many stand
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends
And point the parting anguish!

THOMSON.

ὀξύτονος οὐκ εὔφθογγος· οὐ γὰρ εὖ λέγει·
δεινὸς γὰρ ἦν ὁ τόνδε κίνδυνον τεκὼν
θεός, γένος δὲ δεινὸν ἐξ οὗπερ γεγὼς
Ἕλλησι κεῖνος θάνατον ὕμνησεν τότε.

F. H.

CXLIII

Qui tamen indulget genio, gaudetque fruendo,
qui plenas ostentat opes plenaque superbit
luxurie, dum pervolitat convivia, et omnem
implet vana diem saepe et nocitura voluptas,
num meminit quantam partem mors horrida, quantam
multiplicis teneat praesens angoris imago,
dum fruitur, laetasque petit sine fine choreas?
nec minus interea, quamquam hic est immemor, illos
aufert unda rapax, hos flamma rapacior haurit:
dira hominum rabies alios et taetra cruentant
proelia: carceribus multi tenebrisque tenentur,
communi fructu lucis solitoque carentes
membrorum motu: plenum pars maxima luctum
haurit et ipsa suos consumit maesta dolores,
aut nudos durae patientis frigora vitae
pauperies miseros cogit subiisse Penates.
praeterea multorum animos immensa cupido
aut furor exagitat: sceleris mens conscia multos
suppliciis torquet diris: hic iure cupiti
marcet egens luctumque procul fovet aeger honestum:
ast hic ad lectum cari et morientis amici
stat miser et lacrimis finem cedentis acerbat.

A. D. G.

CXLIV

Time wasteth yeares and months and hours:
Time doth consume fame, honour, will, and strength:
Time kills the greenest herbs and sweetest flowers:
Time weares out youth and beautie's lookes at length:
  Time doth convey to ground both foe and friend,
  And each thing els but Love, which hath no end.

SHAKESPEARE.

CXLV

This said, he left them, and returned no more.—
  But rumours hung about the country-side,
    That the lost Scholar long was seen to stray,
  Seen by rare glimpses, pensive and tongue-tied,
    In hat of antique shape, and cloak of grey,
      The same the gipsies wore.
  Shepherds had met him on the Hurst in spring;
    At some lone alehouse in the Berkshire moors,
    On the warm ingle-bench, the smock-frocked boors
  Had found him seated at their entering.

But, mid their drink and clatter, he would fly;—
  And I myself seem half to know thy looks,
    And put the shepherds, wanderer, on thy trace;
  And boys who in lone wheatfields scare the rooks
    I ask if thou hast passed their quiet place;
      Or in my boat I lie
  Moored to the cool bank in the summer heats,
    Mid wide grass meadows which the sunshine fills,
    And watch the warm green-muffled Cumnor hills,
  And wonder if thou haunt'st their shy retreats.

M. ARNOLD.

CXLIV

Ἦ ῥα χρόνος μῆνάς τε καὶ ὥρας ἠδ' ἐνιαυτοὺς
ὤλεσ' ἐπιπλομένους· ὁ δ' ἐϋκλείην τ' ἀρετήν τε
καὶ κράτος ἀνθρώποισιν ἀμέρδει καὶ μένος ἠΰ·
λωτὸν δὲ χλωρὸν μελιηδέα τ' ἄνθεα τείρει·
κάλλος τ' ἀγλαΐην τε νέων καὶ ἐπήρατον ἥβην
ὕστατα λωβᾶται, αὐτοὺς δ' οὐδάσδε πέλασσεν,
ἠμὲν δυσμενέας ἠδ' οἳ φίλοι εἰσὶ μάλιστα·
ἄλλα δὲ πάντα κατατρύχει χρόνος ἠδέ τ' ἐναίρει,
οἶον δ' οὐκ ἐδάμασσεν Ἔρωτ', ἀμάραντον ἐόντα.

D. B. M.

CXLV

Talia fatus abit, nec conspexere sodales
amplius; at per rura diu vaga fama cucurrit
raro oculis hominum amissum se credere Vatem.
multa revolventi similem mutumque loquelae:
pallia rava viri perhibent frontemque galero
velatum prisco: Nomadum de gente putares.
illum vere novo pastores colle vagantem,
illum cinctutos peterent cum nocte Sabinis
montibus hospitium, sola invenisse taberna
agricolas, sella ante Lares Vestamque sedentem:
mox fugere elapsum turba strepituque bibentum.
  ipse mihi ignoti videor cognoscere vultus;
ipse, fugax, tua pastori vestigia prodo.
et pueros quis cura satis arcere volucris,
percontor si forte locis tu devius illis
tranquillas obeas segetes; seu lintre iacenti
fluminis aestivos defendit ripa calores
(circum prata patent, fundit se in pascua Phoebus):
tum iuga suspiciens clivi viridantis aprica
miror an hoc latitans caeco palere recessu.

J. S. P.

CXLVI

[Should all our churchmen foam in spite
At you, so careful of the right,
Yet one lay-hearth would give you welcome]
(Take it and come) to the Isle of Wight;

Where, far from noise and smoke of town,
I watch the twilight falling brown
All round a careless-order'd garden
Close to the ridge of a noble down.

You'll have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine,
And only hear the magpie gossip
Garrulous under a roof of pine:

For groves of pine on either hand,
To break the blast of winter, stand;
And further on, the hoary Channel
Tumbles a billow on chalk and sand;

Where, if below the milky steep
Some ship of battle slowly creep,
And on thro' zones of light and shadow
Glimmer away to the lonely deep,

We might discuss the Northern sin
Which made a selfish war begin;
[Dispute the claims, arrange the chances;
Emperor, Ottoman, which shall win.]

TENNYSON.

CXLVI

Ergo audi et pete bis vocate Vectim,
qua fumo procul urbis et tumultu
hinc atque inde cadentibus tenebris
specto iam magis ac magis nigrari
hortulum sine more comptiorem
clivi nobile quem iugum coercet.
nil cenam tibi condiet maligni
sed sal candidior, salubre vinum,
et solus prope fabulator ales
pinus culmine tectus increpabit.
nam pineta tenent utramque partem
quae flabris hiemalibus resistant,
et canens procul ingruente fluctu
per cretam furit unda perque harenas:
qua lento pede lactea sub arce
si fors longa carina navigabit,
et per lucis iter vices et umbrae
iam sublustre secabit in profundum,
tecum disserere improbi licebit
et culpas et origines duelli.

T. H. W.

CXLVII

Better to wait:
The wise men wait; it is the foolish haste,
And ere the scenes are in the slides would play,
And while the instruments are tuning, dance.
I see Napoleon on the heights intent
To arrest that one brief unit of loose time
Which hands high Victory's thread; his marshals fret,
His soldiers clamour low: the very guns
Seem going off themselves; the cannon strain
Like hell-dogs in the leash. But he, he waits:
And lesser chances and inferior hopes
Meantime go pouring past.

A. H. CLOUGH.

CXLVIII

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

CXLVII

Νικᾷ τὸ μέλλειν· οὐχ ὁρᾷς ὅπως μένει
ὁ φρόνιμος, ὁρμαίνουσι δ' ἄφρονες λίαν;
ὡς εἰς θέατρον, μὴ παρεσκευασμένης
σκηνῆς, ἄγει τις χορὸν ἀγωνιούμενος
ἤδη τραγῳδός, πρίν τε καί τιν' ἁρμόσαι
λύραν, ἀναβολὴν φροιμιάζεται φθάσας.
ἤδη γὰρ εἶδον ἐπὶ λόφῳ βεβηκότα
ἄνδρα στρατηγόν, πανταχῇ θεώμενον
εἴ πως ὑφαρπάσειε καιρίαν ἀκμὴν
ἐφ' ᾗ τὸ νικᾶν καὶ τὸ νικᾶσθαι ῥέπει·
ταγοὶ δὲ δυσφοροῦσι, χὠ λεὼς βρέμει,
ἤδη δὲ τόξων αὐτὰ προὐκπηδᾷ βέλη
ἐπενθορεῖν τε δαΐοις ἱμείρεται,
Ἅιδου κύων ὡς ἀγκύλῃ κατάσχετος·
αὐτὸς δ' ὅμως ἕστηκεν, οὐδ' ἐπείγεται,
στρατοῦ δ' ἐᾷ μὲν θροῦν, ἐᾷ δ' ἀπιστίαν,
τύχας ἐλάσσους ἐλπίδας τ' ἀναξίους
χαίρειν κατ' οὖρον φερομένας τέως ἐφείς.

J. U. P.

CXLVIII

Luminibus modo redde notas, ubi pocula sumis:
luminibus referam non secus ipse notas;
seu mihi, cum biberis, sola in quincunce relinques
oscula, sufficient oscula sola mihi.
non vinum satis est: aliquid caelestius optat
acris in ardenti pectore nata sitis;
at si suave Iovis liceat mihi ducere nectar,
non Iovis anteferam nectar, amata, tuo.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
  Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
  It could not withered be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
  And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
  Not of itself, but thee.

JONSON.

CXLIX

Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence:
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands.

TENNYSON.

nuper enim misi roseam tibi, pulchra, coronam,
non ut honos tantum glisceret inde tibi,
quantum spe propria, si forte viresceret illa,
isto non unquam marcida facta loco.
tu semel inspiras inspiratamque remittis:
hoc redeunt ad nos munera nostra modo.
inde recens viret atque alium mentitur odorem;
nec se ipsam sed te, te, mihi crede, refert.

C. H. ST. L. R.

CXLIX

Φεῦ δειλὸν ἦθος· χρηστὸς οὐκ ἄρ' ἦσθ' ἀνήρ,
προδούς μ' ἀπίστως κοὐκέτ' οἰκτείρας κακῶν·
ἐξουσίας γὰρ τῆς πάρος θνῄσκων ἄναξ
ἀπεστέρηται· τοῦ γὰρ ἐντὸς ὀμμάτων
καθημένου νῦν ὀρφανὸς κεῖται κράτους,
ὃ πρόσθε πᾶσαν εἷλε κἀκόντων φρένα.
οὐ γὰρ λέληθας, ὅστις ἐν πολλοῖς ἐμοὶ
λειφθεὶς ἑταίροις μοῦνος—ὥστ' εἰκός σ', ἅπερ
κεῖνοι τὸ πρόσθεν, ταῦθ' ἕν' ἄνδρ' ὑπηρετεῖν—
εἶτ' ἀντὶ κώπης τιμίου προσχήματος
βούλει προδοῦναί μ', ὀμμάτων, ὥσπερ γυνή,
ζητῶν ματαίαν τέρψιν, ἢ κέρδους ἐρῶν.
καίτοι, σφαλεὶς γὰρ καὶ δὶς ὧν ποιεῖν χρεὼν
ἤδη τις ηὐτύχηκεν ἐν πείρᾳ τρίτῃ,
ἔρρ' ὡς τάχιστα· νῦν γὰρ ἢ ῥίψων ξίφος
ἢ χερσὶν ἴσθι ταῖς ἐμαῖς θανούμενος.

A. D. G.

CL

Manuel, I do not shed a tear
  Our parting to delay;
I dare not listen to my fear,
  I dare not bid thee stay.

The heart may shrink, the spirit fail,
  But Spaniards must be free!
And pride and duty shall prevail
  O'er all my love for thee.

Then go, and round that gallant head,
  Like banners in the air,
Shall float full many a daring hope
  And many a tender prayer.

Should freedom perish—at thy death
  'Twere madness to repine;
And I should every feeling lose
  Except the wish for mine.

But if the destiny of Spain
  Be once again to rise!
O grant me, Heaven! to read the tale
  In Manuel's joyful eyes.

M. BETHAM.

CL

Nulla petit manans in nostros lacrima vultus
  ut sit digressus serior hora tui;
mens etenim non est molli parere timori
  nostra nec imbellis ausa rogare moras.
pectora deficiant, coeat formidine sanguis,
  vincla sed Hispanis sunt adimenda viris;
et pudor et patriae quae sensi debita terrae
  sunt mihi (nam fateor) pluris amore tuo.
ergo age, carpe viam: nam ceu vexilla, per auras
  mille meae tecum somnia mentis eunt;
non aberunt tacitis pro te vota edita labris
  spesque satis facilis vix habitura deos.
si pereunte tamen cum libertate peribis,
  nil mihi praeterea quod doleatur erit;
omnis enim sensus diffugerit; una manebit
  praecipiens nostros spes malesuada rogos.
sin favet inceptis deus eventusque secundat,
  si suus Hispanis est rediturus honor;
hoc erit in votis, ut fracti nuntius hostis
  sit mihi laetantis risus in ore viri.

J. A. C.

CLI

Among the many methods which might be made use of for the acquiring of the virtue of contentment, I shall only mention the two following. First of all, a man should always consider how much more he has than he wants; and, secondly, how much more unhappy he might be than he really is. For the first point, I am wonderfully pleased with the reply which Aristippus made to one who condoled with him upon the loss of a farm. 'Why,' said he, 'I have three farms still, and you have but one; so that I ought rather to be afflicted for you than you for me.' On the contrary, foolish men are apt to fix their minds on those who are richer than themselves, rather than on those who are under greater difficulties. All the real pleasures and conveniences of life lie in a narrow compass; but it is the humour of mankind to be always looking forward, and straining after those who have got the start of them.

ADDISON.

CLII

At this with maddened stare
And lifted hands and trembling lips he stood,
Like old Deucalion mountained o'er the flood,
Or blind Orion hungry for the morn.
And, but from the deep cavern there was borne
A voice, he had been froze to senseless stone;
Nor sigh of his, nor plaint, nor passionate moan
Had more been heard. Thus swelled it forth; 'Descend,
Young mountaineer! descend where pathways bend
Into the rocky hollows of the world!

CLI

Multis illa modis parvo mens laeta parari,
si nescis, possit. sapiens nam 'plura habeo' inquit
'quam cupio,' aut idem 'quanto infelicior esse
quam nunc sum poteram.' fundum cum perdidit unum,
haud male Aristippus solanti fortis amico
'tres mihi sunt' inquit 'fundi nunc, quattuor olim,
te tuus unus alit: nostram maerere vicem te
quid decet?' at stultis semper locupletior obstat
ante oculos positus, nec egenos et magis arto
respiciunt victu vicinos vivere suetos.
omnis in angusto vitae stat vera voluptas,
vera bona: et cunctos tamen hinc amentia flectit
strenua: prospiciunt et praecedentibus instant.

W. R. H.

CLII

Stat fixis demens oculis atque ore trementi,
attollitque manus, qualis stetit ille patentum
culmine Deucalion celso spectator aquarum,
vel cupidus caecis solem exoptabat Orion
luminibus: iamque in lapidem cedebat inertem,
nullos iam gemitus, suspiria nulla daturus,
ploratusve sonum, medio nisi clamor ab antro
erumpens pavidum dictis monuisset amicis:
'tune illuc, iuvenis, metuas descendere, pergit
semita qua sterilis terrae penetrare cavernas,

Oft hast thou seen bolts of the thunder hurled
As from thy threshold; day by day hast been
A little lower than the chilly sheen
Of icy pinnacles; now, as deep profound
As these are high, descend! He ne'er is crowned
With immortality, who fears to follow
Where airy voices lead: so through the hollow,
The silent mysteries of earth descend!'

KEATS.

CLIII

It must be—

And yet it moves me, Romans! it confounds
The counsels of my firm philosophy,
That Ruin's merciless ploughshare must pass o'er.
And barren salt be sown on yon proud city.
As on our olive-crownèd hill we stand,
Where Kedron at our feet its scanty waters
Distils from stone to stone with gentle motion,
As through a valley sacred to sweet peace,
How boldly doth it front us! how majestically!
Like a luxurious vineyard, the hill-side
Is hung with marble fabrics, line o'er line,
Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still, and nearer
To the blue heavens.

MILMAN.

fulmina qui solitus propior spectare, Tonantis
vestibulum modo non ipsum tetigisse putabas,
inque dies poteras glacialia frigora coram
fulgentisque videre apices? quantum aetheris alti
hi superant, tantum in terram penetrare relictum est.
ille quidem magnum nunquam adfectabit Olympum,
aeria quicunque sequi ducente recusat
voce deum: descende ferox audeque cavernam
rimari peragrans tacitae penetralia terrae.'

F. F.

CLIII

*Ἄραρε ταῦτα, κοὐκέτ' ἔστ' ἀποστροφή·
καίτοι τόδ' ἐνθύμημα, Ῥωμαῖοι φίλοι,
κινεῖ, ταράσσει καρδίαν, συγχεῖ δέ μοι
γνώμην βεβαίαν τὴν πάλαι δεδογμένην,
τήνδ' ὑψίπυργον ἐξαϊστῶσαι πόλιν
φθορᾶς ἄνοικτον ἄροτρον, ἐν δ' ἐρειπίοις
ἅλας σπαρῆναι τοῖσδ', ἀκάρπιστον σπόρον.
ἡμῖν δ' ἐλαῶν τῷδ' ὄρει περιστεφεῖ
ἐφημένοισιν, οὗ Κέδρων σμικραῖς ῥοαῖς
ποδῶν ἔνερθε μαλθακῇ λίθους ὁδῷ
περᾷ καχλάζων, ὡς καθιερωμένην
ἁγνῇ γαλήνῃ τ' εὐδίᾳ τ' ἄρδων νάπην,
ὡς ὑψικόμπως καὶ τυραννικῶς πρέπει
σχῆμ' ἀντίπρῳρον· ἀμπέλων δ' ἁβρῶν δίκην
κλιτὺς κρεμαστοῖς πᾶσα μαρμαίρει δόμοις·
μᾶλλον δὲ μᾶλλον βασιλικῶν στεγῶν χλιδὴ
ἄλλη παρ' ἄλλης διαδοχαῖς πληρουμένη
πυργηδὸν αἴρει κρᾶτ' ἐς αἰθέρος βάθος.*

F. ST. J. T.

CLIV

A strait long entry to the temple led,
Blind with high walls, and horror over head;
Thence issued such a blast, and hollow roar,
As threatened from the hinge to heave the door.
The gate was adamant; eternal frame
Which, hewed by Mars himself, from Indian quarries
came,
The labour of a God; and all along
Tough iron plates were clenched to make it strong.
On the other side there stood Destruction bare;
Unpunished Rapine, and a waste of war.
Loud menaces were heard, and foul disgrace,
And bawling infamy, in language base;
Till sense was lost in sound, and silence fled the place.
The slayer of himself yet saw I there,
The gore congealed was clotted in his hair;
With eyes half closed and gaping mouth he lay,
And grim, as when he breathed his sullen soul away.

DRYDEN.

CLIV

Huc aditu longo celsisque ex ordine muris
ducit iter caecum: et saevus superimminet horror.
unde ruunt horrenda minis raucoque tonitru
flamina, quae rupto convellant cardine postis,
ni pater aeterno fixos adamante locasset
ipse manu, caesisque ex Indo monte columnis
divinum struxisset opus: tum ferrea duras
claustra premunt multoque intexunt robore portas.
intus habent Curae sedem tristisque minatur
Seditio, iuxtaque furit Discordia demens.
hinc exaudiri gemitus, dum crimina iactat
flagitium, turpique tonans infamia lingua
omnia confundit strepitu rumpitque quietem.
inde virum formae, vitam quicumque perosi,
sanguine conspersi crines maculisque notati
sanguineis: hiat ore omnis nec lumina clausit.
qualis ubi infelix indigna luce recessit.

A. J. B.

CLV

Sleep, angry beauty, sleep and fear not me:
For who a sleeping lion dares provoke?
It shall suffice me here to sit and see
These lips shut up, that never kindly spoke:
What sight can more content a lover's mind
Than beauty seeming harmless, if not kind?
My words have charm'd her, for secure she sleeps,
Though guilty much of wrong done to my love:
And in her slumber, see! she close-eyed weeps!
Dreams often more than waking passions move.
Plead, sleep, my cause, and make her soft like thee,
That she in peace may wake and pity me!

T. CAMPION.

CLVI

He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
Th' assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The sound of blust'ring winds, which all night long
Had rous'd the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Sea-faring men o'er-watch'd, whose bark by chance
Or pinnace anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest: such applause was heard
As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleas'd,
Advising peace: for such another field
They dreaded worse than Hell: so much the fear
Of thunder and the sword of Michaël
Wrought still within them, and no less desire
To found this nether empire, which might rise
By policy, and long process of time,
In emulation opposite to Heav'n.

MILTON.

CLV

Carpe, superba nimis, posita formidine, somnum:
quis solvat rabidae somnia saeva leae?
hic sedisse sat est conclusaque labra tueri
quae bona nescierunt edere verba viris.
illa benigna quidem non est, innoxia tantum:
quid magis hoc poterit corda iuvare proci?
aspice, quae miserum toties fraudavit amantem
sic secura iacet, carmine capta meo:
almus et ex oculis adopertis liquitur umor,
saepe magis lacrimas somnia luce movent.
adsis, somne, tua mentem dulcedine mutans,
ut meus a vigili respiciatur amor.

A. H. C.

CLVI

Vix ea fatus erat, fremitu strepit omne repente
concilium, deprensa cavis ceu flamina saxis
miscentur sonitu; noctem, quam longa, ciebant
illa quidem pontum, iam tandem murmure rauco
defessis suadent nautis sopita quietem,
quorum navigium atque ratis sub rupe cavata
post tempestatem tenet ancora: plauditur una
dux ubi finierat; placuit sententia Coei
pacem ostentantis; statuunt non ulla novare
proelia Tartareis mage formidanda catenis;
tanto illos tonitrus tantoque inpleverat arcus
intonsi terrore dei, quibus alta cupido
firmandi Stygium inperium, quod tempore longo
consiliisque potens regnum affectaret Olympi.

S. G. O.

CLVII

Silent and moody he went, and much he revolved his
discomfort;
He who was used to success, and to easy victories
always,
Thus to be flouted, rejected, and laughed to scorn by
a maiden,
Thus to be mocked and betrayed by the friend whom
most he had trusted!
Ah! 'twas too much to be borne, and he fretted and
chafed in his armour!

'I alone am to blame,' he muttered, 'for mine was
the folly.
What has a rough old soldier, grown grim and gray in
the harness,
Used to the camp and its ways, to do with the wooing
of maidens?
'Twas but a dream,—let it pass,—let it vanish like so
many others!
What I thought was a flower, is only a weed, and is
worthless!
Out of my heart will I pluck it, and throw it away,
and henceforward
Be but a fighter of battles, a lover and wooer of
dangers!'
Thus he revolved in his mind his sorry defeat and
discomfort,
While he was marching by day or lying at night in
the forest,
Looking up at the trees, and the constellations beyond
them.

LONGFELLOW.

CLVII

It tristis sine voce viam totaque repulsam
mente movet. sic se solitum successibus uti,
vincere cui pronum semper, iam ferre puellae
iurgia derisumque et spreti vulnus amoris?
unanimemne et qui ante omnes sibi fidus amicum
illusisse fidem, pactum contemnere foedus?
grande nefas, nec iam mediocri bile ferendum.
sic ira spumante fremens iecur ibat in armis.
et secum: 'mea culpa quidem est, vaecordia quando
nostra fuit. quid enim vetus et non factus amori,
inque paludato doctus canescere coetu,
castrorum vitam atque omnes expertus in usus,
virginibus teneris me credere tetricus ausim?
verum ut erat somni sine pondere euntis imago,
sic abeat, sic cedat amor: nam flosculus olim
qui fuit, hic idem est abiecta vilior herba,
cogor et ex animo vulsum radicibus imis
proicere. hinc ego iam superest quod vivere Marti
me dedero, pugnis flagrans et amore pericli.'
sic tristem fortunam animo, sic saepe repulsam
volvit amans, seu luce viam tenet, aut ubi noctu
membra reclinatus silvis arbusta notabat
suspiciens longoque abeuntia sidera caelo.

R. E.

CLVIII

Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story!
The days of our youth are the days of our glory;
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is
wrinkled?
'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew besprinkled.
Then away with all such from the head that is hoary!
What care I for the wreaths that can *only* give glory!

Oh Fame! if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases,
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear One discover
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

There chiefly I sought thee, *there* only I found thee;
Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee;
When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,
I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

BYRON.

CLIX

Hero, when that he came not, watched all night,
Into the darkness straining hard her sight;
And morning breaking and no sign of him,
With aching heart she scanned the sea-face dim.

Fearing to look because that lamp went out,
He was not there, but casting all about,
Lo, at the turret's foot his body lay,
Rolled on the stones, and soaked with breaking spray.

She rent her robe upon her, and leaped down
Headlong, distracted, from the turret's crown;
There on his corpse she breathed her dying breath,
And linked in life, those two were one in death.

CLVIII

Nequiquam laudas fastis memorabile nomen :
a, decus est unum, crede, iuventa viro.
quo mihi nunc laurus? quarti redimicula lustri,
frons consuta hederis myrtea pluris erat.
rugosa quid serta iuvant, quid fronte corollae?
ceu rosa quae verno mortua rore madet.
gaudia tolle mihi canentibus ista capillis :
non ego quis emitur nil nisi fama, moror.
quodsi, fama, tuas laudes insanus amavi,
nominis haud cupidus grande sonantis eram,
sed vultum dominae potius spectare fatentis
hoc non indignum pectus amore suo.
his petiique oculis, his te cepique petitam,
maxima quod iubaris pars ea visa tui est :
felici quotiens illuxerat illa voluptas,
munus amor famae (sensimus) ipse dabat.

J. S. P.

CLIX

Sestias in specula noctem quam longa tenebras
sederat explorans, nec tamen ille venit.
tum redeunte die tristis circumspicit aequor ;
nulla viri monstrat signa notamve dies.
et spectare timens spectat tamen ; igne timorem
auxerat exstincto nuntia taeda viae ;
en, miserum visu, iuxta sub turre quod aestus
expulerat lacerum corpus amantis erat.
tum vero amentem discissa veste puellam
praecipitem muro desiluisse ferunt,
atque efflasse super Leandri funere vitam,
sic mors unanimis sustulit una duos.

J. Y. S.

CLX

Fer. This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.
Mira. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.
Pro. You do look, my son, in a movèd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir:
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

SHAKESPEARE.

CLX

A. Ἆρ', ὦ φίλη, θαυμαστόν, ὡς πάλαι πατὴρ
λυπρῶς ἄδηλον δή τι καλχαίνει στύγος;
B. οὔτοι πάρος νιν εἶδον ὧδ' ὀργῇ βαρύν.
Γ. ἀδημονεῖς μέν, ὡς ἔοικας, ὦ ξένε,
καί που θέα σ' ἔθραξεν· ἀλλά μοι, τέκνον,
θάρσει· τόδ' ἡμῖν παιγνιῶν ἥκει τέλος.
οἱ δ', ὡς προεῖπον, δραμάτων ὑπηρέται
ἐμῶν, ἔχοντες ἄσκοπον θείαν φύσιν,
ἐς πνεῦμα κοῦφον ἠφανίσθησαν πάλιν.
καὶ μὴν ὁμοῖα τοῦδε φάσματος χλιδῇ,
δόξαν μάτην τεύχοντος, ἀστρογείτονες
πύργοι τε πάγχρυσοί τε κοιράνων δόμοι,
καὶ σεμνὰ θεῶν ἱδρύματ' ἄσπετός τε γῆ
αὐτοῖσι τοῖς νέμουσιν ἐκτριβήσεται,
καὶ τοῖσδ' ἀμαυροῖς ἐμφερῆ θεάμασιν
ἅπαξ μαρανθέντ' οὐδ' ἴχνος τί που φανεῖ.
ἰὼ βρότεια πράγμαθ', ὡς ὀνειράτων
ἀλίγκιοι μορφαῖσι τὸν βραχὺν βίον
τελοῦντες, οὐδὲν ἄλλο πλὴν κοίτης ἄπο
σμικρὸν χρόνον βλέψαντες, αὖ κοιμώμεθα.

L. C.

CLXI

The Danube to the Severn gave
The darken'd heart that beat no more:
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

The Wye is hush'd nor moved along,
And hush'd my deepest grief of all,
When fill'd with tears that cannot fall,
I brim with sorrow drowning song.

The tide flows down, the wave again
Is vocal in its wooded walls;
My deeper anguish also falls,
And I can speak a little then.

TENNYSON.

CLXII

The Autumn skies are flushed with gold,
And fair and bright the rivers run;
These are but streams of winter cold,
And painted mists that quench the sun.

In secret boughs no sweet birds sing,
In secret boughs no bird can shroud;
These are but leaves that take to wing,
And wintry winds that pipe so loud.

'Tis not trees' shade, but cloudy glooms
That on the cheerless valleys fall;
The flowers are in their grassy tombs,
And tears of dew are on them all.

HOOD.

CLXI

Atra mersa die nec iam salientia vita
  corda Sabrinaeis tradidit Ister aquis.
accepit mox terra ; iacet prope litus amoenum
  cui nec inauditis obstrepit unda fretis.
bis revoluta die Sabrina ibi colligit aestus,
  ripa bis Oceano praetereunte madet,
bis penitus complent infusa silentia colles
  garrula dum media sistitur Isca via.
Isca silet, muto nec iam se promovet amne,
  vox et inundanti nostra dolore tacet,
effundi quando lacrimis nolentibus omnem
  obruta tristitiam promere Musa negat.
mox referuntur aquae, tum pronis Isca fluentis
  silvarum solito murmure claustra replet:
altior inde mihi cessat dolor aestus ut amni,
  sunt quoque sed quae vix reddere verba queam.

T. H. W.

CLXII

Auro picta rubent Autumni nubila: fulget,
  si quis adhuc vitrea labitur amnis aqua.
illa tamen condunt nebuloso lumine solem,
  imbuit hos proprio frigore tristis hiems.
non avium dulci resonant modulamine silvae,
  non avibus latebras sufficit umbra suas:
aspicias tantum frondis volitare caducas,
  audieris flentis nil nisi flabra Noti.
non umbra aestivi nemoris, sed nubila vallem
  desuper hibernam, tristior umbra, premunt:
marcescit velut herboso flos quisque sepulcro,
  rore super tristis illacrimante rogos.

T. L. P.

CLXIII

Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this:
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast
As to be hush'd and naught at all to say.
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
Which else would post until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain:
Which to maintain I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I tied to run afoot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
Meantime let this defend my loyalty:
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

SHAKESPEARE.

CLXIII

Μή μοι λόγοις ψυχροῖσιν ἣν ἔχω φρενὸς
εἰκάζεθ' ὁρμήν· οὐ γυναικεία μάχη
οὐδὲ στομάργου πικρότης γλωσσαλγίας
δίκην βραβεύειν ἀξία γενήσεται
τὴν νῦν ἐν ἡμῖν· ὡς ζέοντος αἵματος
τομῶντα θυμὸν ἐκβολαῖς ἰατέον.
ἀλλ' οὐ γάρ εἰμι πρᾷος, ὥστ' ὀργῆς ἄνευ
κακῶς ἀκούσας μηδὲν ἀντειπεῖν· ἐπεὶ
εἰ σῆς ὑπ' αἰδοῦς μὴ κατειχόμην, ἄναξ,
λόγοισι δ' ἐξῆν ἡνίας ἐλευθεροῦν,
πλήθουσ' ἂν ἔρρει γλῶσσα, κἀδιώκετ' ἂν
δὶς μείζον' οὗτος ἧς ἐγὼ φεύγω γραφήν.
νῦν δ' αἵματός μοι πλὴν ὅσον τυραννικοῦ
πέφυκεν ἀνὴρ τῷ δ' ἄνακτι συγγενής,
ἀπέπτυσ' αὐτόν, μῖσος ἔχθιστον καλῶ,
δειλόν, πανοῦργον, διάβολον μιάστορα·
καὶ τοῖσδ' ὁμοῖά γ' αὐτὸν ἀντιστὰς δορὶ
δρᾶν εἰμ' ἑτοῖμος, εἷς δ' ἂν ἀντὶ πλειόνων
ἐναντιοίμην, κεἰ δέοι μ' ὁδοιπορεῖν
κρυσταλλοπήκτους Ἄλπεων πάγους ἔπι,
ἢ γαῖαν ἄλλην εἴ τιν' ἀξενωτέραν
τολμῶσι γῆς τῆσδ' ἄνδρες ἐμβῆναι ποδί·
τῆς πρὸς σὲ δ' εἴ μ' ἄρ' ἐγκαλεῖ πίστεως, ἄναξ,
οὕτως ὀναίμην θεοῖσιν, ὡς ψευδῆ λέγει.

A. D. G.

CLXIV

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren rime?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear you living flowers
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
  To give away yourself keeps yourself still;
  And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

SHAKESPEARE.

CLXV

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head
To work my mind, when body's work's expir'd:
For then my thoughts—from far where I abide—
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous and her old face new.
  Lo! thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
  For thee and for myself no quiet find.

SHAKESPEARE.

CLXIV

Cur vero in tristem tempus crudele tyrannum
  bella magis valido non geris ipse modo?
o si decrepitos iacias munimina in annos
  hac sterili nostra prosperiora lyra!
stas nunc in summum vectus felicibus horis,
  castaque virgineo despicis arva solo;
casta, sed et vivos praebere volentia flores,
  plusque relaturos quam simulacra tui.
viva figura tuam reparat sic denique vitam,
  quod calamo aut tabulis ars hodierna nequit.
non decus externum, non intus acumina mentis,
  non te demum aliis ponere docta viris.
at dando tu te servas, dulcique necesse est
  tu vivas opera sculptus ab ipse tua.

A. T. L.

CLXV

Confugio ad lectum, fessis ubi debita membris
  otia post longum grata parantur opus:
mens tamen effertur studiis operosa vicissim
  et posito exercet corda labore labor.
nam procul hinc raptus feror in longinqua locorum,
  et pia te versus mens meditatur iter:
nec mea clauduntur languentia lumina somno,
  visaque nox caecis cernitur ante torum.
at subit in visum mediisque effingitur umbris
  umbra, tui qualis corporis instar habet.
illa, velut splendens horrenda nocte lapillus,
  dat decus, antiquae noctis et ora novat.
sic mea membra die, sic mens te nocte requirens
  aestuat alternis irrequieta malis.

A. J. B.

CLXXVI

No forest fell
When thou wouldst build; no quarry sent its stores
To enrich thy walls: but thou didst hew the floods,
And make thy marble of the glassy wave.
In such a palace Aristaeus found
Cyrene, when he bore the plaintive tale
Of his lost bees to her maternal ear.
In such a palace Poetry might place
The armoury of winter; where his troops,
The gloomy clouds, find weapons, arrowy sleet,
Skin-piercing volley, blossom-bruising hail.
Silently as a dream the fabric rose;
No sound of hammer or of saw was there:
Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts
Were soon conjoined, nor other cement asked
Than water interfused to make them one.
Lamps gracefully disposed, and of all hues,
Illumined every side: a watery light
Gleamed through the clear transparency, that seemed
Another moon new-risen, or meteor fallen
From heaven to earth, of lambent flame serene.

COWPER.

CLXVI

Non silva cadebat,
non solida excisae veniebant rupe columnae
te condente domum; vitreas namque eruis undas
caerulaque ex ipso ponis fundamina ponto.
tali crediderim, matrem cum quaereret olim,
amissis pastorem apibus vidisse sedentem
Cyrenen aula: talem finxisse poetae
arcem debuerant hiemi, qua tela laterent
nimborum agminibus, stridentes imbre sagittae,
infestaeque nives, et floribus aspera grando.
creverunt tacitae, veluti quas fingimus aedes
surgere per somnos; non raucae lamina serrae,
non ferrum sonuit ferro; nam partibus aptis
sponte sua glaciem glacies compacta recepit,
atque interfusa didicit coalescere lympha.
pellebant varia noctem face lampades antro
dispositae, quarum lumen sublustre recessus
mollius in vitreos penetrat, velut altera surgens
ferret luna iubar, vel caelo stella sereno
innocuas traheret delabens aethere flammas.

E. C. W.

CLXXVII

This was the old man's favourite tale, and he loved to repeat it
When his neighbours complained that any injustice was done them.
'Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.
But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted;
Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,
Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder

CLXVII

Mos erat haec narrare seni, si viderat ullos
invidiam socios violataque iura querentis.
'Urbs antiqua fuit (nomen mihi sustulit aetas),
inque foro stabat Themis aurea, nixa columna:
laeva manus lances e more tenebat, et ensem
dextera. sic patuit Themidos popularia iura
esse sub imperio sedesque et corda virorum.
quinetiam parvas ipsis in lancibus aedes
ponebant volucres; non illas fulgura ferri
terruerant solisque supra radiantis imago.
nec minus in peius leges volventibus annis
tendebant et vis coepit pro lege valere,
et nimis oppressam sub iniquo pondere plebem
vexabant proceres. iamque ipsius in lare regis
amissa est torques, furtique parentibus orba
mox rea fit virgo, tectis ancilla sub isdem.
iure ea mentito capitis damnatur, et ipsos
ante pedes Themidos subit aequo pectore mortem;
dumque anima in sedes volat incorrupta piorum
horrida tempestas superingruit, igneaque aere

Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from
its left hand
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of
the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of
a magpie,
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was
inwoven.'
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended,
the blacksmith
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth
no language;
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face,
as the vapours
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the
winter.

LONGFELLOW.

CLXVIII

Money never made any man rich, but his mind. He that can order himself to the law of nature is not only without the sense, but the fear of poverty. Oh! but to strike blind the people with our wealth and pomp, is the thing! What a wretchedness is this, to thrust all our riches outward, and be beggars within; to contemplate nothing but the little, vile, and sordid things of the world; not the great, noble, and precious! We serve our avarice; and not content with the good of the earth that is offered us, we search and dig for the evil that is hidden. God offered us those things, and placed them at hand and near us, that he knew were profitable to us; but the hurtful he laid deep and hid. Yet do we seek only the things whereby we may perish; and bring them forth, when God and nature hath buried them.

JONSON.

fulmina percusso rapiunt irata sinistra
praecipitantque solo crepitanti pondere lances:
mira loquor, sed enim congesta cubilia picae
inveniunt, luteoque intextam pariete torquem.'
dixerat; et tacuit—mens autem immota resistit—
ille, locuturo similis, sed nulla foras vox
truditur: os rugis glaciat mens anxia, quales
vitra notant gelidae brumali aspergine formae.

J. A. G.

CLXVIII

Sed sua mens hominem, non diva pecunia, ditat.
vivere naturae scis convenienter? egestas
nec terrore premet nec praesens anget egentem.
'at magnum est gazis oculos praestringere vulgi.'
divitias miseras, hominum locupletis in ore,
pauperis introrsum, nil magnum et grande videntis,
sed minima et rerum sordes et vilia quaeque!
servit avaritiae nec largo munere terrae
contentus quaecunque latent mala damna per orbem
quaerit homo atque effossa rapit. deus omnia prudens
quae prodesse queant, nullo tollenda labore,
in promptu posuit, quaerentibus obtulit ultro;
condidit abstrusitque nocentia. quis pereamus
eruimus, quae defodit natura deusque.

W. R. H.

CLXIX

Ἐν μεγάροισι πατρὸς βίος ἦν ἥδιστος Ἰάνθης,
  ἀλλ' ὅγε νεῦσ' ἐλθὼν ἐν προθύρῳ Θάνατος.
ἣ δὲ καλυψαμένη πομπὸν μετὰ νηλέα βαῖνε
  ἐντροπαλιζομένη, μητρὸς ὀρεξαμένη,
ὄλβια πολλὰ λιποῦσα καὶ ἥβην ἱμερόεσσαν·
  ἐκ δὲ δόμου σβέσσας δᾷδ' Ὑμέναιος ἔβη.

G. S.

CLXX

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
  I left a heart that loved me true!
I crossed the tedious ocean-wave,
  To roam in climes unkind and new.
  The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my withered heart: the grave
  Dark and untimely met my view.—
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! comest thou now so late to mock
  A wanderer's banished heart forlorn,
Now that his frame the lightning-shock
  Of sun-rays tipt with death has borne?
  From love, from friendship, country, torn,
To memory's fond regrets the prey,
  Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn!
Go, mix thee with thy kindred clay.

JOHN LEYDEN.

CLXIX

Sedibus in patriis felix vivebat Ianthe :
  Mors vocat ad primas visa venire fores :
respicit illa quidem matremque invita relinquit,
  obducto sequitur sed tamen ore ducem.
gaudia fugerunt vitae dulcisque iuventas :
  et procul extinctas fers, Hymenaee, faces.

A. D. G.

CLXX

Σέ τοι ποθῶν σέ, δοῦλ', ἀπόπτυστον μύσος
ὠχρόν τε, τὴν ἐρῶσαν ᾠχόμην λιπών,
ὑπερβαλών τ' αἰανὲς οἶδμα πόντιον
ὅρους πλανῶμαι γῆς νέας τε κἀφίλου·
ψυχραὶ δὲ τοὐμὸν κῆρ ἀνέλληνες πνοαί
αὐανθὲν εἰσέπνευσαν, ὀμμάτων τ' ἐμῶν
μελαμβαθὴς ἄωρος ἤντησεν τάφος.
καὶ ταῦτα σήν, δοῦλ' ὠχρέ, πάντ' ἄρ' ἦν χάριν.
ἔα· σὺ δ' ἥκεις ὑστέρῳ παρὼν χρόνῳ
ἄφετον ἔρημον ὑβρίσων ἐπήλυδα,
ὃς δὴ σταθευτὸς καὶ κεραυνωθεὶς δέμας
ἠνεσχόμην βροτοφθόρ' ἡλίου βέλη ;
φιλίας δ' ἔρωτος πατρίδος ἐξωρισμένος
τῶν πρὶν δέδηγμαι καρδίαν μεμνημένος·
δοῦλ' αἰσχρέ, τὴν σὴν ὠχρότητ' ἀπέπτυσα·
μίχθητι πηλῷ ξυγγενεῖ ξύνουρος ὤν.

T. L. A.

CLXXI

But oh, that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place, as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon lover.
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced:
Amid whose swift, half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war.

COLERIDGE.

CLXXI

Quae deinde intulerit facies se mira, quis audet
dicere? nam viridi devolsum colle barathrum
transversas aperit fauces cedrisque minatur
adpositis: asper visu diraque verendus
religione locus, qualem, dum contrahit ignis
Cynthia, desertis implebat vocibus Ino.
at barathro ex imo, velut acer anhelitus ipsam
tellurem atque imo quasset fundamine Manes,
emicat en rapidus ferventi gurgite torrens,
nec tamen adsidue: spumas namque inter et aestum
grandia saxa volant; sic tectis horrida grando,
sic tritae saliunt, urguet dum vannus, avenae.
hic sibi per saltum et volitantia fragmina montis
rumpit iter fluvius sacrisque elabitur undis.
deinde brevem vitam rapiens nemora inter et agros
implicat innumeros gyros cursumque moratur,
nequiquam—iam finis adest antrisque propinquat
immensis, hominum nulli quae cernere fas est,
stagnantisque adeo se condidit aequore ponti
cum sonitu: at longe resonare audivit avitas
Aeneas voces, certum et praedicere bellum.

A. M.

CLXXII

He was my friend, the truest friend on earth;
A strong and mighty influence join'd our birth;
Nor did we envy the most sounding name
    By friendship giv'n of old to fame.
None but his brethren he, and sisters knew,
    Whom the kind youth preferr'd to me;
    And ev'n in that we did agree,
For much above myself I lov'd them too.

Say, for you saw us, ye immortal lights,
How oft unwearied have we spent the nights?
Till the Ledaean stars, so fam'd for love,
    Wondered at us from above.
We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine;
    But search of deep philosophy,
    Wit, eloquence, and poetry,
Arts which I lov'd, for they, my friend, were thine.

COWLEY.

CLXXIII

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie;
Glad did I live and gladly die,
    And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
'Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
    And the hunter home from the hill.'

STEVENSON.

CLXXII

Noster erat terrae nusquam ut magis alter amicus:
iunxit nos valido foedere sidus idem.
nec fuit invidiae nobis quodcunque per aevum
insigne est fida nomen amicitia.
noverat hic solus fratres et corda sororum
quos pius et nostro mallet amore puer;
sic quoque concordes animo duravimus uno
istaque turba ipso me mihi pluris erat.
vos aeterni ignes et conscia lumina testor,
nox indefessis saepius acta fuit,
ut fratres Helenae, laudati exemplar amoris,
mirati steterint immemoresque viae.
tempora nec nugis Venerive merove vacabant:
Socraticis studiis nox operosa fuit.
musa sales aderant, vivae et facundia linguae;
nonne artis colerem dulcis amice tuas?

F. DE P.

CLXXIII

Qua stellis lucens late patet aethra, sepultum
ponite, cui placuit vita placetque mori:
'venit quo voluit,' saxo haec insculpite, 'venit
de nive venator, post freta nauta domum.'

Idem Graece:—

Ἀστροφαεῖ κοίτην μοι ὑπ' αἰθέρι τεύξαθ', ἑταῖροι,
ὃς χαίρων τ' ἔζων κοὐκ ἀέκων ἔθανον·
γράψατε δ' ἐν τύμβῳ τόδ' ἔπος· 'ναύτης λιμέν' εὑρὼν
κεῖμαι· θηρευτὴς ἐξ ὄρεος κατέβην.'

W. R. H.

CLXXIV

When in the down I sink my head,
    Sleep, Death's twin-brother, times my breath;
    Sleep, Death's twin-brother, knows not Death,
Nor can I dream of thee as dead:

I walk as ere I walk'd forlorn,
    When all our path was fresh with dew,
    And all the bugle breezes blew
Reveiélle to the breaking morn.

But what is this? I turn about,
    I find a trouble in thine eye,
    Which makes me sad I know not why,
Nor can my dream resolve the doubt:

But ere the lark hath left the lea
    I wake, and I discern the truth;
    It is the trouble of my youth
That foolish sleep transfers to thee.

TENNYSON.

CLXXIV

Fessus ubi in plumam demitto tempora, flatus
  hos geminus Mortis dirigit ipse Sopor.
ipse Sopor geminam nescit cognoscere Mortem:
  nec mihi per somnos tu periisse potes.
vivis, et incedens tecum non sola pererro
  iam loca, sed laetas rore recente vias;
ut cum more tubae nobis nova flabra Favoni
  mane refulsurum praecinuere diem.
sed quid conspicio? media inter gaudia miror
  nescio quid vultus sollicitare tuos.
ipse dolens dubito quae sit mihi caussa doloris:
  nec possum somnis certior esse meis.
ante tamen campos quam linquat alauda novales
  excitor, et didici, quod didicisse querar;
scilicet hunc veterem nostro sub pectore luctum
  intulerant oculis somnia vana tuis.

R. W. R.

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